

Robbie Fulks

"Parallel bars"

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Well, she's got a temper like a Texas storm, my will's
strong as brick
Sometimes when we wanna get along, we both gotta
get apart quick.
Well, we'd take our troubles on the town to mend, but
the town's too small for that
So we take our stools and we just pretend we don't
know where the other one's at.

Parallel bars, one at my feet, one on the opposite side
of the street
Where two hearts that just can't meet hide 'til the
heartache's gone
We had words, we let fly, he took the low road and so
did I
Straight downtown, and now here we are, working it out
in parallel bars.

Don't think I'm not thinking 'bout your sweet face while I
knock this 8-ball 'round
While I'm across Main gettin' yours erased, every
highball I knock down.
But about midnight, when the storm has blown, and the
beer's worn down our pride
We're gonna be makin' tracks back home and makin'
up side by side.

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