

# Nina Gordon, Black And Blonde

What's that sound?  
What's that sound?  
What's that sound?  
You got me hanging on  
And listen to confessions on the telephone

Hear me now  
Hear me now  
Hear me now  
You beat me black and blonde  
Somebody tell me what the hell is going on

God save the middle child, she's never what she seems  
Can't blame the middle child, she's drowning in her dreams

Dumb me down  
Dumb me down  
Dumb me down  
You got the wrong address  
I'm a mortar and a pestal not a garlic press

Beware the middle child she'll bring you to your knees  
She's just a little child who's fallen in between  
Save the middle child, she's never what she seems  
Can't blame the middle child, she's drowning, in her dreams

Hear me now  
Hear me now  
Hear me now  
You beat me black and blonde  
Somebody tell me what the hell is going on Now

Beware the middle child she'll bring you to your knees  
She's just a little child who's fallen in between  
Save the middle child, she's never what she seems  
Can't blame the middle child, she's drowning  
She's drowning

A ring in my ears, from playing too loud  
I hear the ocean, I hear the crowd