

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