

Jeff Carson "Divine Intervention"

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If I remember right her name was Betty
We were gradutatin' seniors, goin' steady
I was hesitant to wed, but she was ready
For holy matrimony 'til one night walkin' home

She stopped off at the Strike And Spare Diner
And lost her heart to a transfer-truck driver
They had a rollin' honeymoon to Carolina
I spent the whole summer cussin' them
But lookin' back it must've been

Divine intervention that got her attention
It wasn't superstition or woman's intuition
I've ruled out random chance
Destiny or circumstance

Biology, astrology, it wasn't numerology
Karma, Zeus or Zen blowin' in the wind
The only ying-yang, galdang thing it coulda been
Was divine intervention, divine intervention

After six or seven years of near misses
Empty promises and half-hearted kisses
I met up lip to lip with my misses
She was walkin' through the park
I said, "Lord, there goes my heart"

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