

Atlanta Song

David Allan Coe

I met her in Atlanta
She was a-dancing in a cafe
With a price tag on her body
And a tombstone in her eye
You could tell she was not happy
By the way she kept on staring
Past the other side of nowhere
At a man she'd like to try

And the make-up she had painted
Could not hide the youthful motions
Of her body
From the music or the crowd
I stared like all others
With my right hand in my pocket
While she showed us
Everything the law allowed

Twenty bucks an hour later
My one-bedroom apartment
I was feeling weak
From all the seeds I'd sown
She was sweet, she was gentle
As she introduced my body
To some pleasures
It had never ever known

When I woke up in the morning
She was a-laying there beside me
Like a kitten
With her face turned to the sun
And a look of satisfaction
On her lips that made me wonder
If she ever felt ashamed
Of what we'd done

So I left her in atlanta
She was a-dancing in cafe
With a price tag on her body
And a toimestone in her eye
And I guess she still ain't happy
By the way she keeps on staring
Past the other side of nowhere