

by Jon Foreman
"Somebody's Baby"

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She screams

If you're homeless you'd sure as hell you'd be drunk

Or high or trying to get there or begging for junk

When people don't want you they just throw you money
for beer

Her name is November she went by Autumn or Fall

It was seven long years since the Autumn

When all of her nightmares grew fingers

And all of her dreams grew tears

She's somebody's baby

Somebody's baby girl

She's somebody's baby

Somebody's baby girl

She's somebody's baby still

She says

Well if you've never gone it alone

Well then go ahead, you better throw the first stone

You got one lonely stoner waiting to bring to her knees

She dreams about Heaven, remembering Hell

As the place that she visits and knows all too well

Every now and again, when she's hopeful she brushes
her teeth

She's somebody's baby
Somebody's baby girl
She's somebody's baby
Somebody's baby girl
She's somebody's baby still
Today was her birthday, strangely enough
When the cops found her body at the foot of the bluff
The anonymous caller this morning tipped off the
police
They got her ID from the dental remains
The same fillings intact, the same nicotine stains
The birth and the death were both over
With no one to grieve
She's somebody's baby
Somebody's baby girl
She's somebody's baby
Somebody's baby girl
She's somebody's baby still
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