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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