

# BREAD & BONES

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Lyrics from Richard Ruane's recording *Things That Strangers Say*

## **Don't You Trust Me**

*Written by Richard Ruane, copyright Okey Dokey Folkie Music (BMI)*

I met a woman like a gunshot, I was so naïve.  
Didn't know it would not stop, she had tricks all up her sleeve.  
She had a temper like a band saw; she could turn on a dime.  
Any little thing she saw could put her off her mind.

And she said, "Don't you try to go and leave me.  
Don't you try to go away.  
Good times they will come our way, here to stay, someday.  
Darlin', don't you trust me."

Dirty laundry in public, she didn't mind a scene.  
I knew I had to go quick, didn't know what that could mean.  
I said my mama was ailing, had to go and see,  
Said her health was failing, she was calling out for me.  
But she said ...

I tried to stick to my story, said I had to go.  
It didn't make her worry; she said, "Something you should know,  
I was not born on a bread line. Wasn't raised at sea.  
I know more than a headline, and don't you lie to me."  
And she said ...