Bad Dream Baby

John Wesley Harding

She had a criminal conversation with the devil
On the back seat of a burned out Toyota Camry
She said she'd finally found a way to start a family
But not one soul could conceive that she was on the level
And the strange thing was she didn't seem to care
He got what he came for and left her to kiss the airBut the baby burned like bitumen inside her
That inhuman son of a bitch never even called her
The doctor said, 'It'll be some kind of daughter'
She dreamed she gave birth to a thousand spiders
Who crawled up to her ear and called her mother
And whispered words of wonder from her other love
There There, There There
It'll be all right, It's just a dream
A bad dream babyThe days flew by like petals on a flower
Until the hour she screamed out with a vengeance
The busy father could not be in attendance
Although he sent his people to the baby shower
And her tiny eyes were brighter than the sun
And shone upon her mother more than anyone
There There, There There
It'll be all right, It's just a dream
A bad dream babyNow when mother dreams her dark and handsome stranger
Good daughter brings her messages and money
Changes dirt and dust to bread and honey
The dowager's reward for peopling the manger
And that little girl is growing in this world
You can tell she'll always be her daddy's girl
You can tell she'll always be her daddy's little girl
It'll be all right, It's just a dream
A bad dream baby

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