Private Ruth

Cotton Mather

She used to love me and that was such an obstacle
Running around in the bad hand me downs of someone else's girl
She's using my name and making a face
As if to say all that she's been has been erasedPrivate Ruth, you hate
Private RuthShe's tired of loving the ones she knows she's better than
Moving the men on a chessboard full of all her so called friends
Or maybe she just wants me a drone
Proclaiming edicts from the queen bee in her conePrivate Ruth, you hate
Private Ruth, you hate
Private Ruth, you hate
Private Ruth, you hate

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