

Penelope Houston, Missouri Lounge

When I heard you were in town
I was drinking in the blue Missouri Lounge
Although I knew that it was wrong
I couldn't help myself I had to play our song

Somebody else lies in your arms
Someone is raking in your money and your charms
Drinking wine in a fine hotel
You stroll the boulevards we used to love so well

And if you walk down our old street
You'll say I've fallen pretty low
But don't you reach your heart to me
Back to you is not a place I'll ever go

Maybe New York or to LA
It makes me glad to know you're living far away
Cause on this day, the day we wed
I'm taking comfort in another stranger's bed

oh oh oh
oh oh oh
oh oh oh
Taking comfort in another stranger's bed

Now you drop by Missouri Lounge
To find me crying on the floor
Then you reach down your saintly hand
But Baby, you can't be my savior anymore

And on and on that jukebox plays
I'd be happy if I'd never seen your face
If stones can cry, and numbers lie
I've got whiskey for the way I feel tonight
I've got whiskey for the way I feel tonight

If you should walk down our old street
You'll say I've fallen pretty low
But don't you reach your heart to me
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