

# Ragdoll Blues

## Zita Swoon

Ragdoll blues  
I got brand new shoes  
I got hotel, motel  
But I ain't got no place to go  
ain't got no place to go  
Inside outside  
Baby want a girl to take me down (ooh)  
Spill my name on your secret ground ooh baby  
Bring your friends and  
Bring 'em round (oh)  
Make them hear how their life would sound  
With a bad case of ragdoll blues  
Pour me coffee  
Baby it smells so fine  
It brings me back from crying time  
I got brandy  
I got candy girl  
I'm a superstar  
Yeah I'm stumbling right out of my whiskey bar  
ooh my ragdoll blues  
Hey, I know mamma  
I know I'm wrong (yeah)  
And life's not to waste  
And death won't be long  
But I got me this picture  
Of the precious taboo  
And they got me convicted  
Yeah, I'm crying my blues  
I'm not being sober  
I'm not being true  
I got hearts  
I got cards  
I got valentine's charts  
I got them banging from the streets  
up to the sidewalk (oh)  
They are hanging from a tree  
on the junkyard (ooh men)  
They are flying to the stars  
Driving cool cars  
got them stumbling right out of whiskey bars (ooh)  
With my ragdoll blues

It's not your perfume girl  
It's not your style  
It's just the way you drive me out of my head  
You drive me wild  
By looking sober  
you looking sober girl  
By looking clean  
I see you wiggling your ass down  
on the cool-dude-scene  
Ooooh i got shot down two times baby  
i got let down 2 times girl  
Just another bad case of ragdoll blues.

Lyrics provided by  
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