

Vonda Shepard, Newspaper Wife

Words & Music 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