

# Joan Osborne, Crazy Baby

And your hands are really shakin' somethin' awful  
As you light your twenty-seventh cigarette  
Oh, how long have you been sittin' in the darkness  
You forget...  
Oh, you know you're gettin' really hard to be with  
And you're cryin' every time you turn around  
And you wonder why you cannot pick your head up  
Off the ground...  
Oh, my crazy baby  
Try to hold on tight  
Oh, my crazy baby  
Don't put out the light...  
The light, the light, the light  
And they look at you like they don't speak your language  
And you're living at the bottom of a well  
And you've swallowed all the awful bloody secrets  
But you can't tell...  
Oh, you know you ought to get yourself together  
But you cannot bear to walk outside your door  
No, you cannot bear to look into the mirror  
Anymore...  
Oh, my crazy baby  
Try to hold on tight  
Oh, my crazy baby  
Don't put out the light...  
The light, the light, the light  
And your hands are really shakin' somethin' awful  
As your worries climb around inside your clothes  
Oh, how long will you be sittin' in the darkness  
Heaven knows...  
Oh, my crazy baby  
Try to hold on tight  
Oh, my crazy baby  
Don't put out the light...  
The light, the light, the light  
The light...