

## Ike Reilly

### "Kara Dean"

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I love it when I can't tell your pleasure from your pain

Wanna see your big, brown, sad eyes in ecstasy

I know that it ain't easy knowing all you know about me

Father Matthew, you're my priest

Father Matthew, you're my confessor and priest

I know that it ain't easy knowing all you know about me

You've seen me cheat, steal, blaspheme and lie

The things I do in the daytime should only be done at night

Like to watch my neighbor's wife bend down slow to pull out weeds

I know that it ain't easy knowing all you know about me

Kara Dean, are you still my girl?

Kara Dean, are you still my girl?

I know that it ain't easy, are you still my girl?

Remember when I revealed myself to you in the car

Listening to rock 'n' roll animal as the night got dark

Your mother called up and said go on girl get yourself free

I know that it ain't easy knowing all you know about me

City fathers, set me free

City fathers and mothers set me free

I know that it ain't easy knowing all you know about me

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