Clementine

Studio Group

They're waking you up to close the bar
The street's wet you can tell by the sound of the cars
The bartender's singing clementine
While he's turning around the open sign
Dreadful sorry clementine, though you're still her man
It seems a long time gone
Maybe the whole thing's wrong
What if she thinks so but just didn't say so?
You drank yourself into slo-mo

Made an angel in the snow
Anything to pass the time
And keep that song out of your mind
Oh, my darling
Oh, my darling
Oh, my darling clementine
Dreadful sorry clementine
Dreadful sorry clementine

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