

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Clementine (4)

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There she stood beside the bar rail
Drinking pink gins for two bits,
And the swollen whiskey barrels
Stood in awe beside her tits.

CHORUS:

I owe my darlin', I owe my darlin'
I owe my darlin' Clementine.
Three bent pennies and a nickel
Oh my darlin' Clementine.

Eyes of whiskey, lips of water
As she vomits in my beer
Dawns the daylight in her temple
With a f***ing warming leer.

Hung me guitar on the bar rail
At the sweetness of the sign,
In one leap leapt out me trousers
Plunged into the foaming brine.

She was bawdy, she was busty,
She could match the great Buzoom,
As she strained out of her bloomers
Like a melon tree in bloom,

Oh the Oak tree and the Cypress
Never more together twine,
Since that creeping poison ivy
Laid its blight on Clementine.

CB

apr96