

Country Joe And The Fish "Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine"

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She hides in an attic concealed on a shelf
Behind volumes of literature based on herself
And runs across the pages like some tiny elf
Knowing that it's hard to find
Stuff way back in her mind,
Winds up spending all of her time
Trying to memorize every line

Sweet Lorraine, ah, sweet Lorraine.
Sweet lady of death wants me to die
So she can come sit by my bedside and sigh
And wipe away the tears from all my friends eyes
Then softly she will explain
Just exactly who was to blame
For causing me to go insane
And finally blow out my brain,
Sweet Lorraine, ah, sweet Lorraine.

Well you know that it's a shame and a pity
You were raised up in the city
And you never learned nothing 'bout country ways,
Ah, 'bout country ways.

The joy of life she dresses in black
With celestial secrets engraved in her back
And her face keeps flashing that she's got the knack,
But you know when you look into her eyes
All she's learned she's had to memorize
And the only way you'll ever get her high
Is to let her do her thing and then watch you die,
Sweet Lorraine, ah, sweet Lorraine.

Now she's the one who gives us all those magical
things
And reads us stories out of the I Ching,
Then she passes out a whole new basket of rings
That when you put on your hand
Makes you one of the Angel Band
And gives you the power to be a man,
But what it does for her you never quite understand
Sweet Lorraine, ah, sweet Lorraine.

Well you know that it's a shame and a pity
You were raised up in the city
And you never learned nothing 'bout country ways,
Oh 'bout country ways, oh 'bout country ways,
Yeah, about country ways, oh, country ways ...

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