

## Deirdre, Pt. I

Del Water Gap

I once met a girl at a bar I know  
She drank herself to sleep in her dinner coat  
It was a quarter past noon

She whispered me a welcome form her lips and lungs  
But really she was speaking from the wine she'd drunk  
Yeah, she said "It's nice to meet ya

You treat me so  
Gentleman  
Won't you take me home  
And back to bed  
Or is it only that I'm dreaming?"

I took ten steps and the she yelled at me:  
"I have for you a letter, won't you come to me?"  
She signed it "Deirdre."

I'm sorry for your time and this is out of line  
But wear it on my sleeve and if you wouldn't mind  
I won't leave without ya

So let me take your hand  
To the west coast  
Let me take your hand  
To see my room, or are you not the type for leaving?

Yeah, I've come around far, you know I made it East  
My friends, they all settled down so pleasantly  
But I was swimming [?]

Life was pretty wild in that New York summer  
I bought myself a car, it was a decent one  
Then I drove to Austin

To find my love  
Had up and gone  
To find my love  
With another one  
Or is it only that I'm dreaming?