

Loretta

Norah Jones

Oh Loretta she's my barroom girl
wears them sevens on her sleeve
Dances like a diamond shines
Tell me lies I love to believe
Her age is always 22
Her laughing eyes a hazel hue
Spends my money like water falls
Loves me like I want her to
Oh, Loretta, won't you say to me
Darling, put your guitar on
have a little shot of booze
play a blue a and wailing song

My guitar rings a melody
My guitar sings, Loretta's fine
Long and lazy, blonde and free
and 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
'least not till she's all alone
Loretta, I won't be gone long
keep your dancing slippers on
keep me on your mind a while
I'll be back, babe, to make you smile

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