

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 from 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?