

# Penelope Houston, Missouri Lounge

When I heard you were in town  
I was drinking in the blue Missouri Lounge  
Although I knew that it was wrong  
I couldn't help myself I had to play our song

Somebody else lies in your arms  
Someone is raking in your money and your charms  
Drinking wine in a fine hotel  
You stroll the boulevards we used to love so well

And if you walk down our old street  
You'll say I've fallen pretty low  
But don't you reach your heart to me  
Back to you is not a place I'll ever go

Maybe New York or to LA  
It makes me glad to know you're living far away  
Cause on this day, the day we wed  
I'm taking comfort in another stranger's bed

oh oh oh  
oh oh oh  
oh oh oh  
Taking comfort in another stranger's bed

Now you drop by Missouri Lounge  
To find me crying on the floor  
Then you reach down your saintly hand  
But Baby, you can't be my savior anymore

And on and on that jukebox plays  
I'd be happy if I'd never seen your face  
If stones can cry, and numbers lie  
I've got whiskey for the way I feel tonight  
I've got whiskey for the way I feel tonight

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You'll say I've fallen pretty low  
But don't you reach your heart to me  
Back to you is not a place I'll ever go

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