

Rory Block

"Tattoo'd Lady"

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Tattoo'd Lady,
Bearded baby,
They're my family.

When I was lonely,
Something told me, where,
I could always be.

Where I could,
Wish for pennies,
If we had any.
You'd meet me down,
At the shooting gallery.

Yes I'm a,
Fair ground baby.
Wonder what made me,
Fall for the pearly queen.

I spent my youth,
Under canvas roof,
As I roamed from town to town.

I'm not fooling,
When I say I got no schoolin',
Never like the class bell sound.

From the caravan,
I hear the fairground band,
Sounding good as they can be.

You know I can't be found,
But if you look around,
Tomorrow we'll be gone by dawn.
Alright..

Now hear it on the loud speaker say,
The fire eater is a real fine sight to see,
Yeah he's a death cheater,
Some kind of central heater,
Be sure to save a seat for me.

Let me tell you 'bout wicked Sadie,
She's no baby,
The law came,
And tried to close her sideshow down.
But soon she had the D.A. cheering,
The police chief wearing,
Her garter for a crown.

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