

The Pretty One

It's quarter to three. I'm still sipping my beer.
A long time ago I should have been out of here.
But I'm glued to this stool. Wondering what to believe.
I'm sticking around to see the pretty one leave.

She's got short blond hair. And wild green eyes.
That she keeps playing on all of the guys.

She's trouble for sure. She does what she please.
I'm sticking around for when the pretty one leaves.

Refrain:

All my traveling. All my books.
And she gets by on her born-with looks.
Since I quit the game. I've been on my own.
Tonight I'm sure I'll be leaving alone.

She gets everything free. She sure has it made.
Tonight she got drunk on what I got paid.

While I dwell upon what I can achieve.
I stick around to see the pretty one leave.