

## Reverend Horton Heat "Starlight Lounge"

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French fried shoe strings  
on a drunken cellar door.  
If these walls could talk,  
I'd listen to the floor.

The bar stools proppin' up  
a twenty dollar whore,  
recantin' recitations from  
a lonesome tale of yore

for a while...  
At the Starlight Lounge...  
At the Starlight Lounge...

I see a place where something's  
happened every day for twenty years,  
and the people think it's special  
'cause they drown in their beers.

The special on the menu  
is the balls of a steer.  
This is only one place  
to escape from your fears

for a while...  
At the Starlight Lounge...  
The Starlight Lounge...

Yeah, the Starlight Lounge  
is a happy little place.  
A really fun place where  
you can lose your face.

And all of my friends  
including me are insane.  
It's a little hide-a-way  
to hide away from the pain.

yeah!

And if my friends,  
were by my side.

They still couldn't see,  
couldn't see inside.

The bartender just  
lets my tab slide.  
Who's takin' who here  
for a ride

for a while...  
At the Starlight Lounge...  
The Starlight Lounge...

At the Starlight Lounge...  
The Starlight Lounge...

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