

David Allan Coe "Atlanta Song"

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By: David Allan Coe

I MET HER IN ATLANTA
SHE WAS A-DANCING IN A CAFE
WITH A PRICE TAG ON HER BODY
AND A TOMBSTONE IN HER EYE
YOU COULD TELL SHE WAS NOT HAPPY
BY THE WAY SHE KEPT ON STARING
PAST THE OTHER SIDE OF NOWHERE
AT A MAN SHE'D LIKE TO TRY

AND THE MAKE-UP SHE HAD PAINTED
COULD NOT HIDE THE YOUTHFUL MOTIONS
OF HER BODY
FROM THE MUSIC OR THE CROWD
I STARED LIKE ALL OTHERS
WITH MY RIGHT HAND IN MY POCKET
WHILE SHE SHOWED US
EVERYTHING THE LAW ALLOWED

TWENTY BUCKS AN HOUR LATER
MY ONE-BEDROOM APARTMENT
I WAS FEELING WEAK
FROM ALL THE SEEDS I'D SOWN
SHE WAS SWEET, SHE WAS GENTLE
AS SHE INTRODUCED MY BODY
TO SOME PLEASURES
IT HAD NEVER EVER KNOWN

WHEN I WOKE UP IN THE MORNING
SHE WAS A-LAYING THERE BESIDE ME
LIKE A KITTEN
WITH HER FACE TURNED TO THE SUN
AND A LOOK OF SATISFACTION
ON HER LIPS THAT MADE ME WONDER
IF SHE EVER FELT ASHAMED
OF WHAT WE'D DONE

SO I LEFT HER IN ATLANTA
SHE WAS A-DANCING IN CAFE
WITH A PRICE TAG ON HER BODY
AND A TOMESTONE IN HER EYE

AND I GUESS SHE STILL AIN'T HAPPY
BY THE WAY SHE KEEPS ON STARING
PAST THE OTHER SIDE OF NOWHERE

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