

Third Rate Romance

Rosanne Cash

Sittin' at a tiny table in a ritzy restaurant
She was satrin' at her coffee cup
He was tryin' to keep his courage up
By applyin' booze
Talk was small, if they talked at all
They both knew what they wanted
There was no need to talk about it
They were old enough to know about it
And keep it loose

She said, "You don't look like my type
But I guess you'll do"
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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
They 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 he made his request
While she waited outside
Then he came back with the key
And she said, "Give it to me,
I'll unlock the door"

She kept saying, "I've never really done this kind of thing before, have you?"
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He said, "Yes I have,
But only a time or two"
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