

Bobby Bare **"Numbers"**

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I was sittin' in Friday's suckin' on a glass of wine
When in walked a chick who almost struck me blind
Had wet blue eyes and her legs were long and fine
On a scale of one to ten, I'd give her a nine.

Now on my scale there ain't no ten's, you know
Nine is about as far as any chick can go
So I flashed her a smile, but she didn't even look at me
So for brains and good judgement, I'd give her a three.

I said, "Hey sweet thing, you look like a possible eight
You and me could, uh! make eighteen, if your head's
on straight."
She looked up and down my perfect frame
And said these words that burned into my perfect
brain.

She said, well, another one of those macho-matician
men
Kind who grade all women on scales of one to ten
And, you give me an eight, well, that's a generous
thing to do
Now, let's just see, just how much I give you.

She said you comin' on to me with that phony numbers
jive
Your style makes me smile, I give it a five
When you walked up I noticed that suit of (yores)
It's last year's double-knit frayed-cuffs, give it a four.

That must be your car parked out on the curb
That sixty-nine homemade convertible, a three and a
third
Now, as for your build, I guess (yore) less than five
Except, for your pot belly, I'd give that a ten for size.

That wine you're pourin' might be fine to you
But I'm used to fine champagne, I give it a two
It's hard to tell what your flashin' smile is worth
I give it a six, you could use some dental work.

But, It's your struttin' rooster act that really makes me

laugh

It may be a ten to these country hens, but to me a three
and a half

And there really ain't much to add once the subtractin's
done

Since there ain't no zeroes, I give you a one!.

She walked out, while up and down the line

The whole bar was laughin', said' Bare, what happened
to your nine

Nine says I, hell soon as she started to talk I knew

She didn't have no class, I barely gave her a two.

Spoken:

Yeah! No matter how good they look at first

There's flaws in all of them

That's why on a scale of ten to one, friend

There ain't no ten.

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