

# Private Ruth (Acoustic)

Cotton Mather

She used to love me and that was such an obstacle  
Running around in the bad hand me downs of someone else's girl  
She's using my name and making a face  
As if to say all that she's been has been erased Private Ruth, you hate  
Private Ruth She's tired of loving the ones she knows she's better than  
Moving the men on a chessboard full of all her so called friends  
Or maybe she just wants me a drone  
Proclaiming edicts from the queen bee in her cone Private Ruth, you hate  
Private Ruth, you hate  
Private Ruth, you hate  
Private Ruth, you hate

Songwriters

ROBERT HARRIS HART HARRISON Published by

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