

Old 97's "Doreen"

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(Hitchhike to Rhyme lyrics.
Minor variations found on Wreck Your Life.)
When I first met Doreen
She was barely seventeen.
She was drinking whiskey sours in the bar.

The way she tossed 'em back
I would've had a heart attack.
But as it is I let her drive my car.

We galloped through the boroughs
Like a pair of horny thoroughbreds,
Until I said, "Stop the car, Doreen."

Well you can roll your eyes and nod
But I swear that I saw God,
In the moonlight on a side street in the wreckage we
call Queens.

Doreen, Doreen, Last night I had an awful dream.
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen.
Come clean Doreen. Come clean Doreen.

Well I'm pulling into Cleveland
In a seven-seater tour van.
There's eight of us, so I'm sleeping on the floor.

The guy that plays the banjo
Keeps on handing me the Old Crow,
Which multiplies my sorrow, I can't take it anymore.

Doreen, Doreen, last night I had an awful dream.
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen.
Come clean Doreen. Come clean Doreen.

Now I'm begging and I'm pleading,
"Well pull over guys, I'm bleeding."
There's a Fina off the highway with a phone."

I'm calling you Doreen,
But it rings and rings and rings.
Where is it that you are, if you aren't in our bed at

home.

Doreen, Doreen, last night I had an awful dream.
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen.
Come clean Doreen. Come clean Doreen.

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