

Wake Up Irene

Hank Thompson

For months and months and months around the country
Everybody sang Irene goodnight
But she wouldn't go to bed no matter what they said
Though everybody tried with all their might.

She stayed awake while steel guitars were a going
In every honky-tonk she could be seen
But she finally went to bed and covered up her head
And now there's not a thing can wake Irene

Wake up Irene you've slept too long
Wake up Irene it's time to move along
Wake up Irene and pay for your bed
Wake up Irene or folks will think your dead

Lot's of guitar pickers by the dozen
Sang goodnight Irene all night and day
And even Crosby too with his bobobabobedo
Tried to get Irene to hit the hay

Well I guess they finally sang her off to slumber
They must have tried a million times or more
But oh my aching back when she finally hit the sack
Man you ought to hear that woman snore

Wake up Irene you've slept too long
Wake up Irene it's time to move along
Wake up Irene and pay for your bed
Wake up Irene or folks will think your dead