Sweet Lorraine

Georgie Auld

Sweet Lorraine the fiery haired brown eyed schemer
Who came from a long line of drinkers and dreamers
Who knew that sunshine don't hold up to dark
Whose businesses fail, who sleep in the park
Lorraine who spoke of paintings in Paris
And outlandish things to her family just to scare us
Whose heart went pokin' where it shouldn't ought
Whose mother could only spit at the thought of
Lorraine, sweet Lorraine
Her father would tear out like a page of the Bible
Then he'd burn down the house to announce his arrival
Her mother was working and never was home
Lorraine carved out a little life of her own
Lorraine started working, Lorraine went to school
Her mother threw stones at her on the day that she moved
Now isn't that a very strange thing to do
For someone who never really wanted you
Lorraine, sweet Lorraine
Her daddy called her a slut and a whore
On the night before her wedding day
Very next morning at the church
Her daddy gave Lorraine away, Lorraine away
Lorraine, sweet Lorraine
In the battle of time in the battle of will
It's only hope and your heart that gets killed
And it gets harder and harder Lorraine, to believe in magic
When what came before you is so very tragic
Lorraine, sweet Lorraine
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