

Suwannee Jo

Paula Cole

Idiot kitty to New York City
Living in a kennel and lookin' big and pretty
Meet the munch for business lunch
But your feet bleed under the table

But Suwannee Jo, you're dark and slow
You dance with a broom and you're filled with ghosts
You smell like liquor and you're high as a hawk
You laugh to yourself but you talk like a rock

Scaredy Kate, back in the Haight
Doesn't answer the phone and eats like a tapeworm
She met Mr. Mike in '89
But she's a hundred pounds heavier and won't go outside

But Suwannee Jo, you're dark and slow
You dance with a broom and you're filled with ghosts
Suwannee Jo, strange beautiful gold,
You can take a woman's husband
but you don't want to marry him
You just want to hold him

Nora Mable, behind your table
Expensive knowledge from ten years of college
But when it comes to livin' the book isn't written
Your brain's under "M" in the library missing

Suwannee Jo, you follow your soul
(Nothing more important than following your soul.)