

# The Torch Singer

John Prine

The night club was burning  
From the torch singer's song  
And the sweat was floodin' her eyes  
The catwalk squeaked  
'Neath the bartender's feet  
And the smoke was too heavy to rise

She sang of the love that I left her  
And of the woman that she'll never be  
Made me feel like the buck and a quarter  
That I paid 'em to listen and see  
I paid 'em to listen and see

I was born down in Kansas  
'Neath the October sky  
Work the day shift from seven to three  
And the only relief that I receive  
Is nearer my God to Thee

She constantly throws me off timing  
Leaves me standing both naked and bare  
Makes me feel like the Sunday funnies  
After everything's gone off the air  
Everything's gone off the air

I picked through the ashes  
Of the torch singer's song  
And I ordered my money a round  
For whiskey and pain  
Both taste the same  
During the time they go down

She sang of the love that I left her  
And of the woman that she'll never be  
Made me feel like the buck and a quarter  
That I paid 'em to listen and see  
I paid 'em to listen and see