

Cathy Dennis "Fickle"

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Fickle

You're so fickle

You've always gotta change your mind

And leave me with a riddle

Fickle

You're so fickle

I never know which way to run

You leave me with so little

Thursday night I made your grade

And we were fine fine fine

Yesterday we were naming kids

But today I close the door and

Someone else is on your amplifier

Fickle

You're so fickle

You've always gotta change your mind

And leave me with a riddle

You don't make sense

You with your good intentions and eccentricities

You love and hate me, do nothing but frustrate me

You starve me then feed me, you patch me up and
leave me bleeding

Wed me, divorce me, you chase me then ignore me

You drop me and sign me, you kneel to pray then say
cor blind me

Thursday night I made your grade

And we were fine fine fine

Yesterday we were sharing soap

Today I close the door and

Someone else is on your motorcycle

Fickle

You're so fickle

You've always gotta change your mind

And leave me with a riddle

You don't make sense

You with your good intent and all of your jealousy

You don't add up

You with your torturous love and fake psychology, it's
killing me

You love and hate me, do nothing but frustrate me

You starve me then feed me, you patch me up and
leave me bleeding

Wed me, divorce me, you chase me then ignore me
You drop me then sign me, you kneel to pray then say
cor blind me
[Repeat

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