

# Carrying Cathy

Ben Folds

Her window was hung like a painting  
She worried it might come to life  
She stared for hours  
So obsessed was I and self-absorbed that I  
Didn't see that she was  
Crying

There was always someone carrying  
There was always someone carrying  
Always someone's carrying Cathy

There were times when I'd find myself saying that:  
"Friends, you don't understand"  
And she's different when it's just me and her, and I  
Closed the door and I tried to hang on and she  
Sank into the dark  
I was over my head

There was always someone carrying  
There was always someone carrying  
Always someone's carrying Cathy

We gave you everything  
You could have been anything  
We gave you everything  
You could have done anything

But to imagine a fall  
With no one at all to catch you  
There'd always been someone

Then one night she climbed into the picture frame  
Out in the frozen air  
And out of sight

Woke up sad from this dream I've been having  
The last couple nights or so  
With her father and brothers we're all at the funeral  
Carrying a box through the rain  
Then somebody says that it's always been this way

Always someone's carrying  
There was always someone carrying  
Always someone's carrying Cathy