

## Finders Keepers

Crucified Barbara

Your life is such a mess,  
Complaining everyday.  
Never satisfied,  
nothing's going your way?  
Your blaming your own mother,  
For the rain that s falling down.  
You are too blind to see what's going on.  
You keep on talking about seizing the day

But finders keepers,  
Losers weepers.  
Finders keepers,  
Losers weepers.

He's laying in your arms,  
Crawling under your feet,  
But you keep on walking,  
Thinking he's incomplete.  
You preach about a living,  
You know nothing about.  
Missing the good parts,  
When you re busy crying out.  
You keep on talking about seizing the day,

But finders keepers,  
Losers weepers.  
Finders keepers,  
Losers weepers.

Don't know what you've got,  
'Til your baby is gone.  
If you're not around,  
He will be found,  
And then you know,  
You'll die alone.

But finders keepers,  
Losers weepers.  
Finders keepers,  
Losers weepers.

Don't know what you've got,  
'Til your baby is gone.  
If you're not around,  
He will be found,  
And then you know,  
You'll die alone.

Keep on complaining,  
While you keep on talking.  
You're missing it all.

But finders keepers,  
Losers weepers.  
Finders keepers,  
Losers weepers.

Don't know what you've got,  
'Til your baby is gone.  
If you're not around,  
He will be found,  
And then you know,  
You'll die alone.