

Rosanne Cash

"44 Stories"

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Baptize her with bitter tears till she knows your pain is real.

Next time you see her on her knees, don't try to make a deal.

Don't stare her into silence, with frozen point of view.

'Cause she's got 44 stories: she wants to tell them all to you.

Welcome her to all your fears and trust that she will cope.

Give her one day of satisfaction for a thousand years of hope.

Don't turn to dry your eyes, and lose your chance to look.

'Cause she's got 44 stories: she wants to write them in a book.

Instrumental break.

Wait until your mem'ry clears, then welcome her to Rome.

The desert of your misspent years that led you to her home.

Don't hold her up to sunlight, she'll melt into the blue.

Don't make her shout through static if you want hear the truth,

'Cause she's got 44 stories;

She's got 44 stories;

She's got 44 stories: she wants to tell them all to you.

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