

Newspaper Wife

Vonda Shepard

Sitting here in this dirty bar
Watching the trash go by
She's selling cigarettes and lollipops
She's got a sparkle in her black eye

She says, "Maybe my time will come
Maybe my time will come"

He said he'd sweep her off her feet
Defying all of gravity
Well she'd move to any bright city
To fill this gaping cavity

She says, "I'm a slave to this empty life
Diggin' my grave I'm his newspaper wife"

He must have a very small broom
As she sits in this very large room
Maybe it's just a piece of straw
She says, "Why am I so in awe?"

I'm a slave to this empty life
Diggin' my grave I'm his newspaper wife
I'm ashamed of this meaningless life
Diggin' my grave I'm his newspaper wife

She sits across from him drinking her coffee
His face is buried in other people's lives, she says
"I wonder if he's gonna read forever
Well I'm his newspaper wife"

I'm a slave to this empty life
Diggin' my grave I'm his newspaper wife
I'm ashamed of this meaningless life
Diggin' my grave I'm his newspaper wife

I'm a slave it's my own downfall
Diggin' my grave
I'm ashamed of this meaningless life
Diggin' my grave I'm his news

Diggin' my grave I'm his newspaper wife
I'm a slave it's my own downfall