

Loretta

Darrell Scott

Loretta she's my ballroom girl
Where then sevens on her sleeves
Loves me like a diamond shine
Tells me lies I love to believe
Her age is always 22
Her laughing in eyes will hazel you
Spends my money like waterfalls
And loves me like I want her to

Oh Loretta why don't you say to me
Darling put you guitar on
Have another shot at boze and play
Blues and them awful song
My guitar rings a melody

My guitar sings Loretta is fine
Long and lazy belong and free
I can have her anytime

Sweetest at the day of break
Prettiest in the setting sun
She don't cry when I can't stay
At least until she's all alone
Loretta I won't be gone long
Go put your dancing slippers on
Hold me in your mind awhile
I'll be back baby to make you smile
I'm coming home I'm coming home