

# Colorfinger, Eleanor Young

Eleanor Young, Eleanor child  
Standing on a lonely hilltop in the Appalachian wild  
Eleanor sing, Eleanor scream  
Shout loud for your own green world  
doors don't open for the country girl  
Oh, they lied to you  
They sung to you songs you weren't meant to hear  
They showed you life your eyes were never meant to see  
Yeah, you should have seen right through, but you believed

Eleanor grow, Eleanor cold  
Midnight in a dim-lit diner, in the driving Detroit snow  
Eleanor yearn, Eleanor yearn  
One child with no last name  
Your boyfriend runs, who do you blame?  
Oh, he lied to you  
He did to you things they taught you were sin  
He took from you the best that was within you  
He showed to you things your eyes should never have seen  
And the saddest thing of all, baby, you believed  
Yeah, yeah, the saddest thing of all, you believed  
Yeah, Mama, you believed

Eleanor age, Eleanor cage  
See California on New Year's day  
The sun shines warm on the Rose Parade  
Eleanor ache, Eleanor break  
Come out west with your last born child  
I grew up scared, weird, and wild  
Oh, you lied to me, you hid from me knowledge I should have known  
You kept from me the life that was my own  
You shielded me from things I should have seen  
For a very short while, Mama, I believed  
Yes, I believed