

# Cotton Alley

## 10,000 Maniacs

One time  
You made me cry  
Be proud that I  
Remember My chin is sore  
The bruise is gone  
But the spot is tender Gave my hand a sister coy  
To Cotton Alley where  
You did enjoy  
Your wicked games  
You curious boy Tied my laces up together  
When I fell  
You laughed  
Until your belly was sore In the brick laid aisle behind  
The five and dime store That's how  
I made you blush  
But doubt if you  
Remember Were my tears genuine  
Or those of a skilled  
Pretender Nothing precious  
Plain to see  
Don't make a fuss over me  
Not loud  
Not soft  
But somewhere in between  
Say sorry  
Let it be  
The word you mean I was a little pest who  
Never took a hint  
Could never  
Take a hint You pinched my fingers  
In a door  
Tossed my coloring book in a  
Rusty barrel Pulled spiders from my hair  
Fingers in the door My favorite blue blouse  
Stained on the back  
Running from a berry war Can you hear me scream  
In Cotton Alley  
Scream in Cotton Alley  
In Cotton Alley

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