

# 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"  
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  
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"  
Third rate romance, low rent rendezvous  
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