

# Cathy Dennis, Baggage

Why does my world  
Seem to crumble and curl  
Every time I start  
Picturing your face  
And why does a stain  
Seem to cloud any gain  
I'm intending  
When I'm sending of your name (?)  
And you won't want to hear this  
Because it's a shame  
I know it's a shame  
The keepsake ring you gave me  
Is now sitting at the thrift shop waiting to be born again  
Why does my wrist  
Seem to point to a fist  
Every time I start  
Picturing your face  
And why do I burn  
Still to have the final word  
It's so stupid  
And I know it sounds absurd  
But you won't want to hear this  
Because it's a shame  
I know it's a shame  
That all those fond reflections  
Are now sitting in a fox lair (?)  
Buried under mud and rain  
Doo doo doo doodoodoo  
Doo doo doo doodoo  
Doo doo doo doodoodoo  
Why does my tongue  
Long to fire like a gun  
At just the slightest mention of your name  
And why must it be  
That I feel so mch hate inside of me  
When I start thinking of you  
When I start thinking of you  
I keep thinking of you just the same  
Doo doo doo doodoodoo  
Doo doo doo doodoo  
Doo doo doo doodoodoo  
Doo doo doo doodoodoo  
Doo doo doo doodoo  
Doo doo doo doodoodoo