

John Hiatt, Woman Sawed In Half

She was a woman sawed in half

It was done by a bad magician

There was a point at which she just had to laugh

You could appreciate her position

Her legs in one way, and her head another

She just kept thinking about walking away

They tried to put her back together underneath the cover

But her heart kept getting in, getting in the way

She was a woman sawed in half

Lets cut to the chase, love, this was showtime

And he was sweating bullets, and walking on glass

Somewhere between the evening news and tomorrow's headline

(Buzz awhile..)

She was a woman sawed in half

It was done by a bad magician

Yeah, it was a clear cut thing, no, you didn't have to ask

She was gonna have to make her own decisions

Her legs got up and walked away, and her head came rolling

Oh, the room was painted black night, and turning dayglow

She wound up in two places at once, her heart was swollen

He played his musical saw in the streets of San Diego

Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya

Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya

Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya

Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya

She was a woman sawed in half, her legs in Tijuana

She was a bodyless head and trapeze artist in a circus in Bombay
Now a woman's gonna do exactly what a woman's gonna

Yeah, some bad magicians wouldn't have it any other way
She holds on to that trapeze by the skin of her teeth, or so they say

REPEAT VERSE