

Darling Lorraine

Paul Simon

The first time I saw her
I couldn't be sure
But the sin of impatience
Said, "She's just what you're looking for" So I walked right up to her
And with the part of me that talks
I introduce myself as Frank
From New York, New York She's so hot and she's so cool
I'm not, I'm just a fool in love
With darling Lorraine All my life I've been
A wanderer, not really
I mostly lived near my parents home Anyway, Lorraine and I got married
And the usual married stuff
And then one day she says to me
From out of the blue
She says, "Frank, I've had enough" Romance is a heart breaker
I'm not meant to be a homemaker
And I'm tired of being, darling Lorraine What, you don't love me anymore?
What, you're walkin' out the door?
What, you don't like the way I chew?
Hey, let me tell you You're not the woman that I wed
You say you're depressed but you're not
You just like to stay in bed I don't need you, darling Lorraine
Darling Lorraine
Lorraine, I long for your love Financially speaking, I guess I'm a washout
Everybody's buy and sell and sell and buy
And that's what the whole thing's all about If it had not been for Lorraine
I'd have left here long ago
I should have been a musician
I love the piano She's so light, she's so free
I'm tight, well, that's me
But I feel so good with darling Lorraine On Christmas morning, Frank awakes
To find Lorraine has made a stack of pancakes
They watch the television, husband and wife
All afternoon, it's a wonderful life What, you don't love me anymore?
What, you're walkin' out the door?
What, you don't like the way I chew?
Hey, let me tell you You're not the woman that I wed
Give my robe, I'm going back to bed
I'm sick to death of you, Lorraine Darling Lorraine, Lorraine

Her hands like wood
The doctor was smiling
But the news wasn't goodDarling Lorraine
Please don't leave me yet
I know you're in pain
Pain you can't forgetYour breathing is
Like an echo of our love
Maybe I'll go down to the corner store
And buy us something sweetHere's an extra blanket, honey
To wrap around your feet
All the trees were washed with April rain
And the moon in the meadow
Took darling Lorraine

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