

Mr. T Experience, How'd The Date End?

I picked her up at the specified time.
I was dressed to the nines,
and she looked so blind,
in a pink sequin dress,
just a bit too tight,
and I was thinking this could be the night.
At the restaurant things were in full bloom.
She said she had to visit the ladies room.
It may have been just a visit,
but I guess along the way,
she decided that she'd extend her stay.
Did she ever come back?
No she never came back.
and the waiter was laughing as I paid the check.
We were going to go to the discotech.
(Actually at that point, that whole discotech idea,
was pretty much off).
On my way out, though, I chanced to see,
a girl at the bar making eyes at me.
So I said to myself, so this could be good.
We'll exchange smiles, phone numbers, and maybe even fluids.
So I bought her a drink, and I bought her two more,
and I asked her for her number as she walked out her door.
She said, "555-5555 and I live at number 55 drive."
Was it really her number?
No, it really was not,
and a ... is all I got,
when I tried to call it later on.
How'd the date end? Badly.
How'd the date end? Sadly.
It was not a love connection, nosiree.
How'd the date end? Terrible.
How'd the date end? Unbearable.
But that's not all, Chuck, as you will see.
I stumbled around 'til I found another bar,
which was good because I couldn't find my car.
I ordered a scotch and I drank it down,
and I did this several times 'til I lost count.
They picked me up where I'd fallen down.
I was read my rights and brought downtown.
I can't remember very much,
but I think it's safe to say that this date sucked.
How'd the date end? Terrible.
How'd the date end? Unbearable.
It was the worst thing that you ever saw.
How'd the date end? Horrible.
How'd the date end? Deplorable.
And now I've got a headache the size of Arkansas.
So Chuck, I don't care who the audience picked,
I'd rather be killed with a big sharp stick.
I'll stay on my own, it's my natural state,
whether or not I have a date.