

# Talkin' Baby Blues

Kasey Chambers

(You alright Haz Dog?)

It was the end of the winter in '75  
My daddy drove a CJ left hand drive  
He called it his very own 8th wonder  
You don't see many of them down under

Now late one night well he met this lass  
Who like Bob Dylan and Johnny Cash  
And he caught her eye and he caught a rash  
In the back seat of that jeep  
And nine months later  
They had me!

Well my first few years, well, I can't complain  
I traveled all around the Nullarbor Plain  
And I only heard hang and the occasional train,  
Until I got a transistor  
And I heard Twisted Sister  
Oh mister  
I was never the same

Bye bye, my baby boy, my baby blue  
Well everything I did, Lord, I did it all for you  
Bye bye, my baby boy, my baby blue  
Well everything I did, Lord, I did it all for you

When I turned 13, I was one of the boys  
And everything I heard, it had sounded like noise  
And thought I knew everything there was to be known  
So I woke up one morning and I ran away from home

And my momma was worried, my daddy was mad  
They spent every single second they had  
Trying to figure out where they went wrong  
But by this time I was already home

Cause I was hungry  
Hell, I'm always hungry  
"Ask not what you can do for your country, ask what's for lunch"  
Orson Welles said that  
Or was it Lyle Lovett  
Or that kid from Fat Albert

Well needless to say, I was a little confused  
I put on my pants after my shoes  
Up or down, or boys or girls  
And then I heard a lady sing a song about a sweet ol' world  
All the singing

Well win or lose or right or wrong  
Everything I thought I'd put in a song  
Come what may or may not have  
But I wrote a little song about a captain  
And lo' and behold  
They played it on the radio  
And the Sopranos

Pass me my martini, James Gandolfini

Oh bye bye, my baby boy, my baby blue  
Well everything I did, Lord, I did it all for you  
Bye bye, my baby boy, my baby blue  
Well everything I did, Lord, I did it all for you

Well there once was a boy, a nice young buck  
Who knocked me off my feet then he knocked me up  
And we were living the dream, there for the taking  
'Cause the water and records and hearts were breaking

And there's plenty we all learned to live without  
Like the one weird cousin that nobody talks about  
And you can make it black, you can make it white,  
But the number one record won't keep you warm at night  
Unless you're Kanye

Now I got three kids to two different fathers  
One's better looking, the other one's smarter  
Sometimes it's hard to handle 'em both,  
But my next boyfriend was barely old enough to vote  
Mmmm, he was sweet as a cookie!  
Harry Hookey  
He might be young  
But he ain't no rookie

Now my momma says I can just be safe  
If I repent my sins and just behave  
And I can make my own bread and I can make own wine,  
I can make my own bed in my own damn time  
Hell, I can make my own luck  
Am I not pretty enough  
Who gives a fuck

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