

I Want You #35

Rodney Crowell

Daddy bought you like a toy
Mama taught you to be coy
Make your bed down in the dirt
Bow your head, lift your skirt

From your lips to my ears
All down through your tender years
A poor little rich girl, junk food heiress
Born in Fort Worth, raised in Paris
Well, listen Honey, screw the money, I want you!

Something changed you, laid you low
Dumbed your senses, made you slow
Wrote your name down in the book
Staked the claim on how you look

I can't blame you if you think that
I'd tie you to the kitchen sink
Drain your pockets, drink your blood
Drag you through the muck and mud
It must be said you made your bet, but I want you

It's the way your hair falls in your face
And the way you move from place to place
It's the way you wear your curse
As if there could be something worse than

Trapped inside a glass house dyin'
Waiting for the bricks to fly in
My, my, my...

So he left you with no God
Trapped behind that cracked façade
Had for a woman have a heart
Not too down, not too smart

All at once something clicks,
Hits you like a ton of bricks
And circumstances bent to break you
Why, oh why, would God forsake you?
Vis-a-vis, him or me, I want you!

Well, a long shot, babe! I don't care, I want you