

# 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  
Light, light, light  
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  
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  
For J A N I N E  
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  
Slap myself to waking  
But now it's too late  
'Cause I spelled your name  
Out on my license plate  
Janine  
Janine

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>