

Ben Folds Five, Carrying Cathy

Her window was hung like a painting
She worried it might come to life
She stared for hours
So obsessed was I and self-absorbed that I
Didn't see that she was crying
There was always someone carrying
There was always someone carrying
Always someone's carrying Cathy
There were times when I'd find myself saying to friends,
"you don't understand"
she's different when it's just me and her,
and I'd close the door and I'd try to hang on and she
sank into the dark
I was over my head
There was always someone carrying
There was always someone carrying
Always someone's carrying Cathy
We gave you everything
You could have been anything
We gave you everything
You could have done anything
But to imagine a fall
With no one at all to catch you
There'd always been someone
Then one night she climbed into the picture frame
Out in the frozen air
And out of sight
I woke up sad from this dream I've been having
The last couple nights or so
With her father, her brothers we're all at the funeral
Carrying a box through the rain
Then somebody says, "yeah it's always been this way"
Always someone's carrying
There was always someone carrying
Always someone's carrying Cathy