

Howard

Rickie Lee Jones

The spirits of her abortion had manifested
The spirits of all her abortions manifested themselves into the
furniture in the room
There would be a chair waiting, smiling, the pictures on the wall
watched her in disbelief
She'd go carry the garbage out to the sidewalk and come back in
and sit with all her children inanimate, petrified forever
A little boy named Howard, everybody knows one of those guys in
school who kills everything he finds,
Every little cat, every mouse, every dog, likes to burn his sister
with cigarettes
Diabolical schemes, everything has been conspired, the doors wired
That's 'cause those south Americans tied him up in a chair,
He was doing that dope deal, he never got over that
You're just made of words, you're just made of sounds