I Was Born In Omaha

The Gloria Record

I was born in Omaha
In my mother's tired arms
After all our fight was gone
I bet it felt good just to lie there
Drinking in the warm lights
And breathing through the tubes
As our lovers filled the room with conversation
I was named to bear you like
A float in a parade
My piano fingers tugging at the chord
And so much extra skin
That I still can't fill it in
Wonder whose it could have been
'Cause it don't fit me comfortably
And the nurses stopping in
To see that you are fine
To open up the blinds
And shower you with sunshine
I was born in Omaha
To steal her skeptic heart
My piano fingers tugging at the chord
'Cause life in a bubble can be
The sweetest thing sometimes
With the world just passing by
Outside your window
Dream over

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