

Suicide Rag

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From the **Left In The Wake** CD

Well, it ain't the clothes that I don't wear or the food that I don't eat
It ain't the holes in the tattered souls in the shoes upon my feet
It's just that all the lovin' that I never had
And it's just the way you treat me, little mama, you treat me so bad

Well, you go walking down the street with a satisfied air
Just like a woman without a worry, without a care
Well, me, I'm dancing, prancing, playing games at your side
And it seems to be just like a case of suicide

Oh, no.....

Well, you have got the walk, pretty mama, and you have got the smile
You have got the talk, little woman, and you have got the style
You have got the power to turn on the sun
And girl, I know without your love I'd be the lonely one

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And it's just the way you treat me, little mama, you treat me so bad
And it's just the way you treat me, little mama, you treat me...
You treat me....so bad