

# Sweet Lorraine

Gordon Webster

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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