

Miss Marlene

Donald Fagen

Back in double-o-seven
Miss M was queen
She could roll like a pro rolls
When she was seventeen

Whether straight or hammered
She was the best in town
When she release the red ball
All the pins fall down

Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Miss Marlene
We're still bowling
Every Saturday night
Saturday night

Your move to the lane, child
Played on my heartstrings
With the long skinny legs, child
And your hoop earrings

When the stakes are sky-high
That's when you'd always shine
The ball would ride a moonbeam
Down the inside line

Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Miss Marlene
We're still bowling
Every Saturday night
Saturday night

And then, one night
Something came apart
You were throwin' back hurricanes
And we knew someone
Had played with your heart

You ran into the dark street
At University Place
The cab came up so fast that
We saw your laughin' face

Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Can't you hear the balls rumble?
Miss Marlene
We're still bowling
Every Saturday night

Sometimes on a league night
I catch her scent again
Her hand guiding my hand
We drop the seven-ten

Can't you hear the balls rumble?

Can't you hear the balls rumble
Miss Marlene
We're still bowling
Every Saturday night
Saturday night
Every Saturday night (x4)