## Ruby, Cargo

You think I'm blind, I can see for miles You think I'm happy 'cause I smile But beneath flies a bird with a neck for a noose and bricks for cargo

You think I'm blind, I can see for miles You think I'm gonna fake this smile But I'll turn it loose on stones and air with its guts for cargo And its pockets full, and its pockets full

There's a whole full of old blind men pointing in one direction With their pockets full So blind, they're tripping over their own deception With their pockets full

You think I'm blind, I can see for miles You think I'm happy 'cause I smile But beneath flies a bird with a neck for a noose and bricks for cargo

You think I'm blind, I can see for miles You think I'm gonna fake this smile But I'll turn it loose on stones and air with its guts for cargo And its pockets full

Too, too blind, I wander in the wrong direction With my pockets full

??? in one direction With my pockets full

You think I'm blind, but I can see for miles You think I'm happy - but I can take this smile And turn it loose to live on stones and air for its own protection With its pockets full

You think I'm blind You think I'm blind

You think I'm blind