

Pere Ubu

"Caroleen"

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Baby... oh, Fire, light my life on fire.
Baby... oh, Fire, light my life on fire.
That junk is oh so flammable.
That flame is not containable.
Baby on fire -
She is incendiarial.

And in the cool hours of the nite,
She kisses me and it rips my head off.
You know her name, rhymes with gasoline.
Her perfume, I think it's turpentine.
And I feel alive,
And I hope it's love.
Caroleen, Caroleen, Caroleen, Caroleen.
Caroleen, Caroleen, Caroleen, Caroleen.

And in the dawn of the day,
When the sun sets the night on fire and it has burned
Away,
She looks at me with those eyes.
She looks at me with those eyes and I say, Honey, light
It up!
And I feel alive,
And I hope it's love.
Caroleen, Caroleen, Caroleen, Caroleen.
Caroleen, Caroleen, Caroleen, Caroleen.

I love the way she smells,
The way her scent hangs on the morning dew.
She wakes my dreams up.
She shakes my dreams apart.
You know her name, rhymes with gasoline.
Her perfume, I think it's turpentine.
And I feel alive,
And I hope it's love.
Caroleen, Caroleen, Caroleen, Caroleen.
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