

Plumb, Pennyless

Blind soul lost in Chicago
She fell asleep under a bridge
Drowning out the sound of her sorrow
She's finding it hard to exist

She keeps running into herself
Hoping to find somebody else
She keeps running into herself
Hoping that she'll get out of wonderland

Fame and fortune didn't become her
So she says pennyless
Needing so much more than tomorrow
As she stares at the scars on her wrist

She keeps running into herself
Hoping to find somebody else
She keeps running into herself
Hoping that she'll get out of wonderland

She keeps running into herself
Hoping to find somebody else
She keeps running into herself
Hoping that she'll find somebody better

She keeps running into herself
Hoping to find somebody else
She keeps running into herself
Hoping that she'll get out of wonderland