

Yvonne

The Saw Doctors

Light brown hair
Down around her shoulders
Yellow vest
Summer dress
And a smile
Someone said they thought
that she looked older
But she's seventeen
And I wish that
She was mine
You want to see the way
She looked at me

Y.V.O.N.N.E.

Strangers come and go
Through Salthill summers
Each year see's new faces
In the sunshine
But mercy girl Yvonne
She was my favourite
She's seventeen
And I wish that
She was mine
You want to see the way
She looked at me

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