

## Tim Kasher

### "Bbq Stain"

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It was Labor Day weekend I was seventeen  
I bought a Coke and some gasoline  
And I drove out to the county fair  
When I saw her for the first time  
She was standing there in the ticket line  
And it all started right then and there  
Oh, a sailor's sky made a perfect sunset  
And that's the day I'll never forget

I had a barbeque stain on my white t-shirt  
She was killing me in that miniskirt  
Skippin' rocks on the river by the railroad tracks  
She had a suntan line and red lipstick  
I worked so hard for that first kiss  
And a heart don't forget something like that

Well it was five years later on a southbound plane  
I was headed down to New Orleans  
To meet some friends of mine for Mardi Gras  
When I heard a voice from the past  
Comin' from a few rows back  
And when I looked, I couldn't believe just what I saw  
She said I bet you don't remember me  
And I said only every other memory

I had a barbeque stain on my white t-shirt  
You were killing me in that miniskirt  
Skippin' rocks on the river by the railroad tracks  
You had a suntan line and red lipstick  
I worked so hard for that first kiss  
And a heart don't forget something like that

Like an old photograph  
Time can make a feeling fade  
But the memory of a first love  
Never fades away

I had a barbecue stain on my white t-shirt  
She was killing me in that miniskirt  
Skippin rocks on the river by the railroad tracks  
She had a sun tan line and red lipstick

I worked so hard for that first kiss  
A heart don't forget, no a heart don't forget  
I said a heart don't forget something like that  
Oh, not something like that

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