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 erased

Private Ruth, you hate
Private Ruth

She'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 cone

Private Ruth, you hate
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Private Ruth, you hate, you hate

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