

Life's Little Tragedy

Lambchop

I desire to tumble
I walk through the garden
I don't speak well I mumble
To life's little tragedy

If you touch me I crumble
This song's from the wishing you well
Not a boob or a bungle
Just another butt to sniff

Half our lives surmise
For only you to decipher
Our reasons are quite tame
One by one we die

And our secrets die within us
There's no one left to blame
Shame on me, shame on you
Shame on me, shame on you

Scratchy cheeks and an earring
I scurry to find the camera
He's not angry he's seething
My pictures always turn out wrong

He's not crying he's teething
The pains of growing are going fine
There's some spit on the ceiling
Pretty soon it's going to drop

In the bed you lay
Praying for sleep and it never comes
It never works that way

All the rest is done
All you really can do is just sit up
And start a brand new day
Shame on me, shame on you
Shame on me, shame on you

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Praying for sleep and it never comes
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