

# Illegitimate Children

Brandy Clark

She's getting hammered  
On Alabama slammers  
3 drinks ago no  
He wouldn't stand a chance.  
He's sipping the whiskey  
Feeling confident and frisky  
Writes "Slow Hand" on a twenty  
and slips it to the band.  
By the end of the first verse, they're out on the floor  
By the end of the song, they're out the door  
Spirits are up, inhibitions are down  
Same story's unfolding all over town  
From the barroom to the bedroom  
The path's weathered and worn  
This is how illegitimate children are born  
So it's his place or hers?  
Whichever comes first.  
They're all the way to second base  
in the back of a cab  
It's hard to resist that liquor of lust  
And it's easy to think it might be love  
When spirits are up, inhibitions are down  
Same story's unfolding all over town  
From the barroom to the bedroom  
The path's weathered and worn  
This is how illegitimate children are born  
Strangers and slow songs  
Bar stools and back seats  
Lead to bottles and babies  
Ask cabbies and barkeeps  
When spirits are up, inhibitions are down  
Same story's unfolding all over town  
From the barroom to the bedroom  
The path's weathered and worn  
This is how illegitimate children are born  
Yeah this is how illegitimate children are born

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>