

Deborah Brown**"So You Say You Lost Your Baby"**

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Well you're smolderin' with fly words,
Catch the moment on the run.
And you say there's nothin' easy
About the plywood tract you're from.
And you stand inside your wind stilts;
Watch the sentence act begun.
So you say you lost your baby
Do you know that you're the one.

With the stand to watch the trials go,
From here to there behind the scene.
Throw your troubles to the moon trolls
To swallow up like stormy dreams.
Take an entrance to a stand-off,
Looking if there's such a strife
And you say you lost your baby,
wondering if its in your life.

Well you fly your banners Mondays,
That take a rise and fall in one.
Ask the questions of the pilgrims,
As they come to pledge what's done.
Claim a tabernacle hillside
Where you'll sight the dyin' sun
And you say you lost your baby,
Do you know that you're the one.
So you say you lost your baby,
Do you know that you're the one.
So you say you lost your baby,
Do you know that you're the one.

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