

Dr. Bernice

Cracker

Okay 1 2 3 2 2

Baby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice
She's not a lady doctor at all
She's got hands like a man
With hair on the back
She'll crush you with her embrace

Though the wind may whisper and moan sometimes
We all need a kind place to live
Though the wind may whisper and howl at your door
We all need the comfort of friends

Baby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice
That ain't a real Cadillac
It's a Delta 88 spray painted black
With fake leather seats from Juarez

Though the wind may whisper and moan sometimes
On a hot desert night it is still
Though the world may whisper and howl at your door
You're not obliged to let them all in

Okay Johnny

Baby don't you drive ride in that faux Cadillac
If you must please ride in the back
If you sing while you ride you'll be a siren tonight
Spare this poor sailor's life from the rocks

Though the wind may whisper a melody now
We can't find a tune of our own
Though the world may whisper and blow in your face
And tangle the hair on your head

On a hot desert night we can drive down the road
And the stars will spell out your name
On a hot desert night with the windows down wide
The sirens will sing me their song

And the ghosts of the sailors who died on the rocks
Feel not a twitch of regret
Though the wind may tangle the hair on your head
You sing like a siren to me

On a hot desert night, the caravan stops
At the oasis next to your heart
The soundtrack is played by some aged British queen
On BBC Radio One

Though the wind my whisper and epic sometimes
The cast must include Karen Black
Though the symphony strings shifts with the sand
You sing like a siren to me
You sing like a siren to me
You sing like a siren to me