

Jill Sobule, Bitter

I could slip, I could fall
In that mean and awful hall
With the other jealous bitches
And the bitter grumbling men

I could sneer, I could glare say that
life is so unfair And the one who
made it, made it 'Cuz her breasts
were really big

Well I don't wanna get bitter
I don't wanna turn cruel
I don't wanna get old before I have to

I could bitch, I could moan
Say I want to be left alone
But that's not really true,
Because I like my time with you

Till you rant and you rave
Wishing fat folks to their grave
But I feel sorry for them
You say they get what they deserve

Well I don't wanna get bitter
I don't wanna turn cruel
I don't wanna get old before I have to

I don't wanna get jaded
Petrified and weighted
I don't wanna get bitter like you
Like you, with the darts in your eyes
Like you, with disdain for mankind
I was charmed, now I wonder

Well I don't wanna get bitter
I don't wanna turn cruel
I don't wanna get old before I have to
So I'll smile with the rest
I'll wish everyone the best
And know the one who made it,
Made it cuz she was actually pretty good
Well I don't wanna get bitter
I don't wanna turn cruel
I don't wanna get old before I have to