

Daniel Johnston

"Scuttle Butt"

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She's always ready for the worst of news,
And she's hopin' it may be you.
She knows all the scuttlebutt about the whatnot
That she doesn't want forgot.

Rumor is a wind that blows so smart,
It doesn't even know who you are.

She's standing there waiting at the top of the stairs
With her eyes fixed on you like glue.
"Where are you going now? where you been?"
What is your latest sin?"

She's into the big time.
She reads the national enquirer.
She stretches the truth with such imagination
She's more of a writer than a liar.

She's always ready for the worst of news,
And she's hopin' it may be you.
She knows all the scuttlebutt about the whatnot
That she doesn't want for a guy.

Rumor is a wind that blows so smart,
It doesn't even know who you are.

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