

Carmella

Beth Orton

There's nothing very funny
About a man making money
Off a blonde haired blue eyed girl
He's got a child at home
Who he loves to leave alone
For his blonde haired blue eyed girl

Well, Carmell
Where you gonna run to
When the sky comes crashing in on you?
Slow down
Who you gonna turn to
When there's nothing left for you to prove?

And I can't
Control myself
And I won't
Be no one else
No I can't
Control myself
And I wouldn't want to
Be anywhere else
It's true
What they say about you
Is true
What they say about you
Is true
You know it too

There's nothing very funny
About a man spending money
On a blonde haired blue eyed girl
He's got a child at home
Who he loves to leave alone
For his blonde haired blue eyed girl

Carmell,
Where you gonna run to
If the sky comes crashing in on you?
Slow down
Who're you gonna turn to
When there's nothing left for you to prove?

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