

Baby Don't Know What To Do With Herself

Richard Thompson

Oh baby, she don't know what to do with herself
Oh baby, she don't know what to do with herself
She might wipe her tears on a rusty nail
Rest her cheek on a cold steel rail
Oh baby, she don't know what to do with herself

Oh baby, she don't know what to do with herself
I said, baby, she don't know what to do with herself
When trouble comes down, it comes in threes
Catches her breath and she falls to her knees
Oh baby, she don't know what to do with herself

And I gaze on, gaze on
And I gaze on, gaze on

Ah baby, she don't know what to do with herself
Oh baby, she don't know what to do with herself
She presses her lips on the window pane
Cries, "God in Heaven again and again"
Oh baby, she don't know what to do with herself

And I gaze on, gaze on
And I gaze on, gaze on
And I gaze on, gaze on