

# Carmella

Beth Orton

There's nothing very funny about a man making money  
Off a blond haired blue eyed girl  
He's got a child at home who he loves to leave alone  
For his blond haired blue eyed girl Well, Carmell, where you gonna run to  
If the sky comes crashing in on you?  
Slow down, who you gonna turn to  
When there's nothing left for you to prove? And I can't control myself  
And I won't be no one else  
I can't control myself  
And I wouldn't want to be anywhere else It's true what they say about you  
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It's true, you know it too There's nothing very funny about a man making money  
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He's got a child at home who he loves to leave alone  
For his blond haired blue eyed girl Carmell, where you gonna run to  
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You know it too, you know it

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