

Dr. Hook, Cooky And Lila

(D. Hickey)

He was a short order cook, and not too much to look at
And he traded in his foot, for a medal in the war
He loved a girl named Lila, in a bar across the highway
And you ought to see him smilin' at her comin' through the door

Lila always knew, she wasn't no ravin' beauty
She traded in her virtue to a trucker at sixteen
But she forgets to remember how he left her off in Denver
When she sees her Cooky smilin' as she opens up the screen

And he says
"Hi Lila, how about a cup of coffee?
Take a load off, take your shoes off, here's the sugar and the cream"
Cooky's been to war and Lila's been to Denver
And both of them are casualties of someone else's dream

Cooky pours the trucker's coffee, Lila serves the rigger's whiskey
And resists their invitations to go ridin' for a while
'Cause at a diner across the highway, on a shelf above the pastry
There's a cup reserved for Lila and the man who makes her smile

When he says
"Hi Lila, how about a cup of coffee?
Take a load off, take your shoes off, here's the sugar and the cream"
'Cause Cooky's been to war and Lila's been to Denver
And both of them are casualties of someone else's dream

Now as the nation rolls along, like a semi down the highway
Casting lonely broken bodies in the grass along the road
I've finally found a reason for believing in the future
Seeing Cooky and his Lila drinking coffee all alone

Oh yes
"Hi Lila, how about a cup of coffee?
Take a load off, take your shoes off, here's the sugar and the cream"
'Cause Cooky's been to war and Lila's been to Denver
And both of them are casualties of someone else's dream

Cooky's been to war, Lord and Lila's been to Denver
And both of them are casualties of someone else's dream

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