

Bag Lady

Todd Rundgren

Like a fly batters itself against a window
Time and again and again it senselessly blunders
Up and down the length of West Broadway
The bag lady wanders

Fifty cents rent goes pretty far
When you live in a subway car
One stop's the same as another
Even son of Sam sees her sleeping,
She's not worth the bother

Sorrow, do they ever want to cry
Do they see us pass by
Where do they come from (simple answers)
Do they come falling,
Falling from the sky like rain
Crawling up the basement drain
Misfits and black sheep
Former brothers, friends of mothers

There is no yesterday, there is no tomorrow
There is only now and that hardly matters
No one cares about sad old ladies
With bags full of tatters

One day it gets a bit too cold
Maybe a little too wet, maybe a little too lonely
Lifelessly she lies amidst her bag world
But maybe she's only sleeping