Doreen

Turnpike Troubadours

When I first met Doreen
She was barely seventeen
She was drinking whiskey sours in the barAnd the way she tossed 'em back
I would've had a heart attack
Oh but as it is I let her drive my carWe galloped through the boroughs
Like a pair of horny thoroughbreds
Until I said, "Stop the car, Doreen"Well, you can roll your eyes and nod
But I swear that I saw God in the moonlight
On a side street in the wreckage we call QueensDoreen, Doreen
Last night I had an awful dream
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen
Come clean, Doreen
Come clean, DoreenWell, I'm pulling into Cleveland
In a seven-seater tour van
There's eight of us, so I'm sleeping on the floorAnd the guy who plays the banjo
Keeps on handing me the old crow
Which multiplies my sorrow, I can't take it anymoreDoreen, Doreen
Last night I had an awful dream
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen
Come clean, Doreen
Come clean, DoreenNow I'm begging and I'm pleading
"Please pull over guys, I'm bleeding
There's a Fina off the highway with a phone"And I'm calling you, Doreen
But the phone, it rings and rings
Where is it that you are, if you aren't in our bed at homeDoreen, Doreen
Last night I had an awful dream
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen
Come clean, Doreen
Come clean, DoreenDoreen
Last night I had an awful dream
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen
Come clean, Doreen
Come clean, Doreen
I'm coming clean, Doreen
I'm coming clean, Doreen
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Songwriters
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