

## Janine

### Soul Coughing

Janine, I drink you up  
Janine, I drink you up  
Janine, Janine, I sing  
If you were the Baltic Sea and I were a cup, uh huh

Varick Street and I drove South  
With my hands on the wheel and your taste in my mouth,  
Janine

Jesus to my left, the Holland Tunnel on my right  
Angels shine down from the traffic light,  
Janine

I fell asleep by the blue light of Live at Five  
And as I drifted off, I heard Al Roker say to me:  
Dial one nine hundred  
Four Jay Ay En Eye En Ee.

Slap myself to waking but now it's too late  
Cause I spelled your name out on my licence plate,  
Janine