

Irene (Ravin' Bomb)

Ian Noe

Irene pulled in at midnight
Lit on the smoke and beer
Proudly crawled
To the porch and called
"Your favorite child is here"
And Ma asked, "Where're ya livin'?"
And are ya livin' right within?"
She said with fire
Like a gospel choir
A saint immune to sin

Old Irene
Like a ravin' bomb
She's cuttin' every rug
And killin' every jug
She comes upon
Old Irene
Never lacking charm
Said, "I was feeling good
And in the neighborhood
I mean no harm"

Irene sat down for supper
Pourin' Visine into her eyes
To see her tremblin' hand
Was to understand
Some things you can't disguise
Pa said, "Not for nothing
"But you don't seem to be quite well"
Irene reared back
With a smile and cracked
"How could you ever tell?"

Old Irene
Like a ravin' bomb
She's cuttin' every rug
And killin' every jug
She comes upon
Old Irene
Don't believe in pain
She said "To live this life
You need a half a pint
To keep you sane"

Irene said, "But I ain't happy
Sometimes I wake up feeling dead
And if the sun should shine
I close my blinds
Pretend there's rain instead
I took down all my mirrors
I gave away all my rope and guns
Drown the darkest time
With some rot gut wine
And my faithful M.A.S.H. reruns"

Old Irene
Like a ravin' bomb

She's cuttin' every rug
And killin' every jug
She comes upon
Old Irene
Said, "It's sad but true
In spite of all it brings
It's the only thing
That gets me through"

Know it gets me through
Well, it gets me through
Know it hits me good
Know it gets me through