

# Reverend Horton Heat, Starlight Lounge

French fried shoe strings  
on a drunken cellar door.  
If these walls could talk,  
&#039;d listen to the floor.

The bar stools proppin&#039; up  
a twenty dollar whore,  
recantin&#039; recitations from  
a lonesome tale of yore

for a while...  
At the Starlight Lounge...  
At the Starlight Lounge...

I see a place where something&#039;s  
happened every day for twenty years,  
and the people think it&#039;s special  
&#039;cause they drown in their beers.

The special on the menu  
is the balls of a steer.  
This is only one place  
to escape from your fears

for a while...  
At the Starlight Lounge...  
The Starlight Lounge...

Yeah, the Starlight Lounge  
is a happy little place.  
A really fun place where  
you can lose your face.

And all of my friends  
including me are insane.  
It&#039;s a little hide-a-way  
to hide away from the pain.

yeah!

And if my friends,  
were by my side.  
They still couldn&#039;t see,  
couldn&#039;t see inside.

The bartender just  
lets my tab slide.  
Who&#039;s takin&#039; who here  
for a ride

for a while...  
At the Starlight Lounge...  
The Starlight Lounge...

At the Starlight Lounge...  
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