

Clementine

My Iron Lung

They're waking you up to close the bar
The street's wet you can tell by the sound of the cars
 The bartender's singing clementine
 While he's turning around the open sign
Dreadful sorry clementine, though you're still her man
 It seems a long time gone
 Maybe the whole thing's wrong
 What if she thinks so but just didn't say so?
 You drank yourself into slo-mo

 Made an angel in the snow
 Anything to pass the time
And keep that song out of your mind
 Oh, my darling
 Oh, my darling
 Oh, my darling clementine
 Dreadful sorry clementine
 Dreadful sorry clementine

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