

# Baby Girls

## Shivaree

There's angels in the sitting room  
The wind gets here at seven  
Take the bread and baby shoes  
Send them back to heaven  
And you can tell the boss  
She's keeping the curls  
Enough to decorate  
Another dozen baby girls  
The flash is coming soon  
And we don't look so good  
Sorry that I sleep so much  
You've always understood  
Well here I go again  
So I will see you next eleven  
Cross yourself, knock three times  
Hope we throw a seven  
And you can tell the man  
She's keeping her eyes  
So she can see you coming  
All you dirty rotten guys  
She's never thrown a punch  
At least not until now  
You always make them violent  
You've always known just how  
They always tell stories  
They all go away  
We all break the baby  
And mothers to blame and then  
Some get up early  
Some never pay  
Get used to it, girlie  
It's all for fun anyway  
There's big ceremonies  
And things that go fast  
Your cheer is such a treasure  
Your tears are like the weather  
There never meant to last

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