

Soul Coughing "Janine"

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Janine, I drink you up
Janine, I drink you up
Janine, Janine, I sing
If you were the Baltic sea and I were a cup, uh huh

Varick street and I drove south
With my hands on the wheel
And your taste in my mouth
Janine

Jesus to my left
The Holland tunnel on my right
Angels shine down from the traffic light
Light, light, light

Janine, I drink you up
Janine, I drink you up
Janine, Janine, I sing
If you were the Baltic sea and I were a cup, uh huh

I fell asleep by the blue light of live at five
And as I drifted off, I heard Al Roker say to me
Dial one nine hundred
For J A N I N E

Janine, I drink you up
Janine, I drink you up
Janine, Janine, I sing
If you were the Baltic sea and I were a cup, uh huh

Slap myself to waking
But now it's too late
'Cause I spelled your name
Out on my license plate

Janine
Janine

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