

Terence Trent Darby

"She's My Baby"

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She juggles time with her hand in a sling
Wears a coat of diapher that stings
Strangles words for the laughter it brings

She juggles space with a match in her hand
Sparking flames when her temper expands
As your head starts to swing by a string

Sometimes
She makes my brain feel like this...
But she's my baby
But she's my baby

C'mon
She fought the wave with her feet stuck in sand
Disappears when you reach for her hand
Says goodbye when hello's in demand

C'mon
She mystifies and she lies through her veil
Screws it up when it all goes too well
Makes the rules as she goes 'cos she can
And her drummers like not in anybody's band - ya dig?

Sometimes
She makes my brain feel like this...
But she's my baby
But she's my baby

She moves like the sea
Without hark the sand that covers her beach
She wafts the feet of my expectations
And rolls away beyond my pride

She gives me time right between sleeve and arm
Gives you lip when you wanted her charm
She howls at the moon but she spits at the sun

Sometimes
She makes my brain feel like this...
(it must be the karma)
But she's my baby

She's my baby
She's my baby
But she's my...

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