

Haystack

"Different Kinda Lady"

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She was the prom queen, the world was hers
With a wave of her hand, whispered words
Hearts broken by her abilities
Addicted to the sweetness of a gentle kiss
Lost in a search for something she might never find
Never know if she don't try, the results will come in
time
No time to smell the roses, let alone slow dance
Too many bad memories of forgotten romance
She walked out slammed the door
Damn him, she didn't need him
A child game she had to cloth him feed him
Alone after so long gave up hope
Convinced all men were abusive
Undependable heathens and sold dope
Mister right wasn't coming
A fact that she would have to face
She didn't have no time to waste, she had a man to
raise
No man to chase, sick of living in this blasted place
No time to sit around weeping like a basket case
Her son made it all worthwhile

The only man that got to see her smile

She reminisced about her lifestyle before the baby came

She did what responsible people do, she changed

She's a different kinda lady

She's not often understood

She's a different kinda lady

She's not often understood

She was my best friend, my playmate

Moved in next door just before the first grade

We ran foot races, climb trees, caught insects

Before money and sex, powder and x

Before popularity came so crucial

She had love and the feeling was mutual

We used to cut our feet barefooted in chipped glass

Now we blow smoke as we skip class

New friends came, and with them came change

The pressure was all, would lil mama maintain

She began to drift away, the distance between us grew wider

Didn't have to speak to me, I could see the hurt inside her

I hear the words out of her mouth

But they don't reflect what she really feel

I've seen the smile before I know it isn't real

Artificial happiness, superficial friends

A nonstop whirl wind, when will it all end

Her eyes roll back, she began to convulse
They searched for a heartbeat, but she had no pulse
Autopsy results show she mixed powder and downers
And none of her new friends were around her
When her family found her, but a
She's a different kinda lady
She's not often understood
She's a different kinda lady
She's not often understood
She was a young girl seventeen, if I recollect correctly
A baby with a baby, that baby was me
She worked everyday still it wasn't enough
World was rough, ol' girl was tough
Drop me off in the morning
Come back and get me in the afternoon
Free spirits lost being guided by the moon
Used to take me to church, try to make me a man
But hard times put drastic changes in plan
She was out there, every time she got up, she fell again
In love with a bastard, stay in and out the pen
Alcoholic addict, never tried to change himself
Beat her to a pulp, and make her blame herself
I tried to talk to her, mama you don't have to stay
Just pack your bags and go, you can walk away
She tell me about this pain, hoping I'd never experience
it

Baby boy love is some serious shit, I pray for change

Eventually it came, like rays of light after days of rain

She turned her life around, walked away never to
return

Still tempted by the fire, just tired of being burned

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