

Loretta

Jess Williamson

Well, Loretta, she's my barroom girl
Wears them sevens on her sleeves
Dances like a diamond shines
Tells me lies I love to believe
Her age is always twenty-two
Her laughing eyes a hazel hue
Spends my money like waterfalls
Loves me like I want her to

Well, 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 a while
I'll be back, babe, to make you smile

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