Wake Up Irene

Hank Thompson

For months and months and months around the country
Everybody sang Irene goodnight
But she wouldnt go to bed no matter what they said
Though everybody tried with all their mightShe 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 theres not a thing can wake IreneWake up Irene, youve sleep too long
Wake up Irene, its time to move along
Wake up Irene, and pay for your bed
Wake up Irene or folks will think you're deadLots 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 hayWell 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 snoreWake up Irene, youve sleep too long
Wake up Irene, its time to move along
Wake up Irene, and pay for your bed
Wake up Irene or folks will think you're dead

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