

Soul Coughing, Janine

Janine, I drink you up,
Janine, I drink you up,
Janine, Janine, I sing,
If you were the Baltic Sea and I were a cup, uh huh,

Varick Street and I drove South,
With my hands on the wheel and your taste in my mouth,
Janine,

Jesus to my left, the Holland Tunnel on my right,
Angels shine down from the traffic light,
Janine,

I fell asleep by the blue light of Live at Five,
And as I drifted off, I heard Al Roker say to me:
Dial one nine hundred,
Four Jay Ay En Eye En Ee,

Slap myself to waking but now it's too late,
Cause I spelled your name out on my licence plate,
Janine,