

# 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