

Cathy your mind is an overgrown vine  
Not some spoke, in a constant wheel spinnin'  
You made wine from the grapes, but the leaves went to waste  
In the process of living  
They have long since mistaken your numbness  
For the grave, you've been sellin'  
Puffy eyes when you cry try cucumbers  
They're great, for the swellin'

And you can believe when I say I will pray for you now  
And I'll pray for myself an equal amount  
We are leaves in the wind, not stakes in the ground  
And Cathy you're a sad girl to sing about  
Cathy you're a sad girl to sing about

Cathy it's fading away, almost clean out of view  
And the grass turned to hay where the soles of your shoes  
Have trampled a path through your master plan, Cath  
I'm the last of them left, from a handful of old school friends

And you can believe when I say I will pray for you now  
And I'll pray for myself an equal amount  
We are leaves in the wind, not stakes in the ground  
And Cathy you're a sad girl to sing about  
Oh oh Cathy you're a sad girl to sing about

Oh oh Cathy you're a sad girl to sing about  
Oh oh Cathy you're a sad girl to sing about  
Oh oh Cathy you're a sad girl to sing about  
Oh oh Cathy you're a sad girl to sing about

Oh oh so sad, so sad