

# Bag Lady

[Teresa Taylor](#)

Flea bitten bag lady, once you looked fine  
You had a family, you loved just like mine  
Second hand clothin' and knots in your hair  
Tonight you might die but would anyone care  
Sweet little lady, your soul is worth gold  
Don't believe all the lies, you've been told  
I have a friend, a friend indeed, yeah  
Comes to the rescue your damsels in need  
Friend and father repair their souls  
Make them feel wanted  
Make them feel whole, yeah  
Friend and father repair their souls  
Make them feel wanted  
Make them feel whole  
Young daddy's daughter with child on the way  
Made a mistake but that's okay, yeah  
Life is the most precious gift of them all  
Just cry on my shoulder and I'll give a call, yeah  
Friend and father repair their souls  
Make them feel wanted  
Make them feel whole, yeah  
Friend and father repair their souls  
Make them feel wanted  
Make them feel whole  
Friend and father repair their souls  
Make them feel wanted  
Make them feel whole, yeah  
Friend and father repair their souls  
Make them feel wanted  
Make them feel whole  
Friend and father repair their souls  
Make them feel wanted  
Make them, make them feel whole  
Repair their souls  
Repair, repair their souls

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