

Jill Sobule, Karen By Night

Karen, she's my boss at the shoe store
We sell to the rich on Madison Avenue
I come in late from Brooklyn on the F train
Karen says "honey, make this your last time"
But we like her, she's firm but approachable
Dresses in style, pretty conservative
We ask her, "hey, come out with us after work"
Karen she always declines

And we talk about
Karen by night
We imagine she must lead a very dull life
With just a cat and a book by her side
We know her by day but we don't know
Karen by night

In the stockroom searching for a 9B
I overheard Karen whisper on the phone
She said, "Meet me at the club
There's a shipment coming in
And I can't pull this one off alone"
Well, I didn't know what to think
Was my mind playing tricks?
Was there more to this Karen than realized?
I had to know so I followed her home
I could not believe my eyes

And then I saw
Karen by night
The leather comes out under the moonlight
Takes off her Chanel and hops on her bike
Looking like young Marlon Brando
Karen by night

Saw her leaning on the bar with a drink in hand
And a cigarette dangling from her bright red lips
She looked like she was looking for someone
Like she was looking for a fight
Then a young blonde buck walked in
She grabbed him by the collar
Kissed him hard on the mouth
And slapped him on the cheek
Then I thought she spied me in the corner of her eye
So I ran outside, but all night all I could think about was

Karen by night

The next morning, I'm late as usual
Karen's there fresh as a daisy
She says with a smile, "You look like hell
And where you last night?"

Karen by night
Imagine she must lead a very dull life
With just a cat or a book by her side
We know her by day but we don't know
Karen by night
The leather comes out under the moonlight
Takes off her Chanel and hops on her bike
Looking like Marlon Brando
Looking like young Marlon Brando
Wish I could be more like
Karen by night

Looking like young Marlon Brando
Not like the old fat Marlon Brando in Apocalypse Now
Karen by Night