

They Might Be Giants, Lucky Ball & Chain

I lost my lucky ball & chain
Now she's four years gone
Just 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 bar stool
and I drink for two
just pondering this time bomb in my mind

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Now she's four years gone
Just 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 fist
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 of 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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