

## **Bijou Phillips** **"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  
Warm memories of visits to my mothers  
Warm memories of visits to my mothers

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  
Warm memories of visits to my mothers  
Warm memories of visits to my mothers

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  
Warm memories of visits to my mothers  
Warm memories of visits to my mothers  
Warm memories of visits to my mothers  
Warm memories

