

Lost And Found "Baby"

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shaved head and her pierced nose,
big rotweillers and her tie-dyed clothes,
Dr. Martins with her biker tights,
long black leggings on a hot summer night.

And nobody calls her baby,
Nobody says "I love you so,"
Nobody calls her baby,
I guess she'll never know.

His working boots and flannel shirts,
His sympathies buried as deep as his hurts,
Long lonely walks with nowhere to go,
His only appointment's with a tv show.

And nobody calls him baby,
Nobody says "I love you so,"
Nobody calls him baby,
I guess he'll never know.

Eighty pounds, she's hardly whole,
Losing her body to gain some control,

Hours alone in a tanning salon,
Trying a smaller and smaller size on.

And nobody calls her baby,
Nobody says "I love you so,"
Nobody calls her baby,
I guess she'll never know.

Pin-striped suits and wing-tipped shoes,
His lap-top computer and his Wall Street news,
He makes his plane and keeps his pace,
He hides his pain behind a poker face.

And nobody calls him baby,
Nobody says, "I love you so,"
Nobody calls him baby,
I guess he'll never know.

But somebody loves those babies,

Somebody loves what we can't see,
And if somebody told them maybe,
Those babies would be free.

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