

Bijelo Dugme

"Little Dipper"

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By the pond, in the water
Catching frogs, in the summer
That formation of the stars, we call Little Dipper
I'm too busy with my dolls to go down and eat dinner

Warm memories of visits to my mothers (x3)

Playing dress up in the closet
Sniffing through her bindles and bonnets
Running fast and falling hard
Steal the keys and drive real far
Sleeping through the afternoon
What's the point in going through

Warm memories of visits to my mothers (x3)

And sweet little mind corrupted over time
It doesn't matter why
I sure couldn't tell you it's fine

I could watch you all night long
Drinking booze til the break of dawn
If I practice really hard
I could be an alcoholic and, well
Take my pain with dignity
Don't you think that brave of me
And I see you're scared of me
I would be petrified

Warm memories of visits to my mothers (x4)
Warm memories

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