

Ultimate Fakebook "Silver Date"

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No, I don't, I tell her tongue
I tell her, still I drink it all
Now my head's so silver numb
I guess, she's crystal clear

'Cause she's all a blur
Playing quarter songs
She keeps her eyes
At the jukebox on the needle 'til it falls

Summer doll, my will's so low
See her laughing on her own
See her dancing all alone, again
Tell my thoughts I will go home
Singing like a drunken dove
Dreaming like a bum in love again

Somewhere down her silver song
I saw her turn and gently gaze around
My dumb eyes caught hers on me
Then she turned her heels

We'll never go
'Cause we couldn't talk
This silver date
Slips into the somber waitress' last call

Summer doll, my will's so low
See her laughing on her own
See her dancing all alone, again
Tell my thoughts I will go home
Singing like a drunken dove
Dreaming like a bum in love

Singing like a drunken dove
Dreaming like a bum in love
See her dancing all alone
See her dancing all alone

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