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 girlWell, 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 elseIt's true what they say about you
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It's true, you know it tooThere's nothing very funny about a man making money
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You know it too, you know it

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