

Anita O'Day "Household Affairs"

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Charity carries a pride, charity deals in den and dice
Charity is greedy for the core
Each night she slips out the door
And while she's gone
Im in control
Shell never miss
And pills I stole
No no no
Later back who know from where
Charity stumbles up the stairs
Nursing her natural bias
Cursing her like a lions meat
I hear the key
I tread that sound
She likes to see
My guts unwound
How much pure love
Can one home handle
How much pure love
Can this humble house hold
Charity crashes in the bed
Still with her winkle and boots

Charity she moans in her sleep
Dreaming he sleep that earn her keep
Me I get up
I face the floor
I troll the blankets
I check the door
How much pure love
Can one home handle
How much pure love
Can this humble house hold
Sometimes I think
Well that's enough
Spots on my shorts
They wont wash out
But it comes down
The charity
She never were
If she were free

No no no

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