

Christie McCarthy**"Sad Song"**

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This morning when I woke up I felt just like a runaway
truck
Had come and run right over my life
Tire tracks and gasoline, a pictures worth a thousand
screams
But oh honey its alright
Cause I believe, I believe in a sad, sad song

Who stole the color from my day gonna paint my
canvas black and gray
And oh, Im gonna jump right in
A pictures worth a thousand sighs and now every time I
close my eyes
I see you leaving me again
But I believe, I believe in a sad, sad song

Im gonna write this song like a cut-rate five and dime
rhyme
Im gonna write it down even if Im lying

This morning when I awoke I felt a little inside like a
busted spoke
Thats got nowhere to be
So I believe and I believe and I believe and I believe in a
sad, sad song

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