

They Might Be Giants, Lucky Ball And Chain

I lost my lucky ball and chain, and now she's four years gone.
She's five feet tall and sick of me, and all my rattling on.

She threw away her baby doll; I held on to my pride.
But I was young and foolish then, I feel old and foolish now.

Confidentially, she never called me 'baby doll'; confidentially, I never had much pride.
But now I rock a barstool, and I drink for two, just pondering this time I'm in my mind.

I lost my lucky ball and chain, and now she's four years gone.
She's five feet tall and sick of me, and all my rattling on.

She walked away from a happy man; I thought I was so cool...
I just stood there whistling "There Goes the Bride" as she walked out the door.
'There goes the bride' as she walked out the door...

I could shake my tiny fists, and swear I wasn't wrong,
But what's the sense in arguing, when you're all alone?
Sure as you can't steer a train, you can't change your fate,
And when she told me off that day, I knew I'd lost my home.

Confidentially, I never told you of her charms.
Confidentially, we never had a "home";
But this railroad apartment was the perfect place,
When she'd sit and hold me in her arms.

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