

Ginger
Will you be the one
To hold me and let me tag along?
I'll tell you
About everyone who's done me any kind of harm

Oh, (we'll jump her muddy ground?)
With the stormcloud in her head
Is it still too soon to care
Or count to ten, there?

Ginger
All my dreams are of
Phone lines, rings all day long
And I would
Sleep in your shed
And I would make away with your herd

Nights are nice when you're not scared
But you don't care that I'm not there
When all the phone calls are returned
Sleepyhead can rest assured

Ginger
Could love me like a son
Tie her swing out from the lawn
I want to
Be your only child
I want to feel your heart in mine

Don't let go on me now

Ginger