

# Ben Folds, Carrying Cathy

Her window was hung like a painting

She worried it might come to life

She stared for hours

So obsessed was I and self-absorbed that I

Didn't see that she was

Crying

There was always someone carrying

There was always someone carrying

Always someone's carrying Cathy

There were times when I'd find myself saying that:

"Friends, you don't understand"

And she's different when it's just me and her, and I

Closed the door and I tried to hang on and she

Sank into the dark

I was over my head

There was always someone carrying

There was always someone carrying

Always someone's carrying Cathy

We gave you everything

You could have been anything

We gave you everything

You could have done anything

But to imagine a fall

With no one at all to catch you

There'd always been someone

Then one night she climbed into the picture frame

Out in the frozen air

And out of sight

Woke up sad from this dream I've been having

The last couple nights or so

With her father and brothers we're all at the funeral

Carrying a box through the rain

Then somebody says that it's always been this way

Always someone's carrying

There was always someone carrying

Always someone's carrying Cathy