

# 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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