

# Zita Swoon, Ragdoll Blues

Ragdoll blues  
I got brand new shoes  
I got hotel, motel  
But I aint got no place to go

Inside outside  
Baby take me down  
Spill my name on your secret ground  
Bring your friends  
Bring em round  
Make them hear how their life would sound  
With a bad case of ragdoll blues

Pour me coffee  
Baby it smells so fine  
It brings me back from crying time  
I got brandy  
I got candy  
Im a superstar  
Yeah Im stumbling right out of my whiskey bar  
With my ragdoll blues

Hey, I know momma  
I know Im wrong  
And lifes not to waste  
And death wont be long  
But I got me this picture  
Of the precious taboo  
And they got me convicted  
Yeah, Im crying my blues  
Im not being sober  
Im not being true  
I got hearts  
I got cards  
I got valentines charts  
I got them banging from the streets  
up to the sidewalk  
They are hanging from a tree  
on the junkyard  
They are flying to the stars  
Driving cool cars  
They are stumbling right out of whiskey bars  
With my ragdoll blues

Its not your perfume  
Its not your style  
Its the way you drive me out of my head  
You drive me wild  
By looking sober  
By looking clean  
I see you wiggling your ass down  
on the cool-dude-scene  
Oh I got ragdoll blues  
Just another bad case of ragdoll blues