

Miss Barren Brooks

Buffalo Tom

Did you really paint your toes true blue?
And did that little bitch hang up on you...

And did you really call me on the phone
Saying you were broke and all alone

I heard that you had painted pictures too
Did you think those boots look good on you?

And don't you know that blonde girls always dye
Their hair to match their pretty grey-blue eyes...

When they feel like dying
Don't you feel like dying
Don't you feel like trying something new
Don't you think I feel the same way to

We watch the children swimming from the shore
The air is cold but the sea is often warm
I smell the heather cutting at your shins
I lick the salt that's burning at your skin

And I feel like dying
I feel like dying
Don't you feel like trying something new
Don't you think I feel the same way to

I feel like I can't go on
(Does it make you)
Feel like you can't go on
(Does it break you)
Feel like you can't go on

She called herself Miss Barren Brooks by now
She never cared for Lulu anyhow
She never cared for intellectuals
She never really stopped to read those books

And now she feels like dying
Don't you feel like dying
I feel like dying
(I've lost my heart again)