

# Irving

## Austin Lounge Lizards

(Hank Card/Kristen Nelson)

Darling, do you talk to Irving when you're here alone?  
What are all these calls to Irvine on the telephone?  
Just then that phone rang; as I picked it up I knew  
I handed it to her and said "It's Irving, dear, for you"  
I'd stolen her away from Irving many years before  
But she still dreams of Irving; she wants Irving more and more  
It's Irving over breakfast, Irving through the day  
Even when we're making love  
There's Irving in the way  
She's got Irving inside her and Irving won't come out  
Though there's nothing about Irving to write home about  
When I hold her and we kiss  
It's Irving that and Irving this  
Her six-letter word for bliss is Irving  
She does not feel strongly about Ogden or Eugene  
Norman, Austin, Gary, Jackson, Hannibal or Dean  
Rochester, Pierre, Orlando, Sherman, Grant or Lee  
Marlin, Milton, Bradley, Homer, Troy, St. Paul or me  
Every night I wail and weep  
She mumbles "Iirngg" in her sleep  
How'd it get in her so deep, this Irving?  
I've always thought that Irving was featureless and bland  
But Irving has a hold on her that I can't understand  
They'll always be together even when they're miles apart  
She's got I-R-V-I-N-G tatooed on her heart  
She's got Irving inside her and Irving's there to stay  
"Irving, Irving, Irving, Irving"s all that she would say  
Though my heart was broken  
I heard the word she'd spoken  
I bought her a bus token back to Irving  
The bus was silver, I was blue  
As I bid my love adieu  
And I sadly sent her back to Irving

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>