Millie

Joshua James

I've got a baby comin' April
God, I don't know what I should do
I guess I could let her Mama raise her
Put her on a week retainer
Leave her singin' the No Daddy Blues
But I won't be the one to leave her
But the picture of her lover is in my mind
I swear that I can hear her tiny whispers
Making plans with her other Mister
N' leavin' me a notice like a twenty five dollar fine

Oh, my sweet Millie, can you hear me from the other room
Singing just a bit off tune, like thunder?
My sweet Millie, can you see me as the boy I am?
Older, but still no plans like thunder

What would it do if I just fake it?
Pretend that everybody is feelin' fine?
Suppose I could leave a piece of anger on my shoulder
Start yelling when she starts to smoulder
Drag her back through just to make myself feel alright
Does expectation tell the cheated that love is love
And the heart should be willing to forgive the crime
Then chalk me up with the boys who just need attention
Hopin' for a hand they can see their death with
The silly young ones who expect a better life

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