

Abcs

The Roches

You won't find me here
I'm far away ... far away
And even though i'm lying here
I'm far away ... far away

Riding on my bicycle
My heart's up in the air
I'm everywhere
I know i'm beautiful

Your wedding ring and pants are on the floor
They are not real ... i do not feel you
You're scaring me ... you lock the door
I made a deal ... my lips are sealed

Stop calling out my name
You are taking me away
I am ashamed

Now i know my abcs
Next time there'll be less of me

Now there are words like estrogen and wrinkling
Middle age women
A mirror woes ... where she been
So far away ... so yesterday
A voice was left behind ... a ghost ... a girl
Singing
If i am an oyster shell ... well ... where's the pearl

I know my abcs
There'll be no next time for me