

Loretta

Tom Ovans

Oh, Loretta, she's my barroom girl
Wears them sevens on her sleeve
Dances like a diamond shines
Tells me lies I love to believe
Her age is always twenty two
Her sparkling eyes are hazel blue
Spends my money like waterfalls
Loves me like I want her to
Loves me like I want her to
Oh, Loretta, won't you say to me?
Darling, strap your guitar on
Have a little shot of booze
Singing a blue and wailing song
Guitar sings a melody
Guitar sings Loretta's fine
Blond and lazy, young and free
And I can have her any time
I can have her any time
Sweetest at the break of day
Prettiest in the setting sun
She don't cry when I can't stay
At least not till she's all alone
Loretta, I won't be gone long
So keep your dancing slippers on
Keep me on your mind awhile
I'm comin' home, I'm comin' home
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