

# John Prine

## "Maureen Maureen"

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Maureen, maureen,  
I shot a doctor last night on the airplane  
Well, they said he wouldn't hurt us  
But he got me real nervous and mean  
He was fat and he stank  
And God knows that he drank more than we do  
So I shot him in the first class  
Then I bailed out and ran home to you

Chorus:  
But you don't believe me  
I could tell by your smile  
Honey, why don't you leave me  
Get lost for awhile, maureen.

Maureen, maureen,  
  
There's a hole in between where we come from  
And the things that I'm thinking  
Ain't necessary the things that I say  
I may have lied to myself  
But I tried to tell God how I love you  
But even he don't answer  
His phone anymore when I pray

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Real nervous and mean

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