

Ebn Ozn, Bag Lady (I Wonder)

Through the New York winter
With rags around her feet
Clutching ancient shopping bags
Destitutions beat
Burned out like a frozen matchstick
Screaming at the wall
A helpless hungry lady
With no friends to call
Chorus:
I wonder
Where she goes when the night falls
What thunder
Has made us deaf to her calls?
Bag lady...
Oh gloveless, shattered frailty
The damp wind bites her hands
She shuffles by a restaurant
Towards their garbage cans
She eats the rotten refuse
Like vermin on the dead
Screaming at the passersby
"Get it through your heads!"
repeat chorus
Sometimes on my way to work
I give her my spare change
The Shopping Bag Lady
Looks at me like I'm strange
She never once says thank you
But I don't mind a bit
All these homeless people
Can't make no sense of it
repeat chorus