

Lillian, Egypt

Josh Ritter

I remember back in Illinois I found her The lily of the valley the lily of the West was a rose The daughter of the
biggest big town banker He kept her like a princess I stole her like the Fort Knox gold
She used to pour Four Roses like it was going down the chimney Like the bottle was on fire or the boiler was
about to blow She was up on the table when we hit Missouri Dancing with a movie man he was holding her a
little too close

La didi da da da da da da da!

He made her the star of the silent movies But all she did was mouth the words all she did was mouth the words,
?Oh no!? And he cast me as the villain as the sheriff?s worst enemy I practiced falling off of buildings and out
windows

La didi da da da da da da da!

The last time I saw she was tied to the train tracks I was back there with the extras riding on a tiger roan The
villain on the left with the studio mustache Winking at Lillian blowing kisses from the second row

La didi da da da da da da da!

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