

Shivaree, Baby Girls

Angels in the sitting room
The wind gets here at seven
Take the bread and baby shoes send them back to heaven
And you can tell the boss she's keeping the curls
Enough to decorate another dozen baby girls
The flash is coming soon and we don't look so good
Sorry that I sleep so much you've always understood

Well here I go again so I will see you next eleven
Cross yourself knock three times hope we throw a seven
And you can tell the man she's keeping her eyes
So she can see you coming all you dirty rotten guys
She's never thrown a punch at least not until now
You always make them violent you've always known just how

They always tell stories they all go away
We all break the baby and mothers to blame and then
Some get up early some never pay
Get used to it girlie its all for fun anyway
Big ceremonies things that go fast
Your cheer is such a treasure
Your tears are like the weather
There never meant to last