

## Witness "Cheap Date"

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She was on that dive bar dance floor; shakin to that  
eighties mix  
She's trying to stay afloat in a fleet of relationships  
So when they play The Smiths  
She plays the mannequin or gets another drink  
Until she's drunk enough to dance again  
I'm standing in the corner while they're handling my  
order  
When I caught her trying to frolic in my field of vision  
She isn't my type, but that's alright  
I'd like to keep it all platonic cause I've got the  
premonition that  
She's never kissed a boy without a drink on his breath  
And she's never loved a man who didn't remind her of  
daddy  
She'll dance with dollar bottles singing "Living On A  
Prayer"  
If the bar can keep it's promise that an hour makes her  
happy  
She doesn't wear the locket that she got when she was  
six  
She wears the skirt a little lower on the weekdays  
She likes men that don't exist the morning after  
Cause a secret is a secret but a lover is a cheap date

He was in the dive bar drinking on a champagne  
budget  
Cause he ain't nobody's husband when the buzz is in  
effect  
He tips the bartender single increments because  
She gives a little wink and then she shoves em in her  
dress  
You know the type  
Over forty, from Boston  
Only kicking game at women young enough to be his  
offspring  
She's trying to talk him into buying her a lager  
And pretend he don't remind her of her father  
He graduated with honors and got a job he hates  
Cause what the dreamers call a home he calls a trash  
heap  
He'll have another half a dozen gin and tonics

If the bar can keep it's promise that an hour makes him  
happy  
He's been with women that never noticed his wedding  
ring  
He keeps a picture of his children in his briefcase  
They keep his wrists from the kisses of a razor  
And it's hard to find a savior in the city these days

I was in the dive bar bathroom listening to last call  
I'm looking at a broken mirror like a glass ball  
Double vision was effecting the judgment  
But I wouldn't recognize that reflection if it wasn't  
Dude is buggin. Don't he know it's dangerous  
Assuming he knows a human he ain't even acquainted  
with?  
And maybe it's all peace as long as it ain't him  
But fed his own medicine, what would he say then?  
I bet he's never won a fist fight in his life  
And he's only charismatic when he's speaking on a  
back beat  
He'll catch a buzz and fall in love with a stranger  
If the bar can keep it's promise that an hour makes him  
happy  
Stereotypically skinny disheveled white boy  
Music elitist, guaranteed to hate the deejay  
He's trying to stress that he's so damn different  
I bet he didn't even notice he's the cliches he hates

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