

Sammy Kershaw, Third-Rate Romance

Sitting at a tiny table in a ritzy restaurant
She was staring at her coffee cup
He was trying to keep his courage up by buying booze
Talk was small when they talked at all
They both knew what they wanted
There was no need to talk about it
They were old enough to scope it out and keep it loose
She said, "You don't look like my type but I guess you'll do";
Third-rate romance, low-rent rendezvous
And he said, "I'll even tell you that I love you if you want me to";
Third-rate romance, low-rent rendezvous

When they left the bar, they got in his car and they drove away
he drove to the Family Inn, she didn't even have to pretend she didn't know what for
And he went to the desk and made his request while she waited outside
Then he came back with the key and she said give it to me
I'll unlock the door
She kept sayin, "I've never really done this kind of thing before, have you?";
Third-rate romance, low-rent rendezvous
And He said, "Yes, I have, but only a time or two";
Third-rate romance, low-rent rendezvous
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