Record Lady

Lyle Lovett

Robert Earl this friend of mine
You know he's always looking after my best interest
He told me Lyle P. you need to get some action
Get your head back in line
You need to get out on your own boy
This hanging around here's got to stop
Get out on your own boy
And take a little trip to the record shop
I said the record shop
But Robert I don't need no records
He just smiled and he said
What you need is a
Record Lady
Record Lady
She's got the cutest little cartridge
That you've ever seen
She's a phonographic dream
I didn't waste no time about it
I put on my coat and shoes
I packed up my old rocking chair
And I left them hell on Church Street blues
And I went down to the record shop
What else could I do
She was five-foot-one-and-three-quarters
Lord she claimed she five-foot-two
And she looked at me with her big green eyes
And she said can I help you find something
I said what you got on special
Record Lady
Record Lady
She's got the cutest little cartridge
That you've ever seen
She's a phonographic dream
Acting very sophisticated
I began to browse around
I walked up to the record lady
And I said I sure do like what I have found
It would be so beautiful
Please come away with me

We could run down to Istanbul
Or maybe even gay Paris
And she looked at me with her big green eyes
And she said can I help you find something
I said what you got on special
Record Lady
Record Lady
She's got the cutest little cartridge
That you've ever seen
She's a phonographic dream
A phonographic dream
One day you know I will see
My phonographic fantasy
In sweet fulfillment to the last detail
Down in Acapulco
Or even somewhere else
Just her and me together
The whole day long
Her and me together
Playing them records all night long
She's the Record Lady
Record Lady
Record Lady at the record shop
Set it spinning mama
Don't ever stop my
Record Lady
Record Lady

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