

# Irene

The Clarks

She came from this place  
Such a pretty face  
And she danced to the radio  
She could sing a song  
The boys came along  
She didn't know how to just say no  
There's gonna be a tall, dark man to wed  
There's gonna be a cold, hard truth instead

She's waving goodbye to seventeen  
From a long, white limousine  
Some dreams are in the air some are seen  
Irene

Well she owned this town  
But couldn't settle down  
They played her songs on the radio  
But she partied late  
And she made them wait  
It's all there on the video  
There's gonna be a long bus ride ahead  
There's gonna be some cold hotel in bed

She's waving goodbye to twenty-three  
From deep inside the machine  
Some hands are in the dirt some are clean  
Irene

Well she fell so hard  
And her kids looked on  
She passed on to the other side  
It went downhill fast  
You know nothing lasts  
I heard her song on a late night drive  
Shoulda been some bright, blue skies ahead  
There's gonna be some cold, hard ground instead

She's waving goodbye to thirty-three  
From a long, black limousine  
Life's just as kind to you as it is mean  
Irene  
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