

Bijou Phillips, Little Dipper

By the pond
In the water
Catching frogs
In the summer
That formation in the stars
We call "litte dipper";

I'm too busy with my dolls
To go down and eat dinner

Woe memories are visits to my mother's
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Woe memories are visits to my mother's

Playing dress up in her closet
Sniffing through her bindles and bonnets
Running fast and falling hard
Steal the keys and drive real far
Sleeping through the afternoon
What's the point in going through?

Woe memories are visits to my mother's
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My sweet little mind
Corrupted over time
It doesn't matter why
I sure could tell you it's fine

It's fine

I could watch you all night long
Drinking booze 'till the break of dawn
If I practice really hard
I could be an alcoholic
And well
Shake my pain with dignity
Don't you think that's braving me
And I see you scared of me
I will be at your side

Woe memories are visits to my mother's
Woe memories are visits to my mother's
Woe memories are visits to my mother's
Yeah, yeah
Woe memories are visits to my mother's
Woe memories