

the songs that we sing

David P. Smith

I saw somebody who reminded me of you
Before you got afraid
I wish that you could've stayed that way
I saw a little girl, I stopped and smiled at her
She screamed and ran away
It happens to me more and more these days
And these songs that you sing
Do they mean anything
To the people you're singing them to
People like you
I saw a photograph, a woman in a bath
Of hundred dollar bills
If the cold doesn't kill her, money will
I read a magazine that said by seventeen
Your life was at an end
I'm dead and I'm perfectly content
And these songs that I sing
Do they mean anything
To the people I'm singing them to
People like you
And these songs that we sing
Do they mean anything
To the people we're singing them to
Tonight they do
Tonight they do
Tonight they do

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