Carrying Cathy

Ben Folds

Her window was hung like a painting
She worried it might come to life
She stared for hours
So obsessed was I and self-absorbed
That I didn't see that she was cryingThere was always someone carrying
There was always someone carrying
Always someone's carrying CathyThere were times when I'd find myself saying
That friends, you don't understand
And she's different when it's just me and her
And I closed the door and I tried to hang on
And she sank into the dark, I was over my headThere was always someone carrying
There was always someone carrying
Always someone's carrying CathyWe gave you everything
You could have been anything
We gave you everything
You could have done anythingBut to imagine a fall
With no one at all to catch you
There'd always been someoneThen one night she climbed into the picture frame
Out in the frozen air and out of sightWoke up sad from this dream
I've been having the last couple nights or so
With her father and brothers we're all at the funeral
Carrying a box through the rainThen somebody says that it's always been this way
Always someone's carrying
There was always someone carrying
Always someone's carrying Cathy

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