

I Don't Remember Raping You

(Sung to the tune of *I Don't Remember Loving You*
by John Connlee)

Words Revised by Barbara Mungovan
Aircraft Servicer (April 1983)

I don't remember raping you

And I don't recall the things you said I did to you.
I know I've done a few bad things—maybe one or two;
Was it when I drank 3.5 beer?—I guess I had a few—
'Cause I don't remember—raping you.

I don't remember raping you

I told my priest in confession—what you said I did to you.
He says I have to paint the Church and send his thanks to you.
This is not the sort of thing that I would do.
Frank, I don't remember raping you.

I don't remember raping you

My son is going to school now with his head hung low in
shame.
He got two black eyes already trying to defend my name.
I'll have to go to prison now for blackmail and for rape;
But I guess the tricks I learned from you, should help me to
escape.
No—I don't remember raping you.

I don't remember raping you

I absolutely positively know that can't be true.
I've put pans in the refrigerator—the salt a few times too.
My memory ain't what it was, but I think yours is failing too.
So, I can't remember raping you.

I don't remember raping you

You raised my spirits high when you came back from D.C.
We ratified—and then you said—you'll get even now with me.
You laid the people off—you know there's quite a few.
But listen Frank they're saying—goodbye, adios, and God Bless
You—
I don't remember raping you