

John Prine, Maureen, Maureen

Maureen, Maureen,
I shot a doctor last night on the airplane
Well, they said he wouldn't hurt us
But he got me real nervous and mean
He was fat and he stank
And God knows that he drank more than we do
So I shot him in the first class
Then I bailed out and ran home to you

Chorus:
But you don't believe me
I could tell by your smile
Honey, why don't you leave me
Get lost for awhile, Maureen.

Maureen, Maureen,
There's a hole in between where we come from
And the things that I'm thinking
Ain't necessary the things that I say
I may have lied to myself
But I tried to tell God how I love you
But even He don't answer
His phone anymore when I pray

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