

Jennifer Nettles, Listen

Come on over sir and let me buy you a drink
Cause everyone in the world is simply dying to know just what you think
Yes we value your opinion as a measure of our self-worth
Yeah you've been in this business awhile but baby
I've been destined since birth

What's your name don't you work for that radio
Then you write for that paper well then by all means you know, you know
What's happening now, what's hip, what's putridly insincere
Yes, you're right it's time for you to go, we don't sell any of that here

This ain't my thing, you know I really can't compete
Yeah you're as deep as the fucking ocean with your snobbish underground elite
Perhaps I bite the hand that feeds or cut off my nose to spite my face
But if you didn't come here to hear the truth
You shouldn't have come here in the first place

Then I turn to myself and ask if the turn will be mine
Maybe I bitch too much maybe too angry
Maybe I whine
Or maybe the picture of them I paint I paint too well
And though afraid they still adjust themselves as they put me back on the shelf