Lady

Regina Spektor

Lady sing the blues so well
As if she mean it, as if it's hell down here
In the smoke-filled world where the jokes are cold
They don't laugh at jokes, they laugh at tragediesCorner street societies
But they believe her, they never leave her
While she sings she makes them feel thingsShe says, I can sing this song so blue
That you will cry in spite of you
Little wet tears on your baby's shoulder
Little wet tears on your baby's shoulderAnd I have walked these streets so long
There ain't nothing right, there ain't nothing wrong
But the little wet tears on my baby's shoulder
Little wet tears on your baby's shoulderLady lights a cigarette, puffs away, no regret
Takes a look around, no regrets, no regrets
Stretches out like branches of a poplar tree
She says, I'm free, sings so soft as if she'll breakSays, I can sing this song so blue
That you will cry in spite of you
Little wet tears on your baby's shoulder
Little wet tears on your baby's shoulderI have walked these streets so long
There ain't nothing right, nothing wrong
But the little wet tears on my baby's shoulder
Little wet tears on your baby's shoulderBut on this stage I've learned to fly
Learned to sing and learned to cry
Little wet tears on my baby's shoulder
Little wet tears on my baby's shoulderNow it's time to say goodbye
Some might laugh but I will surely cry
Little wet tears on my baby's shoulder
Little wet tears on my baby's shoulderLady lights a cigarette, puffs away, and winter comes
And she forgets

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