

**Rundgren Todd****"Bag Lady"**

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Like a fly batters itself against a window  
Time and again and again it senselessly blunders  
Up and down the length of West Broadway  
the bag lady wanders

Fifty cents rent goes pretty far  
when you live in a subway car  
One stop's the same as another  
Even Son of Sam sees her sleeping,  
she's not worth the bother  
Sorrow, do they ever want to cry

Do they see us pass by  
Where do they come from (simple answers)  
Do they come falling,  
falling from the sky like rain  
Crawling up the basement drain  
Misfits and black sheep  
Former brothers, friends of mothers

There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow  
There is only now and that hardly matters  
No one cares about sad old ladies  
with bags full of tatters

One day it gets a bit too cold  
Maybe a little too wet, maybe a little too lonely  
Lifelessly she lies amidst her bag world  
But maybe she's only sleeping

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