

## Lorna Doone

Lyrics and music by Ben Hassenger

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Lorna Doone, Lorna Doone  
My bonnie Lorna Doone  
From her love I'll never be immune  
She's the coffee in my morn  
And the whiskey later on  
I'd fly to the moon  
For Lorna Doone

I first met her at the pub  
A cozy neighborhood hub  
Where the Tartan Army cheered on their boys in blue  
She downed a wee heavy pint  
Dark brown ale with a bit of bite  
On her arm a Loch Ness monster tattoo

She was a proper Scottish lass  
With a little touch of sass  
And auburn hair red as the fire  
Hailed from Aberdeen  
A black leather dream  
Damsel of my desire

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I pulled a stool up for a chat  
Wondered what she'd think of that  
It didn't seem to disturb her in the least  
I said, "I hope you understand  
I'm not a perfect man"  
She said, "But you may be the perfect man for me."

We hopped on my Black Shadow  
Rode through the Highland meadows  
Along pastures of purple thistle thick  
She was much like that flower  
Beautiful at first encounter  
Then lacerate your heart  
with a thorny prick

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When the scales fell from my eyes  
I began to realize  
There was more to her than what was said  
She'd led quite a life  
Full of pain, sorrow, and strife  
Leaving scars on her soul that never bled

To all good things come an end  
On that you can depend  
And that was the same for my dear Lorna  
Her last words to this laddie boy were  
"Don't postpone your joy"  
She wouldn't let me take the time to mourn her

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She was the coffee in my morn  
And the whiskey later on  
Fly on to the moon, Lorna Doone  
I hope to see you soon, Lorna Doone