

# 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