

## I Want You #35

Rodney Crowell

Daddy bought you like a toy  
Mama taught you to be coy  
Make your bed down in the dirt  
Bow your head, lift your skirt

From your lips to my ears  
All down through your tender years  
A poor little rich girl, junk food heiress  
Born in Fort Worth, raised in Paris  
Well, listen Honey, screw the money, I want you!

Something changed you, laid you low  
Dumbed your senses, made you slow  
Wrote your name down in the book  
Staked the claim on how you look

I can't blame you if you think that  
I'd tie you to the kitchen sink  
Drain your pockets, drink your blood  
Drag you through the muck and mud  
It must be said you made your bet, but I want you

It's the way your hair falls in your face  
And the way you move from place to place  
It's the way you wear your curse  
As if there could be something worse than

Trapped inside a glass house dyin'  
Waiting for the bricks to fly in  
My, my, my...

So he left you with no God  
Trapped behind that cracked façade  
Had for a woman have a heart  
Not too down, not too smart

All at once something clicks,  
Hits you like a ton of bricks  
And circumstances bent to break you  
Why, oh why, would God forsake you?  
Vis-a-vis, him or me, I want you!

Well, a long shot, babe! I don't care, I want you