

# Lorraine

## Big Thief

When I saw the first time the thunder came crashing  
Your new blue eyeliner caught my distraction  
Like we were two lovers forming from friction  
Your mouth caught my ear with such perfect diction  
There I let you tie my hands back, take me  
Oh Lorraine, on a Saturday morning  
Oh Lorraine, with your soft burning hands  
We fell asleep in the back of the warehouse  
I woke to you needing it, covering my mouth  
And like we were humming birds screaming at ravens  
You started to move me from fact into fable  
There I let you take me under the table  
Oh Lorraine, on a Saturday morning  
Oh Lorraine, with your soft burning hands

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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