

Strawbs

"Jenny O'Brien"

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Strawbs - Jenny O'Brien

Jenny O'Brien sat waiting that evening
Impatiently watching the clock
Twisting her handkerchief into a bundle
Waiting for Harry to knock
The first picture started
Still that doesn't matter

Jean said it wasn't much good
If he's drinking with Peter
I'll never forgive him
Though I suppose if I had to I would
She was waiting at home on a Saturday night
Waiting for hours

I wonder why
He doesn't call
He told me he'd be round about seven
I told him not to be late
I just can't imagine what could have happened
Here it is a quarter past eight

He's never this late
I just hope nothings happened
Maybe the cars broken down
It's a pity he's not on the phone
Or I'd ring him
Perhaps he's been held up in Town

Wait there's a car
No it's going next door
For a minute I thought it was him
And here I am stuck in
On Saturday night
When I could have gone dancing without him

I wonder why
He doesn't call
He told me he'd be round about seven
I told him that'd be fine

I just can't imagine what could have happened
Here it is well after nine

He said he quite fancied
That girl in the office
I am sure he was having me on
I've run out of fags
So I'll go down the shop
But then he'll turn up while I'm gone

What was her name?
I think he said Ann
He said she lived out his way
If he thinks that he can go off
With somebody else
Then I'll really have some thing to say

She was waiting at home
On a Saturday night
Waiting for hours
I wonder why
He doesn't call

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