

Doreen

Old 97's

When I first met Doreen
She was barely seventeen
She was drinking whiskey sours in the bar

The way she tossed 'em back
I would've had a heart attack
But as it is I let her drive my car

We galloped through the boroughs
Like a pair of horny thoroughbreds
Until I said, "Stop the car, Doreen"

Well, you can roll your eyes and nod
But I swear that I saw God in the moonlight
On a side street in the wreckage we call Queens

Doreen, Doreen, last night, I had an awful dream
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen
Come clean, Doreen, come clean, Doreen

Well, I'm pulling into Cleveland
In a seven-seater tour van
There's eight of us, so I'm sleeping on the floor

The guy that plays the banjo
Keeps on handing me the old crow
Which multiplies my sorrow, I can't take it anymore

Doreen, Doreen, last night, I had an awful dream
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen
Come clean Doreen, come clean, Doreen

Now I'm begging and I'm pleading
"Well pull over guys, I'm bleeding
There's a fina off the highway with a phone"

I'm calling you, Doreen
But it rings and rings and rings
Where is it that you are, if you aren't in our bed at home

Doreen, Doreen, last night, I had an awful dream
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen
Come clean, Doreen, come clean, Doreen