

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