Loretta

The Parcels

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
Oh, Loretta, she's my barroom girl
Wears them sevens on her sleeve
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Tells me lies I love to believe
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