

# Kimya Dawson, Lullaby For The Taken

bombs are dropping, smoke fills the air  
i wanna duck and cover but i've gotta stay out here  
'cause i know myself and if i hole up in my room  
i'll be consumed by the doom and the gloom

so i called john 'cause i know he knows sorrow  
he said "i'll be in the city tomorrow";  
so i go down and i watch him sing  
and the way he sings sends a chill right through me, yeah

and now there's a mountain goat  
precariously balanced on the frog stuck in my throat  
it says "sometimes whispering's okay,  
but maybe you'd feel better if you screamed today";

the lady took the baby  
i know she loves the baby  
but the baby has a daddy  
and his daddy loves him too  
how could she take the baby?  
maybe she's gone crazy  
she won't share  
it's not fair  
there's nothing i can do

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tuesday night grandma curled up in my bed  
by wednesday morning my grandma was dead  
i was in charlotte, i took the bus home  
her shoes, watch, and teeth were still in my room

and as i lay me down to sleep i felt her spirit rise up through me  
she said "i got to live a long eighty six years, dry your tears.  
i know it's hard but please let go so i can meet your grandpa in the undertow  
chin up girl, you've got to be strong, and know when you're singing i'm singing along";

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little bitty baby so far away  
we hope that you can come home soon  
when we're not together, now or ever  
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