

Carrying Cathy

Ben Folds

Her window was hung like a painting
She worried it might come to life
She stared for hours
So obsessed was I and self-absorbed that I
Didn't see that she was
Crying

There was always someone carrying
There was always someone carrying
Always someone's carrying Cathy

There were times when I'd find myself saying that:
"Friends, you don't understand"
And she's different when it's just me and her, and I
Closed the door and I tried to hang on and she
Sank into the dark
I was over my head

There was always someone carrying
There was always someone carrying
Always someone's carrying Cathy

We gave you everything
You could have been anything
We gave you everything
You could have done anything

But to imagine a fall
With no one at all to catch you
There'd always been someone

Then one night she climbed into the picture frame
Out in the frozen air
And out of sight

Woke up sad from this dream I've been having
The last couple nights or so
With her father and brothers we're all at the funeral
Carrying a box through the rain
Then somebody says that it's always been this way

Always someone's carrying
There was always someone carrying
Always someone's carrying Cathy