

## **Don Walker**

### **"Sitting In A Bar"**

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Well, I'm sitting in the bar doing lift home deals  
With the last two drinkers in a skirt and high heels  
One of them's a girl, the other one I'm not so sure

One of them's on acid, the other one's screaming  
In baby talk and as I dream there's a cold gray  
Saturday  
Coming in under the door

Well, I've been traveling all week boiling a bone  
Shaving the numbers working alone  
Any game these days is better than no game at all  
Anything for money, a drink and a feed

Anything to know, I can get what I need  
When I'm walking around in the cool of a small town  
mall  
When I slip out the cash card and jam it in the wailing  
wall

Friday being Friday and the world being young  
I had the usual bender in mind  
A wet week's end in a club with a casual friend

We chatted up the doorman to see what was on  
She followed me in, so I tagged along  
Some hours later, she's gone  
I'm makin' eyes at the floor

Sitting in a bar doing lift home deals  
With the last two drinkers in a skirt and high heels  
And there's a cold gray Saturday  
Comin' in under the door

I had a feed around midnight for the man on the run  
Now it's half past five and I'm in this dive  
I can feel that meal and it's comin' alive

And I'm sitting in a bar doing lift home deals  
With the last two drinkers in a skirt and high heels  
One of them's a girl, the other one I'm not sure  
One of them's on acid the other one's screaming

In baby talk and everybody's walkin' like a duck  
In the daylight coming in under the door  
There's a cold gray Saturday, comin' in under the door

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