

Bag Lady

Todd Rundgren

Like a fly batters itself against a window
Time and again and again it senselessly blunders
Up and down the length of West Broadway
The bag lady wanders Fifty cents rent goes pretty far, when you live in a subway car
One stop's the same as another
Even Son of Sam sees her sleeping, she's not worth the bother
Sorrow, do they ever want to cry Do they see us pass by, where do they come from?
(Simple answers)
Do they come falling, falling from the sky like rain
Crawling up the basement drain, misfits and black sheep
Former brothers, friends of mothers There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow
There is only now and that hardly matters
No one cares about sad old ladies
with bags full of tatters 'Cause they come falling, falling from the sky like rain
Crawling up the basement drain, misfits and black sheep
Former brothers, friends of mothers One day it gets a bit too cold
Maybe a bit too wet, maybe a little too lonely
Lifelessly she lies amidst her bag world
But maybe she's only, only sleeping

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