

Kenny Price

"Thirty California Women"

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Well there's a bar in San Francisco called the Swingin'
Uptown Tavern
Where I carved myself a niche and that ain't all
30 swinging California women wore out 30 switchblade
knives
Carving my initials on the wall

And in that Swingin' Uptown Tavern underneath the
bar' a long brass rail
Them 30 cuties parked their nylons on
While the mirror on the wall reflecting 30 sniffing noses
Under 60 red eyes crying 'cause I'm gone

And every night in San Francisco 30 California women
Park on Lover's Lane to sit and reminisce
They're not looking for a man 'cause ever since the
night I kissed them
Not a single one of them has come un-kissed

Now in that Swinging Uptown Tavern there's a story
being told
About a swinging gal from Nashville Tennessee
She came tearing up the bar just like a Tennessee
tornado
And the one she wound up tearing up was me

And I left 30 California women staring at the door
And talking to themselves and wondering what went
wrong
Watching this old California whirlwind with this
Tennessee tornado
Off and running, blowing strong

And now tonight way down in Nashville on a quiet little
side street
In a peaceful home I built for her and me
There's a California whirlwind and a Tennessee
tornado
Loving up a storm in Nashville Tennessee

