

Newcomer Carrie, My True Name

Let me call you darlin', maybe call you sweetheart
Don't you hate it when they call you Louise
But isn't it scary, when they want to call you Mary
A whore, or a saint, or a tease.
But you came here in summer, you'd been living in Manhattan
You caught me wide eyed and half sane
But you saw to my center past every imposter
And you whispered My True Name
I have been Betty, Eleanor and Rosie
I've been the shamed Magdaline
And if the truth be known I've attempted Saint Joan
Donna, and Sarah, and Jane
For we all have our heros and we all have tormentors
and we'll play them again and again
But you saw to my center, past every imposter
And you whispered My True Name
And if you see me standing on the banks of Lake Griffy
Throwing white bits of paper to the wind
I'm just throwing the shards, of all my calling cards
And I'm speaking My True Name
I'm just throwing the shards, of all my calling cards
And I'm whispering My True Name