

Swoon Zita

"Ragdoll Blues"

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Ragdoll blues
I got brand new shoes
I got hotel, motel
But I ain't got no place to go

Inside outside
Baby take me down
Spill my name on your secret ground
Bring your friends
Bring 'em round
Make them hear how their life would sound
With a bad case of ragdoll blues

Pour me coffee
Baby it smells so fine
It brings me back from crying time
I got brandy
I got candy
I'm a superstar
Yeah I'm stumbling right out of my whiskey bar
With my ragdoll blues

Hey, I know mamma
I know I'm wrong
And life's not to waste
And death won't be long
But I got me this picture
Of the precious taboo
And they got me convicted
Yeah, I'm crying my blues
I'm not being sober
I'm not being true
I got hearts
I got cards
I got valentine's charts
I got them banging from the streets
up to the sidewalk
They are hanging from a tree
on the junkyard
They are flying to the stars
Driving cool cars

They are stumbling right out of whiskey bars
With my ragdoll blues

It's not your perfume
It's not your style
It's the way you drive me out of my head
You drive me wild
By looking sober
By looking clean
I see you wiggling your ass down
on the cool-dude-scene
Oh I got ragdoll blues
Just another bad case of ragdoll blues.

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