

Sailor

"Hat Check Girl"

Visit "[Hat Check Girl](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's quarter to three, it's time to go
I made my way down the velvet stairs
Bleary-eyed, I fumbled for my ticket
And gave it to the hat check girl
I looked in her eyes (her eyes)
Was I attracted to her, oh! My, oh! my, (Oh, my!)
She had the biggest pair of
Blue-grey eyes my eyes had ever feasted
I guess it's time to hit the road

The last taxi went hours ago
I had far to go, I was feeling low
When all at once upon the sidewalk
I saw her standing at her front door...

"Won't you come in?" she said
"I'll fix a drink and you can call for a cab from here."
(My luck was changing!)
The attraction was as instant as her coffee
In the apartment of the hat check girl

She said, "I'm not what you think I am"
And when she held me tight
I felt another man!
When all at once he turned the light out
I sobered up and then I cried out...

It's quarter to four
I ran right down the stairs and out of the door (So long!)
I mislaid my hat in the confusion
I left it with the hat check girl (oh yeah)
I left it with the hat check girl (you better believe it)
I left it with the hat check, hat check, hat check
Hat check girl, ahhh...

It's quarter to four
Doo do, do, do, waaaaa

