

Rickie Lee Jones, Howard

The spirits of her abortion had manifested...

The spirits of all her abortions manifested themselves into the furniture in the room

There would be a chair waiting, smiling, the pictures on the wall watched her in disbelief

She'd go carry the garbage out to the sidewalk and come back in and sit with all her children inanim

A little boy named Howard, everybody knows one of those guys in school who kills everything he fi

Every little cat, every mouse, every dog, likes to burn his sister with cigarettes

Diabolical schemes, everything has been conspired, the doors wired

That's 'cause those south Americans tied him up in a chair,

He was doing that dope deal, he never got over that

You're just made of words, you're just made of sounds