

Janine

Soul Coughing

Janine, I drink you up
Janine, I drink you up
Janine, Janine, I sing
If you were the Baltic Sea and I were a cup, uh huh

Varick Street and I drove South
With my hands on the wheel and your taste in my mouth,
Janine

Jesus to my left, the Holland Tunnel on my right
Angels shine down from the traffic light,
Janine

I fell asleep by the blue light of Live at Five
And as I drifted off, I heard Al Roker say to me:
Dial one nine hundred
Four Jay Ay En Eye En Ee.

Slap myself to waking but now it's too late
Cause I spelled your name out on my licence plate,
Janine