

Sonja

Lyle Lovett

I've never been lucky
At picking up women
But this life that I live
Is not one that I choose
She was a waitress
With hair blond and curly
With a pretty black dress
And those Japanese shoes

Man I need to impress her
'Cause I'd like to undress her
I need a song about Sonja
When I'm singing tonight

She looked so pretty
As she poured my coffee
But she had her eye
On my freind at the bar
And I watched her watch him
And I watched her thinking
I wish her eye was on me

Man I need to impress her
'Cause I'd like to undress her
I need a song about Sonja
When I'm singing tonight

And if I could sing her
A tender love ballad
I'd hope that the audience might sing along
But I can't find the right way
To tell her my feelings
And still make the words rhyme with Sonja

No I've never been lucky
At picking up women
But this life that I live
Is not one that I choose
She was a waitress
Now she's gone forever
And I'm stuck with this song
That I never will use

Man you need to impress her
If you want to undress her
Sing a song about Sonja
When you're singing tonight
Sing a song about Sonja
When you're singing tonight