

Rosanne Cash, Anybody's Darling

(Rodney Crowell)

I treat him like a stallion
I treat him like a lamb
I treat him like a pot of gold
He treats me like a clown
It's daggers when he looks at me
Bullets when he speaks
Evil how he calls on me
Pretending that he's so weak

He'll be anybody's darling
He'll be anything but mine
He's got all new friends, Hollywood has him
Better off than other people in this world
There are fools to follow him, rearrange him
Changing everything I hoped that I might save
Always just another rainy day away

He needs me but only to hold his hand
Don't like being alone
He holds me but not like a lover can
He wants me but not like I am

He's clever, such a chosen face
Striking at even a glance
So gracious but only with what he wants
He's lucky but only by chance