

The Fiery Furnaces

"Old Hag Is Sleeping, The"

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My Baby's angry. He's always so angry;

He smiles only when he can give me abuse.

What's the use. What's the use?

The church bells are busted again.

And at cakewalk class I'm out of sync.

I peek at granddad's watch and take a drink.

Linen being pawned on an eclipse.

Pack the swatches in the pony-cart.

Before the gate he squints and he's ready to start.

My baby's angry--he's always so angry.

At best he ignores me and don't curse and stare.

Despair, oh despair!

He gets pink roses sent by:

The Other Woman now lives upstairs

(You think she thinks he really cares?)

I go and retire by nine.

He's in the Kansas City cabinet today;

Pretend I'm asleep and I hear him say:

The Old Hag is sleeping!

Now Old Hag, stay sleeping:

If you never wake up, it's heaven (as it were):

Widower! Widower!

My Baby's angry, he's always so angry.

He smiles only when he can give me abuse.

What's the use? What's the use?

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