

In the backroom of the bar, crusty fingernails I saw him  
Everything was hidden by all the greasy hair he was in  
Never looking up, he seemed so sad I tried to offer him  
My shot of whiskey but he said I only drink gin

We sat there quietly purposely ignoring the room  
He smiled wistfully, his shirt was dirty and torn  
Everlasting glances left open ended chances  
But he stole my heart when he ordered a double for me

In the back room of the bar  
In the back room of the bar  
We made a great couple me and him  
Cause I drink whiskey but he only ever drinks gin  
Well that's the way it is with him

Went to the ladies room, when I returned to my chair  
His hands were in my bag, red handed guilt everywhere  
Took out a photo of an old Romeo  
Threw it over his shoulder and rested his hand on my knee

We played these games where we go through the whole alphabet  
He'd have an Adam and Eve and I had a Dixie Julep  
Went through an Artillery, Caruso, and a Diamond Fizz  
Fallen Angel, Green Dragon, ending with a kiss in the dark

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Cause I drink whiskey but he only ever drinks gin

Last call came right at once, glasses were empty and dry  
We got our second wind but all we had was a dime  
Didn't even seem to care, the bartender unaware  
We jumped over the counter, took off with our hands full of booze

In the back room of the bar  
In the back room of the bar  
We made a great couple me and him  
Cause I drink whiskey but he only ever drinks gin (x2)