

## Third Rate Romance

Sammy Kershaw

Sitting at a tiny table in a ritzy restaurant  
She was staring at her coffee cup  
He was trying to keep his courage up by buying booze  
Talk was small when they talked at all  
They both knew what they wanted  
There was no need to talk about it  
They were old enough to scope it out and keep it loose  
She said, "You don't look like my type but I guess  
you'll do"  
Third-rate romance, low-rent rendezvous  
And he said, "I'll even tell you that I love you if you  
want me to"  
Third-rate romance, low-rent rendezvous

When they left the bar, they got in his car and they  
drove away  
He drove to the Family Inn, she didn't even have to  
pretend she didn't know what for  
And he went to the desk and 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 sayin, "I've never really done this kind of  
thing before, have you?"  
Third-rate romance, low-rent rendezvous  
And He said, "Yes, I have, but only a time or two"  
Third-rate romance, low-rent rendezvous  
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