

## 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