

That kind of place

What stories did she tell her
That swept her off her feet
So surprised to find herself
Abandoned on the street

Picked herself up gently
Dusted off looked about
Didn't wonder very much
If it was her fault

Took herself to the bar
Bought herself another
Toasted the woman next to her
Then asked her for a kiss ~~~~

*What kind of place do you think this is
Where do you think you are
You're not from here I can tell
Not with that kind of style*

*You'll not go far with that approach
Who will dance with you
Bought another drink and pickle
Just needed something to chew*

Bought another for her friend
Got drunk and leaned in
*Come on lady I'll take you home
You're too far gone to make it on your own*

This worked out for a time
Took turns staying over
But drinking takes its toll
and nothing seems like clover

Oddly both on the street
Oddly eyes won't meet
They said goodbye forever
No regrets bye bye