

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