

# Weeping Tile, Judy G.

We're rollin'?  
Well I used to write lists  
I use...

Why don't I count 'em in dude?  
I got a groove in my head, man  
One, two, three... five

Well I used to write lists  
I used to like this  
What would I miss if I was gone?  
I said, "don't steal my story"  
And then I was sorry  
I feel bad when you do  
Is that wrong?

And I don't know a jazz chord  
Or write like I'm lovelorn  
There's so much in everything most times  
At others you feel trapped  
And too proud to act mad  
Do they know what goes on  
In your mind?

When every death sonnet  
Has got your name on it  
There's no Judy Garland  
In her Easter bonnet  
It's not like you wanted it  
Here, less clear

Well he mailed a postcard  
Sent from the same city  
To her only permanent place  
And it made her happy  
And tired of self pity  
Only lookin' for a place

Eyes follow her finger  
Down the right column  
To circle and then put away

Too far outta town  
And no money down  
Is still more than  
I'm willing to pay

When every death sonnet  
Has got your name on it  
There's no Judy Garland  
In her Easter bonnet  
It's not like you wanted it  
Here, less clear

I want you to know  
That I'm right  
I want you to know  
That I'm right

Oh, I want you to know  
That I'm right  
Here, less clear