

Old 97's, Doreen

(Hitchhike to Rhyme lyrics.

Minor variations found on Wreck Your Life.)

When I first met Doreen

She was barely seventeen.

She was drinking whiskey sours in the bar.

The way she tossed 'em back

I would've had a heart attack.

But as it is I let her drive my car.

We galloped through the boroughs

Like a pair of horny thoroughbreds,

Until I said, "Stop the car, Doreen."

Well you can roll your eyes and nod

But I swear that I saw God,

In the moonlight on a side street in the wreckage we call Queens.

Doreen, Doreen, Last night I had an awful dream.

You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen.

Come clean Doreen. Come clean Doreen.

Well I'm pulling into Cleveland

In a seven-seater tour van.

There's eight of us, so I'm sleeping on the floor.

The guy that plays the banjo

Keeps on handing me the Old Crow,

Which multiplies my sorrow, I can't take it anymore.

Doreen, Doreen, last night I had an awful dream.

You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen.

Come clean Doreen. Come clean Doreen.

Now I'm begging and I'm pleading,

"Well pull over guys, I'm bleeding.

There's a Fina off the highway with a phone."

I'm calling you Doreen,

But it rings and rings and rings.

Where is it that you are, if you aren't in our bed at home.

Doreen, Doreen, last night I had an awful dream.

You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen.

Come clean Doreen. Come clean Doreen.