

## Loretta

Steve Earle

Oh Loretta, she's a barroom girl  
Wears them sevens on her sleeve  
Dances like a diamond shines  
Tells me lies I love to believe

Her age is always twenty two  
Her laughing eyes are hazel hue  
Spends my money like waterfalls  
Loves me like I want her to

Oh Loretta, won't you say to me?  
Darling, put your guitar on  
Have a little shot of booze  
Play a blue and wailing song

My guitar rings a melody  
My guitar sings Loretta's fine  
Long and lazy, blonde and free  
And I can have her any time

Sweetest at the break of day  
Prettiest in the setting sun  
She don't cry when I can't stay  
'Least not till she's all alone

Loretta, I won't be gone long  
Keep your dancing slippers on  
Keep me on your mind awhile  
I'm comin' home, I'm comin' home

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I'm comin' home, I'm comin' home  
I'm comin' home

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