

Caramia

Indigo Girls

Caramia

Blank notebook and a back pocket fade

You used to mock me

Sometimes I would cry

When I was home later

'Cause you hurt my feelings

Why? Why? Why?

(Why? Why? Why?)

You said write it down in your notebook

And I wanna be Harriet the spy

And some say your genius

Is in your madness

Will you get better

(Will you get better)

And then will you leave us

(Will you leave us)

How you mixed with the darkness

At such a young age

(Until in your chemistry)

Until in your chemistry

(Silence and violence)

Silence and violence

(Silence and violence)

Turned silence to rage

AhhWhy are you dreamin' this

One shoe off

And a bridge to cross over

And where is your taxi fare?

Are you left by yourself

Or left by your lover?

(Are you left by your lover?)

For three nights straight now

I dream, I kept both of my shoes

But I've forgotten my lines

And I've misplaced my cues

And there's a sea full of faces

And a show to go on

But I'm struck mute at entrance

With nothing to draw fromThere were the secrets

The big bang and the bigger joke
You seem to know all of them
That's why injustice makes you red with choke
Yeah, but you love like you're desperate
You don't know what love is
(If there was one thing)
And I thought if there was one thing I could give you
One thing I could give you
(If there was one thing)
Well maybe it was this
The head on the bed board
(Sadness)
The anguished repeat
(Sadness)
The sweat of our sadness
(Sweat of our sadness)
And the twist of the sheets
(Twist of the sheets)
I don't want what's best for you
Where will I be when you've found it
(Where will I, where will I)
You know I pray a lot about these bad feelings inside
(Where will I, where will I be)
I can't pray my way through or around it
Hey
Why are you dreamin' this
One shoe off
And a bridge to cross over
(And a bridge to cross over)
And where is your taxi fare
Are you left by yourself
(Are you left)
Or left by your lover?
(By yourself)
For three nights straight now
(Left by your lover)
You know I keep both of my shoes
(I've got bad feelings inside)
But I've forgotten my lines
(I can't pray through)
I've misplaced my cues
(I can't pray my way around it)
And there's a sea full of faces
And a show to go on
I'm struck mute at entrance
With nothing to draw from

Nothing to draw from

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