

THE RED LIGHT SALOON

IT WAS EARLY ONE MORNING I STROLLED INTO TOWN
FOR SWEET RECREATION I SURELY WAS BOUND
I SPIED A HOTEL IN THE MID AFTERNOON
IT WAS SPORTING A SIGN, SAID THE RED LIGHT SALOON
I BOLDLY WALKED IN AND STROLLED UP THE TO THE BAR
A PRETTY YOUNG DAMSEL SAID, "HAVE A CIGAR."
I TOOK THAT CIGAR WITH ALL THANKS FOR THE BOON
BUT SHE SAID, "THAT'S OUR WAY IN THE RED LIGHT SALOON."
WELL, SHE MUSSED UP MY HAIR AND SAT DOWN ON MY KNEE
SAYING, "YOU ARE A LUMBERJACK, THAT WE CAN SEE.
YOU ARE A LUMBERJACK, THAT WE ALL KNOW
FOR YOUR MUSCLE IS HARD FROM YOUR HEAD TO YOUR TOE.
SHE PROCEEDED TO FEEL IF MY MUSCLE WAS RIGHT
AND I SMOKED THAT CIGAR WITHOUT STRIKING A LIGHT
MY HEAD IT WAS RISING JUST LIKE A BALLOON
FROM THE TREATMENT I GOT AT THE RED LIGHT SALOON
EARLY NEXT MORNING I BID HER GOODBYE
SHE WAVED FROM THE DOOR WITH A TEAR IN HER EYE
AND I DID NOT DISCOVER 'TIL SOME TIME NEXT JUNE
THAT SHE'D GIVEN ME A KEEPSAKE FROM THE RED LIGHT SALOON
WELL I CURSED THAT YOUNG WOMAN 'TIL THE FOREST TURNED BLUE
AND WITH WHISKY AND WOMEN I SWORE I WAS THROUGH
BUT I KNEW AS I SWORE THAT I'D GIVE MY FORTUNE
JUST TO BE BACK ONCE MORE IN THE RED LIGHT SALOON.

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**SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE**