

Relations

Jackson C. Frank

Why don't you cry for me, baby
Help me make it through
Why don't you see me lately
I'm sad that I'm true
I looked up the page in your portrait, it was mine
Knew it was the only one of its kind
I pulled out my money on the run
Did not mean to hurt anyone
But I got to sing it, baby and I tell it for fun
Might as well defend the whole body
I'm in love with someone

Several years of rubies and pearls are at her breast
She's a demon, she's a demon, she's a demon lover
Just like all the rest
Or else she's filling out her wings
In the many shades of contentment she brings
I got to hide it, baby, because of you
And I hope that you're proud now, honey, it's all I can do
I lit the darkness, darling, come and build up my mind
And I can see the likeness, baby, your painter had to find

Is it any mystery how we come to fall
In and out of love, when sympathy's so small?
And I'm never meaning for some tears to come
Still you leave your silken things all undone

Why don't you call me 'sugar' like you used to do
I know that your kisses are just pure poison
But I'm a-counting on you
And I know that your head's half crazy
And you're wall-crawling, too
Let's make some oopsy daisies
I'm a-counting on you
Well, I'm a-counting on you
Well you know I'm counting on you
I'm a-counting on you