

Austin Lounge Lizards, Irving

(Hank Card/Kristen Nelson)

Darling, do you talk to Irving when you're here alone?
What are all these calls to Irvine on the telephone?
Just then that phone rang; as I picked it up I knew
I handed it to her and said "It's Irving, dear, for you"
I'd stolen her away from Irving many years before
But she still dreams of Irving; she wants Irving more and more
It's Irving over breakfast, Irving through the day
Even when we're making love
There's Irving in the way
She's got Irving inside her and Irving won't come out
Though there's nothing about Irving to write home about
When I hold her and we kiss
It's Irving that and Irving this
Her six-letter word for bliss is Irving
She does not feel strongly about Ogden or Eugene
Norman, Austin, Gary, Jackson, Hannibal or Dean
Rochester, Pierre, Orlando, Sherman, Grant or Lee
Marlin, Milton, Bradley, Homer, Troy, St. Paul or me
Every night I wail and weep
She mumbles "Irving" in her sleep
How'd it get in her so deep, this Irving?
I've always thought that Irving was featureless and bland
But Irving has a hold on her that I can't understand
They'll always be together even when they're miles apart
She's got I-R-V-I-N-G tattooed on her heart
She's got Irving inside her and Irving's there to stay
"Irving, Irving, Irving, Irving" all that she would say
Though my heart was broken
I heard the word she'd spoken
I bought her a bus token back to Irving
The bus was silver, I was blue
As I bid my love adieu
And I sadly sent her back to Irving