

# 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