

Eat For Two

10,000 Maniacs

O, Baby blankets and baby shoes, baby slippers, baby spoons, walls of baby blue.
Dream child in my head is a nightmare born in a borrowed bed.
Now I know lightning strikes again.
It struck me once, then struck me dead.
My folly grows inside of me.
I eat for two, walk for two, breathe for two now.

Well, the egg man fell down off his shelf.
All the good king's men with all their help struggled 'til the end for a shell they couldn't mend.
You know where this will lead, to hush and rock in the nursery for the kicking one inside of me.
I eat for two, walk for two, breathe for two now.

When the boy was a boy, the girl was a girl, they found each other in a wicked world.
Strong in some respects, but she couldn't stand for the way he begged and gave in.
Pride is for men; young girls should run and hide instead.
Risk the game by taking dares with "yes".
Eat for two, walk for two, breathe for two now.

Walk for two? I'm stumbling.
Breathe for two? I can't breathe.
Five months, how it grows.
Five months now, I begin to show.