

Well Jolene unlocked the thick, breezeway door,
Like she'd done one hundred times before.
Jolene smoothed her dark hair in the mirror.
She folded the towel carefully and put it back in place.

Yeah I want to pull you down into bed.
I want to cast your face in lead.

Well every time I pull you close,
Push my face into your hair,
Cream rinse and tobacco smoke,
That sickly scent is always, always there.

Yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Jolene heard her father's uneven snores.
Right then she knew, there must be something more.
Jolene heard the singing in the forest.
She opened the door quietly and stepped into the night.

Yeah I want to throw you out into space.
I want to do whatever it takes, takes, takes.
Oh yeah.

Well every time I pull you close,
Push my face into your hair,
Cream rinse and tobacco smoke,
That sickly scent is always, always there.

Yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

(Solos to end.)