

Divine Lorraine

Dave Hause

All my friends got dirt beneath their fingers
We're the neighbor kids they always shooed away
We're on that team that always lose
With weak paychecks and weekend blues
With bills that come that we'll forget to pay

You get ground so down that you'll forget the sound
The sound she makes when she calls out your name
So slow down and hear that low sound
And learn to love the clatter of her chains
Stay true to me Divine Lorraine

We're the one's whose works you put your name on
The ones who said those lyrics that you stole
You do the crime we do the time
You dirty fuckers steal my shine
Pretty soon we'll be out on parole
But the middle of the road takes a toll

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All my friends got dirt beneath their fingers
We scratch our little grooves into the grain
Mama said you can be anything
So I made a song that we could sing
And I wash the dirt off dancing in the rain
And learned to love the clatter of her chains
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