

Beth Orton

"Carmella"

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There's nothing very funny about a man making money
Off a blond haired blue eyed girl
He's got a child at home who he loves to leave alone
For his blond haired blue eyed girl

Well, Carmell, where you gonna run to
If the sky comes crashing in on you?
Slow down, who you gonna turn to
When there's nothing left for you to prove?

And I can't control myself
And I won't be no one else
I can't control myself
And I wouldn't want to be anywhere else

It's true what they say about you
It's true what they say about you
It's true, you know it too

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