

Tracey Thorn "Singles Bar"

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Is there room for one more at the singles bar?
Have been working up the courage all year
I pull off my ring as I push my way in
Won't be needing it here

Can you guess my age in this life?
Who'll be taking me home tonight?

So pour me one more at the singles bar
To numb all the pain I've endured
I lay on my back for a Hollywood wax
I'm stripped and I'm French manicured

Can you guess my age in these jeans?
Can you tell me what any of this means?

I'm not a teenager anymore
I wish you'd help me out of this mess
I wish you'd help me out of this dress
And let it fall down to the floor
Oh, I want more
What I came here for

I'm back here once more at the singles bar
It's become my regular haunt
I think I'm resigned to take what I find
I can't get what I want

And can you tell how long I've been here?
Can you smell the fear?

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