

# Jenny Owen Youngs, Fuck Was I

Love grows in me like a tumour  
A parasite bent on devouring its host  
I'm developing my sense of humour  
Till I can laugh at my heart between your teeth  
Till I can laugh at my face beneath your feet.

Skillet on the stove is such a temptation  
Maybe I'll be the lucky one that doesn't get burned  
What the fuck was I thinking?

Love plows through me like a dozer  
I've got more give than a bale of hay  
And there's always a big mess left over  
What did you do? What did you say?  
What did you do and what did you say?

Skillet on the stove is such a temptation  
Maybe I'll be the special one that doesn't get burned  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
What the fuck was I thinking?

Love tears me up like a demon  
Opens the wounds and then fills them with lead  
And I'm having some trouble just breathing  
If we weren't such good friends I think that I'd hate you  
If we weren't such good friends I'd wish you were dead

Skillet on the stove is such a temptation  
Maybe I'll be the lucky one that doesn't get burned  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
What the fuck was I thinking?

Oh it's so embarrassing  
I'm this awkward and uncomparable thing  
I'm running out of places to hide  
I'm running out of places to hide

(You know that I've got what you want)  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
(You know that I've got what you want)  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
(You know that I've got what you want)  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
(You know that I've got what you want)  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
(You know that I've got what you want)