

Tip Jar

Frankie Ballard

Me and the boys, we played every frat house and dive
We rocked the Razorbacks of halls and the Crimps of tide
We were down and destined when she walked up to the stage
Dropped a note in the tip jar, blew a kiss and walked away

I counted two hundred dollars, one request for the Grateful Dead
A couple bottle caps, a business card, and a perfume note that said

I love hurricanes and romance, guitars cranked up on ten
Waking up with the sunset, and hanging here at the Hog's Breath
Lighters raised up in the smoke rings, the sunburn on some new ink
Hearing Drift Away while you sing, and kissing beneath the stars
Oh man you find all kind of things in a tip jar

I held her that summer, living on borrowed time
Cause once September comes, everybody says goodbye
Now it's the last show and here she comes to the stage
Dropped a snapshot in the tip jar, blew a kiss and walked away

I counted five hundred dollars, one request for the Grateful Dead
And a picture of her with those long tan legs, and on the back it said

I love hurricanes and romance, guitars cranked up on ten
Waking up with the sunset, and hanging here at the Hog's Breath
Lighters raised up in the smoke rings, the sunburn on some new ink
Hearing Drift Away while you sing, baby take care of my heart
Man you find all kind of things in a tip jar

I see lighters raised in the smoke rings, and sunburn on some new ink
Playing Drift Away but I can't sing, as she slips off to the dark
Man you find all kind of things in a tip jar
Yeah you find all kind of things in a tip jar