

Hiatt John

"Woman Sawed In Half"

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She was a woman sawed in half
It was done by a bad magician
There was a point at which she just had to laugh
You could appreciate her position

Her legs in one way, and her head another
She just kept thinking about walking away
They tried to put her back together underneath the
cover
But her heart kept getting in, getting in the way

She was a woman sawed in half
Lets cut to the chase, love, this was showtime
And he was sweating bullets, and walking on glass
Somewhere between the evening news and tomorrow's
headline
(Buzz awhile..)

She was a woman sawed in half
It was done by a bad magician
Yeah, it was a clear cut thing, no, you didn't have to ask
She was gonna have to make her own decisions

Her legs got up and walked away, and her head came
rolling
Oh, the room was painted black night, and turning
dayglow
She wound up in two places at once, her heart was
swollen
He played his musical saw in the streets of San Diego

Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya

She was a woman sawed in half, her legs in Tijuana
She was a bodyless head and trapeze artist in a circus
in Bombay
Now a woman's gonna do exactly what a woman's
gonna

Yeah, some bad magicians wouldn't have it any other
way
She holds on to that trapeze by the skin of her teeth, or
so they say

REPEAT VERSE

written by John Hiatt

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