Doreen

Old 97's

When I first met Doreen
She was barely seventeen
She was drinking whiskey sours in the barThe way she tossed 'em back
I would've had a heart attack
But as it is I let her drive my carWe galloped through the boroughs
Like a pair of horny thoroughbreds
Until I said, "Stop the car, Doreen"Well, you can roll your eyes and nod
But I swear that I saw God in the moonlight
On a side street in the wreckage we call QueensDoreen, Doreen, last night, I had an awful dream
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen
Come clean, Doreen, come clean, DoreenWell, I'm pulling into Cleveland
In a seven-seater tour van
There's eight of us, so I'm sleeping on the floorThe guy that plays the banjo
Keeps on handing me the old crow
Which multiplies my sorrow, I can't take it anymoreDoreen, Doreen, last night, I had an awful dream
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen
Come clean Doreen, come clean, DoreenNow I'm begging and I'm pleading
"Well pull over guys, I'm bleeding
There's a fina off the highway with a phone"I'm calling you, Doreen
But it rings and rings and rings
Where is it that you are, if you aren't in our bed at homeDoreen, Doreen, last night, I had an awful dream
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen
Come clean, Doreen, come clean, Doreen

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