

Night Out with Kristin Davis

Having just moved to San Angelo from Orlando, Fla., I jumped at the idea of writing a column about the nightlife here. It seemed like a great way to meet new people, learn more about what's happening around town and drink wine on weekends in the name of "research."

So a couple Fridays ago, I hit the town with my fiancé John, ready to learn everything about San Angelo, and leave no bar stool unturned.

We started out the night with dinner at Sealy Flats, known for its food, but also for its music. The featured artist of the night, blues singer Zac Harmon, had been voted "Best New Blues Artist" by XM Satellite Radio listeners in 2005. And it was easy to see why. By the time I finished my first steak quesadilla (which was delicious by the way), Harmon had all of the diners up on their feet, clapping their hands and waving cell phones like pretend lighters. But — best of all — in between songs, he would slide in life and relationship advice here and there, with his band still playing their instruments softly in the background. In his buttery smooth voice, Harmon spoke directly to the guys in the audience this time: Fellas, if your lady is upset with you, you gotta bring her 11 roses. And when she asks, "Where's the 12th rose?" You just say, "Baby, just look in the mirror." I can't say for sure, but I'm almost positive my fiancé was taking mental notes for later use.

Next, it was on to Blaine's Pub. If ever there was such a thing as

Southern hospitality, we experienced it here in all its kind-hearted glory. It started with the \$5 cover at the door, and a regular named Jim who refused to let us pay it. Then, when he found out we were new to town, he insisted we sit at his table, meet all his friends and that he buy our first round of drinks. When we eventually did pay for a drink, we were surprised by how inexpensive they were.

We were enjoying a few drinks in the company of our new friends when the band ShutDownTown came out to start their set. A few songs in, lead singer Amanda Graves started singing her rendition of "Stay" by Sugarland, which made me want to do just that. And then the band picked up the pace again and got the crowd going with some faster tunes. Amongst that crowd was the infamous "Shorty," an older gentleman in a plaid shirt and a cowboy hat who could have been my grandfather ... if my grandfather danced to rap music. Or had women in their early 20s swooning over him. An avid dancer myself, I decided to try my luck and challenged him to a dance off. Five minutes later, and without needing to ask anyone for a second opinion, I realized that I was way out of my league. I had no idea what I was up against. He even mimed out a scene where he roped and tied up invisible cattle. They don't teach that in Orlando.

As the bar lights flashed on and off, John and I knew it was time to head out. We called a cab and headed home, fully satisfied with our first night on the town in San Angelo. Until next time, I'll be practicing my dance moves. Stay limber, Shorty.