

# Martha Wainwright, Jimi (Takes So Much Time)

Sometimes I feel like there is no one  
no one at all  
that life is a myth and I won't be missed  
when I'm gone

But they say that you are no one  
no one at all without the people who know and love you  
around

And sometimes I feel like my Dad  
for leaving her sad and alone  
in this big house

And these are the thoughts that I have  
when I'm alone at home in my bed  
and I get scared

And it takes up so much time  
and it makes up for nothing  
and some people ask why I can't  
remember the past

There is this dead women in my lane  
she's eating my brain  
her skin is soft and white and bright  
against the night

There is this man in my house  
when I'm not there  
he says he knows me from somewhere

And it takes up so much time