

Jennifer Nettles, Bad Girls Lament

Ain't I the Jezebel
Ain't I the queen
Been from here to Hell and every stop in between!

Ain't I better now
Ain't I the best
I got this scarlet red letter that I flaunt on my chest
And be careful how you treat me cause what I think I tend to manifest

(chorus)
I lost my job as whipping boy
When I staged the "big coup";
For the last time I stopped feeling sorry for you, sorry for you.

Little sister says, "he made you what you are, your world and everything in it."
I think what he made was his own bed and he can strip right down
And he can roll around in it

And while we're talking tally sweetheart, I've been keeping score
He may win this battle but I've won this war
So go on and dub me "Miss Wicked, Miss Witch,, Miss Whore."

(chorus)

And you cry, "where did this come from?"
And you plead, "what is this about?"
But I've learned if I have nothing nice to say I should just shut my mouth.

It's every good girl's fantasy, every bad girl's lament
See he said, "get up and go girl" so I got up and went
Cause what he thought was for himself
And what he fought was never mine
And what he ought to know is better next time.