

Dr. Bernice

Cracker

Okay one, two, three, twoBaby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice
She's not a lady doctor at all
She's got hands like a man with hair on the back
She'll crush you in her embraceThough the wind may whisper and moan sometimes
We all need a kind place to live
Though the wind may whisper and howl at your a door
We all need the comfort of friendsBaby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice
That ain't a real Cadillac
It's a Delta eighty-eight spray painted black
With fake leather seats from JuarezThough the wind may whisper and moan sometimes
On a hot desert night it is still
Though the world may whisper and howl at your door
You're not obliged to let them all in, okay JohnnyBaby don't you ride in that faux Cadillac
If you must please ride in the back
If you sing while you ride you'll be a siren tonight
Spare this poor sailor's life from the rocksThough the wind may whisper a melody now
We can't find a tune of our own
Though the world may whisper and blow in your face
And tangle the hair on your headOn a hot desert night we can drive down the road
And the stars will spell out your name
On a hot desert night with the windows down wide
The sirens will sing me their songAnd the ghosts of the sailors who died on the rocks
Feel not a twinch of regret
Though the wind may tangle the hair on your head
You sing like a siren to meOn a hot desert night, the caravan stops
At the oasis next to your heart
The soundtrack is played by some aged British queen
On B.B.C Radio OneThough the wind may whisper and epic sometimes
The cast must include Karen Black
Though the symphony strings shift with the sands
You sing like a siren to meYou sing like a siren to me
You sing like a siren to me

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>