

# Judybats, She's Sad She Said

Her beautiful arse  
Cantilevering over a table of hors d'oeuvres  
She took a sip of her drink and said,  
"Hey, this music really gets on my nerves."  
I said, "What music?"  
She said, "The music in my head  
Sometimes it makes me wish I were dead  
It's like a requiem  
It's like a rodeo  
Can't you hear it?"  
I said, "No."  
She said, "Like where is here  
And, tell me, how will I know when I get there  
I wear my little black dress, I'm just waiting around  
Will I think to comb my hair?"  
I said, "Will it matter?"  
She says, "Matter everywhere  
No one here, they never play fair  
I hope heaven is a place where sloe gin fizz comes in  
Those little glasses, you know the ones  
That are blue on the bottom and thin on the top?"

## CHORUS

She said she said e said  
She's sad, she said  
She said she said she said  
She's sad  
She said she said she said  
She's sad she said she's sad  
She said she said she said  
She said, "You know, the people here, all they wanna do  
Is pick you apart; trouble is, they don't have time  
To put you back together again.  
I hate New York. I've thought about moving, to Italy  
Or Spain or Hell, maybe even Tennessee."

## CHORUS

All she said  
Was she's sad she said  
All she said  
Was she's sad  
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