

Small Sins, She's The Source

That little junky girl,
You're playing right into her hand, you know.
And sold your furniture,
Sold your cables and your mic.
Who stopped in Kensington,
And saw you weren't doing so well these days?
And helped you out of bed,
And made you give it one more try.

I made you sandwiches,
I brought you magazines and playing cards,
But saw no bandages,
And saw no evidence of help.
And told you all I know,
And told you what I thought you should do:
She's not the one for you,
It's time you found somebody else.
She's the source and you know