Life's Little Tragedy

Lambchop

I desire to tumble
I walk through the garden
I don't speak well I mumble
To life's little tragedyIf you touch me I crumble
This song's from the wishing you well
Not a boob or a bungle
Just another butt to sniffHalf our lives surmise
For only you to decipher
Our reasons are quite tame
One by one we dieAnd our secrets die within us
There's no one left to blame
Shame on me, shame on you
Shame on me, shame on youScratchy cheeks and an earring
I scurry to find the camera
He's not angry he's seething
My pictures always turn out wrongHe's not crying he's teething
The pains of growing are going fine
There's some spit on the ceiling
Pretty soon it's going to dropIn the bed you lay
Praying for sleep and it never comes
It never works that wayAll the rest is done
All you really can do is just sit up
And start a brand new day
Shame on me, shame on you
Shame on me, shame on youIn the bed you lay
Praying for sleep and it never comes
It never works that wayAll the rest is done
All you can do is just sit up
And start a brand new day
Shame on me, shame on you
Shame on me, shame on you

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