Vonda Shepard, Newspaper Wife

Words & Dusic by Vonda Shepard

Sitting here in this dirty bar Watching the trash go by She's selling cigarettes and lollipops She's got a sparkle in her black eye

She says "Maybe my time will come" Maybe my time will come

He said he'd sweep her off her feet Defying all of gravity Well she'd move any bright city To fill this gaping cavity... she says

I'm a slave in this empty life Diggin' my grave I'm his newspaper wife

Well he must have a very small broom As she sits in this very large room Maybe it's just a piece of straw She says why am I so in awe?

Chorus

I'm a slave to this empty life Diggin' my grave I'm his newspaper wife I'm ashamed of this meaningless life Diggin' my grave I'm his newspaper wife

She sits across from him Drinking her coffee His face is buried in other people's lives, she says "I wonder if he's gonna read forever I'm his newspaper wife

Repeat Chorus