

## Jana Hunter

### "Babies"

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Forget the middle being what's played  
Gypsies have babies just the same  
You know my name, you just do  
That don't mean I told it to you

Into my life, water came  
With it regret and shame  
Down to the banks, frozen and strained  
Flushed-faced, cold-handed  
Hopped up on cocaine

For many reasons, I left my home  
Most of the reasons, I still don't know  
I meet my friends in the places I stay  
That don't mean I don't know my own way

Into my life, water came  
With it regret and shame  
Down to the banks was the refrain  
Flushed-faced, cold-handed  
Hopped up on cocaine  
/ ]

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