

Jill Sobule, I'm So Happy

I'm so happy, when you're here
And I'm not a happy girl
So like a miracle occurs
I'm happy when you're near
And all my angels appear
And the demons leave my ear
And I want to clean the kitchen
We're two peas from the same pod
Bowling down to the same God
We're not sure exists

We both walk with heavy souls
With bullet holes
And a backpack full of bad affairs and fears
I'm happy when you're here, kinda
I'm so happy when you're here
We both laugh at the same cruel jokes
We both still drink and smoke
Well I'm happy when you're here, kinda
I'm so happy when you're here
We're two peas from the same pod
Bowling down to the same God we hope exists
We both walk with heavy souls
With bullet holes
And a backpack full of bad affairs and fears
I'm happy when you're here
Happy, somewhat happy more or less