

Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine

Nellie McKay

She hides in an attic concealed on a shelf
Behind volumes of literature based on herself
And runs across the pages like some tiny elf
Knowing that it's hard to find
Stuff way back in her mind
Winds up spending all of her time
Trying to memorize every line
Sweet Lorraine
Ah, sweet Lorraine

Sweet lady of death wants me to die
So she can come sit by my bedside and sigh
And wipe away tears from all my friends' eyes
Then softly, she will explain
Just exactly who's to blame
For causing me to go insane
And finally blow out my brain
Sweet Lorraine
Mmm, sweet Lorraine

Well, you know that it's a shame and a pity
You were raised up in the city
And you never
Learned nothing 'bout country ways
Ah, country ways

The joy of life, she dresses in black
With celestial secrets engraved on her back
And her face keeps flushing, but she's got the knack
But you know when you look into her eyes
All she's learned, she's had to memorize
And the only way you'll ever get her high
Is to let her do her thing, and then watch you die
Sweet Lorraine
Ah, sweet Lorraine

Now, she's the one who gives us all those magical things
And reads us stories out of the I Ching
And she passes out a whole new basket of rings
That, when you put on your hand
Makes you one of the angel band
And gives you the power to be a man
But what it does for her, you never quite understand
Sweet Lorraine
Ah, sweet Lorraine

Well, you know
That it's a shame and a pity
You were raised
Up in the city
And you never
Learned nothing 'bout country ways
Oh, country ways
Oh, 'bout country ways
Yeah, country ways
Oh, country ways
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