

Third Rate Romance

[Sammy Kershaw](#)

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 applyin' booze
The 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"
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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
Then 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 and 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"
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