

I Want You #35

Rodney Crowell

Daddy bought you like a toy
Mama taught you to be coy
Make your bed down in the dirt
Bow your head, lift your skirt
From your lips to my ears
All down through your tender ears
A poor little rich girl, junk food heiress
Born in forth world, raised in Paris
Well, listen honey, screwed the money, I want you
Something changed you, laid you low
[Incomprehensible] your senses, made you slow
Wrote your name down in the book
State the claim on how do you look
I can't blame you if you think that
Tie you to the kitchen sink
Drain your pockets, drink your blood
Drag you through the muck and mud
Must be said, you made your bed but I want you
It's the way your hair falls in your face
And the way you move from place to place
It's the way you wear your curse
As if there could be something worse than
Trapped inside a glass house dying
Waiting for the bricks to fly
Oh my, my, my
So he left you with no God
Trapped behind that cracked facade
Had for a woman have a heart
Not too down, not too smart
I will have once something clicks
Eat you like a ton of bricks
And circumstances been to break you
Why, oh why would God forsake you?
Vis-a-vis, him or me, I want you
[Incomprehensible] baby, I don't care, I want you

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