

The Melody Lounge

Kimbo Tippett

Young man went down to the Melody Lounge.
That's where you'll hear the best players in town.
Off-night for musicians they would gather around.
A local jam session, just sharing the sound.
This was the coolest place that he ever found.
Where brand new players, down to the ground
Could jam with the stars who were wearing the crown.

Then, right next to him, a lady sat down.
Dressed to the nines, sparkle in her eyes with no sign of a frown.
Looking quite fine, her complexion was brown.
She bought him a drink. He drank it right down.

He couldn't believe it. It was total astound.
She smelled like a rose while she was filling her gown.

This was the night. Good luck did abound.
He knew where this was heading.
He'd already been around.
His heart was beating steady.
He felt like he was found.
She had him in her sights. She had him spellbound.

Just when it's getting cozy. Just when they're getting close,
Bartender comes between them. Poking in his nose.
When she got up and went to the ladies room.
He let the bartender know he was about to blow it.
He replied, "I'm your best friend and you don't even know it."

Lost and found at the Melody Lounge.
He was saved from the devil's playground.

Why was the bartender so rude?

Did he know the lady really was a dude?
Did he know she had some friends outside,
Ready to rob him and make sure that he died?
Maybe she was known to spread VD.
Maybe she wasn't what she appeared to be.
Had she already robbed a man of his wealth?
Or, did the bartender just want her for himself?

The young man went back to the Melody Lounge.
He wanted to ask the bartender what went down.

We only have women bartenders in here!
No man has ever served any beer!
The bartender is Angie, she is the best!
You must be mistaken. You must be a pest.
I think the bartender had a special angle.
I think the bartender might have been an angel.