

Lorraine

Big Thief

When I saw the first time, the thunder came crashing
Your new blue eyeliner caught my distraction
And like we were two lovers forming from fiction
Your mouth caught my ear with such perfect diction
And there I let you tie my hands back and take me

O lorraine on a saturday morning
O lorraine with your soft, burning hands

We fell asleep in the back of the warehouse
I woke to you kneading and covering my mouth
And like we were hummingbirds screaming at ravens
You started to move me from fact into fable
And there I let you take me under the table

O lorraine on a saturday morning
O lorraine with your soft, burning hands