

Ultimate Fakebook, Silver Date

"No, I don't," I tell her tongue
I tell her, still I drink it all
And now my head's so silver numb
I guess she's crystal clear

Cause she's all a blur
Playing quarter songs
And she keeps her eyes at the jukebox
on the needle til it falls

Summer doll, my will's so low
See her laughing on her own
See her dancing all alone, again
Tell my thoughts I will go home
Singing like a drunken dove
Dreaming like a bum in love again

Somewhere down her silver song
I saw her turn and gently gaze around
My dumb eyes caught hers on me
then she turned her heels

We'll never go, cause we couldn't talk
This silver date slips into the somber
waitress' last call

Summer doll, my will's so low
See her laughing on her own
See her dancing all alone, again
Tell my thoughts I will go home
Singing like a drunken dove
Dreaming like a bum in love again