

## Third Rate Romance

Rosanne Cash

Sittin' at a tiny table in a ritzy restaurant  
She was satrin' at her coffee cup  
He was tryin' to keep his courage up  
By applyin' booze  
Talk was small, if they talked at all  
They both knew what they wanted  
There was no need to talk about it  
They were old enough to know about it  
And keep it loose

She said, "You don't look like my type  
But I guess you'll do"  
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He said, "I'll even tell you that I love you  
If you want me to"  
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When they left the bar they got in his car  
And they drove away  
They drove to the family inn  
She didn't even have to pretend  
She didn't know what for  
Then he went to the desk  
And he made his request  
While she waited outside  
Then he came back with the key  
And she said, "Give it to me,  
I'll unlock the door"

She kept saying, "I've never really done this kind of thing before, have you?"  
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He said, "Yes I have,  
But only a time or two"  
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