

Black 47, Oh Maureen

Maureen got married to a sanitation worker
She's livin' out in Brooklyn with her mother in law
And when her old man's sleepin'
Maureen comes creepin' down to the local bar
She stands there by the juke box
In her violent lipstick
Givin' all the old men heart attacks
Oh Maureen, dial my number baby,
You know that I will always take you back

Beat me, whip me, make me write bad checks
Oooh, I'd do anything for you
Oh, Maureen, don't be so mean
You know I'll always be in lust with you
You know I'm out there waitin' for you somewhere
I can feel the steam comin' offa you
Oh, Maureen, don't be so mean
You know I'll always be in lust with you

Maureen I never stopped thinkin' about you
Though you kicked me out on the street
Sayin' "take your songs and your Stratocaster
See if they're half as good in bed as me"
Then one night out on the road
Called you on a payphone
"Forgive me, darlin', I'll be back in a week"
A voice said, "Hey stoopid, she want a man not a kid,
Maureen is comin' back to Canarsie with me"

Oh oh oh oh Maureen
You just don't know how I feel
Oh oh oh, oh Maureen
I think I'm ready to scream
Oh oh oh oh Maureen
You just don't know how I feel
Oh oh oh oh Maureen

Oh Maureen just the very thought of ya
Makes me weak at the knees
Just passin' by our old apartment
Sends my body shiverin'
Throwin' caution to the wind
I'm comin' back to Brooklyn
I'm gonna save you from yourself
Put on your violent lipstick
Meet me by the fire escape
Can't bear to think about you wrapped around somebody else

Beat me, whip me, make me write bad checks....

Oh Maureen, I've been so bad
I deserve everything, Maureen
I need some of your sweet salvation
I deserve everything
Oh Maureen....