

Jennifer Nettles, At Stake

What did you think when you gave that cat a call?
Did you think it'd make me want you?
Did you think it'd turn me on at all?
Well that's exactly what it did not do

Or did you think that I'd be so hypocritical
As to have this gift and not use it to be political
At this point what I think's what I say
So go on and burn me at yours
Cause I got nothing left at stake

That love you got, save it for your hands
You may act like one, but keep it in your pants
That's exactly what you did not do

Oh my patience, don't you abuse it
See I got this gun and I'm waiting for an excuse to use it
At this point, what I think's what I say
So go on and burn me at yours
Cause I got nothing left at stake

Can't help it you're just more visually stimulated
Strip bars and magazines, my stomach can't tolerate it
Who made that lie? I can guess you know
Some ass in need of excuse to fuck around a hundred years ago

My words are the weapons of ten thousand armies
Ripping my throat to rage with war
That you can't understand so still you court me
If not as the wife then at least as the whore
So to your dismay, I must confess
That there is gall that drips, from the curve of my breast