

Bobby Bare, Till I Get On My Feet

She was quite a looker she kept herself up well
She was crowdin' forty but in the dark you couldn't tell
I sat down at her table and had myself a pour
Then we slow danced by the jukebox to a motel room next door
I whispered soft and sweet what's the use in waitin'
Love is wild and free and night is quickly fadin'
She said it may be wild but honey it ain't free
Would you lay twenty on me till I get on my feet
[guitar]
I whispered soft and sweet...