

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

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