# Howard

## Rickie Lee Jones

The spirits of her abortion had manifested
The spirits of all her abortions manifested
Themselves into the furniture in the roomThere would be a chair waiting, smiling
The pictures on the wall watched her in disbelief
She'd go carry the garbage out to the sidewalk
And come back in and sit with all her childrenInanimate, petrified forever a little boy named Howard
Everybody knows one of those guys in school
Who kills everything he finds, every little cat
Every mouse, every dog, likes to burn his sister with cigarettesDiabolical schemes, everything has been conspired, the doors wired
That's 'cause those south Americans tied him up in a chair
He was doing that dope deal, he never got over that
You're just made of words, you're just made of sounds

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