

Miss Marlene

Donald Fagen

Back in double-o-seven
Miss M was queen
She could roll like a pro rolls
When she was seventeen Whether straight or hammered
She was the best in town
When she released a red ball
All the pins fall down Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Miss Marlene
Were still bowling
Every Saturday night
Saturday night Your move to the lane, child
Played on my heartstrings
With your long skinny legs, child
And your hoop ear-rings When the stakes are sky high
That's when you always shine
The ball would ride a moonbeam
Down the inside line Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Miss Marlene
Were still bowling
Every Saturday night
Saturday night And then, the night
Something came upon
You were the sad hurricane
And knew someone
Had played with your heart Ran into the dark street
At University Place
Cab came up so fast that
We saw your laughing face Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Miss Marlene
Were still bowling
Every Saturday night Sometimes on a league night
I catch a scent again We drop the seven down Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Can't you hear the balls rumble
Miss Marlene
Were still bowling
Every Saturday night

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