

Illegitimate Children

Brandy Clark

She's getting hammered
On Alabama slammers
3 drinks ago no
He wouldn't stand a chance.
He's sipping the whiskey
Feeling confident and frisky
Writes "Slow Hand" on a twenty
and slips it to the band.
By the end of the first verse, they're out on the floor
By the end of the song, they're out the door

Spirits are up, inhibitions are down
Same story's unfolding all over town
From the barroom to the bedroom
The path's weathered and worn
This is how illegitimate children are born

So it's his place or hers?
Whichever comes first.
They're all the way to second base
in the back of a cab
It's hard to resist that liquor of lust
And it's easy to think it might be love

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Strangers and slow songs
Bar stools and back seats
Lead to bottles and babies
Ask cabbies and barkeeps

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Yeah this is how illegitimate children are born