

44 Stories

[Rosanne Cash](#)

Baptize her with bitter tears till she knows your pain is real
Next time you see her on her knees, don't try to make a deal
Don't stare her into silence with frozen point of view
'Cause she's got 44 stories, she wants to tell them all to you
Welcome her to all your fears and trust that she will
cope
Give her one day of satisfaction for a thousand years of hope
Don't turn to dry your eyes and lose your chance to look
'Cause she's got 44 stories, she wants to write them in a book
Wait until your memory clears then welcome her
to Rome
The desert of your misspent years that led you to her home
Don't hold her up to sunlight, she'll melt into the blue
Don't make her shout through static if you want hear the truth
'Cause she's got 44 stories, she's got 44 stories
She's got 44 stories, she wants to tell them all to you

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