

# Wake Up, Irene (Re-Recorded)

**Hank Thompson**

For months and months and months around the country  
Everybody sang Irene goodnight  
But she wouldn't go to bed no matter what they said  
Though everybody tried with all their might She stayed awake while steel guitars were a going  
In every honky tonk she could be seen  
But she finally went to bed and covered up her head  
And now there's not a thing can wake Irene Wake up Irene, you've sleep too long  
Wake up Irene, it's time to move along  
Wake up Irene, and pay for your bed  
Wake up Irene or folks will think you're dead Lot's of guitar pickers by the dozen  
Sang 'Goodnight Irene' all night and day  
And even Crosby too with his bo bo bo bo be do  
Tried to get Irene to hit the hay Well I guess they finally sang her off to slumber  
They must have tried a million times or more  
But, oh, my aching back when she finally hit the sack man  
You ought to hear that women snore Wake up Irene, you've sleep too long  
Wake up Irene, it's time to move along  
Wake up Irene, and pay for your bed  
Wake up Irene or folks will think you're dead

Songwriters

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