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Red Light Saloon

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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 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-
F'or 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 till sometime next June
That she'd given me a keepsake from the Red Light Saloon

Well, I cursed that young woman till 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.

Note: a relatively sanitized version. RG