

## **Lobos, Los**

### **"Rita"**

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The radio's on, the song they play  
Can't make no sense of what they say  
I couldn't tell you if I knew

Don't understand most things I see  
In the blue light of the TV  
I couldn't tell you what to do

Rita, it all just seems too much  
And sometimes maybe not enough  
My head is so, so filled up

And Rita, I guess I think too much  
Or maybe sometimes not enough  
My head is always so filled up

I hold the phone close to my ear  
Can't recognize the voice I hear  
Couldn't remember what they said

The newspaper stacks up on the step  
I can't believe how long I slept  
Now why should I get out of bed

Rita, it all just seems too much  
And sometimes maybe not enough  
My head is so, so filled up

And Rita, I guess I think too much  
Or maybe sometimes not enough  
My head is always so filled up

There was a thing floating way up there  
Was it a wish or another prayer  
It was just stuck, stuck up in the air

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