

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 crying
There was always someone carrying
There was always someone carrying
Always someone's carrying Cathy
There 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 head
There was always someone carrying
There was always someone carrying
Always someone's carrying Cathy
We gave you everything
You could have been anything
We gave you everything
You could have done anything
But to imagine a fall
With no one at all to catch you
There'd always been someone
Then one night she climbed into the picture frame
Out in the frozen air and out of sight
Woke 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 rain
Then 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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