

Third Rate Romance, Low Rent Rendezvous
Sammy Kershaw

Play in ~~A~~ B^b G

Intro: I (caribbean beat, bass : I // V V I)

(I) Sittin' at a tiny table in a ritzy (V) restaurant
She was starin' at her coffee cup,
He was tryin' to keep his courage up
By applyin' (I) booze

The (I) talk was small when they talked at all
They both (V) knew what they wanted
There was no need to talk about it
They were old enough to scope it out and keep it (I) loose

She said: (III) You don't look like my (vi) type but I guess you'll (IV) do

(I) Third rate romance, (V) low rent rendez(I)vous

And he said: (III) I'll even tell you that I (vi) love you if you want me (IV) to *riff

(I) Thrid rate romance, (V) low rent rendez(I)vous

Solo: Rhythm as verse

When they left the bar, they got in his car and they drove away
He drove to the family Inn
She didn't even have to pretend
She didn't know what for

Then he went to the desk and made his request, while she waited outside
When he came back with the key
And she said give to me and I'll unlock the door.

She kept sayin': I've never really done this kind of thing before, have you?
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And he said: Yes I have, but only a time or two *riff

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