

# Jana Hunter, Babies

Forget the middle being what's played  
Gypsies have babies just the same  
You know my name, you just do  
That don't mean I told it to you  
Into my life, water came  
With it regret and shame  
Down to the banks, frozen and strained  
Flushed-faced, cold-handed  
Hopped up on cocaine  
For many reasons, I left my home  
Most of the reasons, I still don't know  
I meet my friends in the places I stay  
That don't mean I don't know my own way  
Into my life, water came  
With it regret and shame  
Down to the banks was the refrain  
Flushed-faced, cold-handed  
Hopped up on cocaine