

# Lady of Plenty

Martha Berner

Disenchanted and roaming around again  
Didn't know that I'd come around again  
Did you know that when you drove me home I was happy?  
Thought a moment, you know, maybe we could be married.

But it's not my time of year.

Heaven knows what's in store for the lady of plenty  
Maybe theories and thoughts and ideas of empty  
Did you know that I called you in hope that you'd have me?  
Maybe we could hang out and then we would be happy

But it's not my time of year  
And it's not my time of year

Well it's an ocean I'm meant to follow  
Lay the path [song?] for tomorrow  
Getting lost in my heart  
[unintelligible]

Guess I'll go to the corner and order a coffee  
Read a book on a bench while I wait for the party  
Go to bed and I feel that it's just a bit empty  
Just remind me that I am the woman of plenty

And it's not my time of year  
And it's not my time of year

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