

# Doreen

## Turnpike Troubadours

When I first met Doreen  
She was barely seventeen  
She was drinking whiskey sours in the bar

And the way she tossed 'em back  
I would've had a heart attack  
Oh but as it is I let her drive my car

We galloped through the boroughs  
Like a pair of horny thoroughbreds  
Until I said, "Stop the car, Doreen"

Well, you can roll your eyes and nod  
But I swear that I saw God in the moonlight  
On a side street in the wreckage we call Queens

Doreen, Doreen  
Last night I had an awful dream  
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen  
Come clean, Doreen  
Come clean, Doreen

Well, I'm pulling into Cleveland  
In a seven-seater tour van  
There's eight of us, so I'm sleeping on the floor

And the guy who plays the banjo  
Keeps on handing me the old crow  
Which multiplies my sorrow, I can't take it anymore

Doreen, Doreen  
Last night I had an awful dream  
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen  
Come clean, Doreen  
Come clean, Doreen

Now I'm begging and I'm pleading  
"Please pull over guys, I'm bleeding  
There's a Fina off the highway with a phone"

And I'm calling you, Doreen  
But the phone, it rings and rings  
Where is it that you are, if you aren't in our bed at home

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Last night I had an awful dream  
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen  
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Doreen  
Last night I had an awful dream  
You were laying in the arms of a man I'd never seen  
Come clean, Doreen  
Come clean, Doreen  
I'm coming clean, Doreen  
I'm coming clean, Doreen

Yeah yeah yeah yeah