

Loretta

Steve Earle

Oh Loretta, she's a 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 laughing eyes are hazel hue
Spends my money like waterfalls
Loves me like I want her to

Oh Loretta, won't you say to me?
Darling, put your guitar on
Have a little shot of booze
Play a blue and wailing song

My guitar rings a melody
My guitar sings Loretta's fine
Long and lazy, blonde and free
And 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
'Least not till she's all alone

Loretta, I won't be gone long
Keep your dancing slippers on
Keep me on your mind awhile
I'm comin' home, I'm comin' home

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