

Austin Lounge Lizards "Irving"

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(Hank Card/Kristen Nelson)

Darling, do you talk to Irving when you're here alone?

What are all these calls to Irvine on the telephone?

Just then that phone rang; as I picked it up I knew

I handed it to her and said "It's Irving, dear, for you"

I'd stolen her away from Irving many years before

But she still dreams of Irving; she wants Irving more
and more

It's Irving over breakfast, Irving through the day

Even when we're making love

There's Irving in the way

She's got Irving inside her and Irving won't come out

Though there's nothing about Irving to write home
about

When I hold her and we kiss

It's Irving that and Irving this

Her six-letter word for bliss is Irving

She does not feel strongly about Ogden or Eugene

Norman, Austin, Gary, Jackson, Hannibal or Dean

Rochester, Pierre, Orlando, Sherman, Grant or Lee

Marlin, Milton, Bradley, Homer, Troy, St. Paul or me

Every night I wail and weep

She mumbles "Iirngg" in her sleep

How'd it get in her so deep, this Irving?

I've always thought that Irving was featureless and
bland

But Irving has a hold on her that I can't understand

They'll always be together even when they're miles
apart

She's got I-R-V-I-N-G tatoed on her heart

She's got Irving inside her and Irving's there to stay

"Irving, Irving, Irving, Irving"'s all that she would say

Though my heart was broken

I heard the word she'd spoken

I bought her a bus token back to Irving

The bus was silver, I was blue

As I bid my love adieu

And I sadly sent her back to Irving

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