

# Loretta

## Lyle Lovett

Oh, Loretta, she's my barroom girl  
Wears them sevens on her sleeve  
Dances like a diamond shines  
Tells me lies I love to believe Her age is always twenty two  
Her sparkling eyes are hazel blue  
Spends my money like waterfalls  
Loves me like I want her to  
Loves me like I want her to Oh, Loretta, won't you say to me?  
Darling, strap your guitar on  
Have a little shot of booze  
Singing a blue and wailing song Guitar sings a melody  
Guitar sings Loretta's fine  
Blond and lazy, young and free  
And I can have her any time  
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  
At least not till she's all alone Loretta, I won't be gone long  
So keep your dancing slippers on  
Keep me on your mind awhile  
I'm comin' home, I'm comin' home Oh, Loretta, she's my barroom girl  
Wears them sevens on her sleeve  
Dances like a diamond shines  
Tells me lies I love to believe Her age is always twenty two  
Her sparkling eyes are hazel blue  
Spends my money like waterfalls  
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