

# Lyle Lovett, The Record Lady

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