Bar Room Romance

M.B. Padfield

Feet kicked up on the barstool
and one dastardly look in his eye
he sends a shot glass sliding down the bar to the lady on the other sideBright red lips and a strand of pearls
She's acutely tuned to all of his tricks
She gives a wink and then she downs the drink
and snaps her fingers to the rhythm
like thisShe's just a pretty woman with that cross-step walk
With every click of the heel another jaw drops
He's just a pretty boy with that Sinatra swag
A moment in his music, and then you're hooked on his jazz
He's charming and he's cunning but she's drop dead stunning
But all they'll remember is the melody they're humming
Oh that sweet song that lures them along
For that one dance of a Bar Room RomanceThe cool cat prowls towards her
With his steps in sync with her snaps
well now this pretty little melody has turned into a symphony
When he tips the brim of his hatHe offers her his hand, says "Would You like to dance"
She bites her lip and coyly "accepts"
With every small sway the less they say in the moonlight to the sound of trumpet(Instrumental)She's just a pretty woman with that cross-step walk
With every click of the heel another jaw drops
He's just a pretty boy with that Sinatra swag
A moment in his music, and then you're hooked on his jazz
He's charming and he's cunning but she's drop dead stunning
But all they'll remember is the melody they're humming
Oh that sweet song that lures them along
For that one dance of a Bar Room RomanceFor that last time that she has his eyes, she walks away through the puddles of streetlight, mmmmm

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