

## Dr. Bernice

Cracker

Okay 1 2 3 2 2

Baby 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 with her embrace

Though the wind may whisper and moan sometimes  
We all need a kind place to live  
Though the wind may whisper and howl at your door  
We all need the comfort of friends

Baby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice  
That ain't a real Cadillac  
It's a Delta 88 spray painted black  
With fake leather seats from Juarez

Though 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 Johnny

Baby don't you drive 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 rocks

Though 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 head

On 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 song

And the ghosts of the sailors who died on the rocks  
Feel not a twitch of regret  
Though the wind may tangle the hair on your head  
You sing like a siren to me

On a hot desert night, the caravan stops  
At the oasis next to your heart  
The soundtrack is played by some aged British queen  
On BBC Radio One

Though the wind my whisper and epic sometimes  
The cast must include Karen Black  
Though the symphony strings shifts with the sand  
You sing like a siren to me  
You sing like a siren to me  
You sing like a siren to me

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