

Zita Swoon, Ragdoll Blues

Ragdoll blues
I got brand new shoes
I got hotel, motel
But I aint got no place to go

Inside outside
Baby take me down
Spill my name on your secret ground
Bring your friends
Bring em round
Make them hear how their life would sound
With a bad case of ragdoll blues

Pour me coffee
Baby it smells so fine
It brings me back from crying time
I got brandy
I got candy
Im a superstar
Yeah Im stumbling right out of my whiskey bar
With my ragdoll blues

Hey, I know momma
I know Im wrong
And lifes not to waste
And death wont be long
But I got me this picture
Of the precious taboo
And they got me convicted
Yeah, Im crying my blues
Im not being sober
Im not being true
I got hearts
I got cards
I got valentines charts
I got them banging from the streets
up to the sidewalk
They are hanging from a tree
on the junkyard
They are flying to the stars
Driving cool cars
They are stumbling right out of whiskey bars
With my ragdoll blues

Its not your perfume
Its not your style
Its the way you drive me out of my head
You drive me wild
By looking sober
By looking clean
I see you wiggling your ass down
on the cool-dude-scene
Oh I got ragdoll blues
Just another bad case of ragdoll blues