# Kid Gloves

## Marmaduke Duke

She's wearing kid gloves
Will handle me carefully
'Cause I've got a history
Cracked up and fragile
And bound to break easy
And if she could talk to me
What good would it do me
It's no secret where I've been
And I have worn so thin
And she can see through me
I don't believe a word of it
Can't come around to her
Now that I've heard of it
Now that her soft touch is gone
She's got her kid gloves on
Here is what I've found
New York just gets me down
When the going got tough
I got a bus ticket
Back to my home town

And all the way I dreamed
Flesh wrapped in velveteen
And the road wrapped around me
The long lonely highway
Gulped down by a Greyhound
I don't believe a word of it
Can't come around to her
Now that I've heard of it
Now that her soft touch is gone
She's got her kid gloves on
I don't believe a word of it
Can't come around to her
Now that I've heard of it
Won't come around 'cause
I'll only get hurt and it
Now that her soft touch is gone
How could she ever go on
Without her kid gloves on

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