

# Numbers

Bobby Bare

I was sittin' in Friday's suckin' on a glass of wine  
When in walked a chick who almost struck me blind  
Had wet blue eyes and her legs were long and fine  
On a scale of one to ten, I'd give her a nine.

Now on my scale there ain't no ten's, you know  
Nine is about as far as any chick can go  
So I flashed her a smile, but she didn't even look at me  
So for brains and good judgement, I'd give her a three.

I said, "Hey sweet thing, you look like a possible eight  
You and me could, uh! make eighteen, if your head's on straight."  
She looked up and down my perfect frame  
And said these words that burned into my perfect brain.

She said, well, another one of those macho-matician men  
Kind who grade all women on scales of one to ten  
And, you give me an eight, well, that's a generous thing to do  
Now, let's just see, just how much I give you.

She said you comin' on to me with that phony numbers jive  
Your style makes me smile, I give it a five  
When you walked up I noticed that suit of (yores)  
It's last year's double-knit frayed-cuffs, give it a four.

That must be your car parked out on the curb  
That sixty-nine homemade convertible, a three and a third  
Now, as for your build, I guess (yore) less than five  
Except, for your pot belly, I'd give that a ten for size.

That wine you're pourin' might be fine to you  
But I'm used to fine champagne, I give it a two  
It's hard to tell what your flashin' smile is worth  
I give it a six, you could use some dental work.

But, It's your struttin' rooster act that really makes me laugh  
It may be a ten to these country hens, but to me a three and a half  
And there really ain't much to add once the subtractin's done  
Since there ain't no zeroes, I give you a one!.

She walked out, while up and down the line  
The whole bar was laughin', said' Bare, what happened to your nine  
Nine says I, hell soon as she started to talk I knew  
She didn't have no class, I barely gave her a two.

Spoken:  
Yeah! No matter how good they look at first  
There's flaws in all of them  
That's why on a scale of ten to one, friend  
There ain't no ten.