

Grinderman, No Pussy Blues

My face is finished, my body's gone.
And I can't help but think standin' up here
in all this applause and gazin' down
at all the young and the beautiful.
With their questioning eyes.
That I must above all things love myself.

I saw a girl in the crowd,
I ran over I shouted out,
I asked if I could take her out,
But she said that she didn't want to.

I changed the sheets on my bed,
I combed the hairs across my head,
I sucked in my gut and still she said
That she just didn't want to.

I read her Eliot, read her Yeats,
I tried my best to stay up late,
I fixed the hinges on her gate,
But still she just never wanted to.

I bought her a dozen snow-white doves,
I did her dishes in rubber gloves,
I called her Honeybee, I called her Love,
But she just still didn't want to.
She just never wants to.
Dammit!

I sent her every type of flower,
I played her guitar by the hour,
I patted her revolting little chihuahua,
But still she just didn't want to.

I wrote a song with a hundred lines,
I picked a bunch of dandelions,
I walked her through the trembling pines,
But she just even then didn't want to.
She just never wants to.

I thought I'd try another tack,
I drank a litre of cognac,
I threw her down upon her back,
But she just laughed and said
that she just didn't want to.

I thought I'd have another go,
I called her mah little O,
I felt like Marcel Marceau
must feel when she said
that she just never wanted to.
She just didn't want to.

I got the no pussy blues.
I got the no pussy blues.

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