

Doreen

Turnpike Troubadours

When I first met Doreen
She was barely seventeen
She was drinking whiskey sours in the bar And the way she tossed 'em back
I would've had a heart attack
Oh but as it is I let her drive my car We 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 Queens Doreen, 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, Doreen Well, I'm pulling into Cleveland
In a seven-seater tour van
There's eight of us, so I'm sleeping on the floor And the guy who plays the banjo
Keeps on handing me the old crow
Which multiplies my sorrow, I can't take it anymore Doreen, 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, Doreen Now 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 home Doreen, 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, Doreen 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, Doreen
I'm coming clean, Doreen
I'm coming clean, Doreen
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Songwriters

HAMMOND, PEEPLES, MILLER, BETHEA Published by

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