

Madeleine Peyroux, Was I?

Sweet young thing of sixteen
Thought I'd step out one night
I longed to get the thrilling life i've missed
I met a youth
A bit uncouth
Although he seemed alright
I knew him by the moment when we kissed

Then I got home, next day with a swollen head
My girlfriend asked if i'd had fun I said,
"was I drunk?
was he handsome?
Did momma give me hell?
Did I get a thrill?
Am I full of quiver?
Was he rough?
Did I care?
Am I glad I fell?
Every time I think of him do I shiver?
Was he hot?
And was I?
And would he stand for maybe?
He would not?
Did I lie?
Does he still think i'm a baby?
If I was, am I still?
Do I care?
Don't be silly
Was I drunk?
Was he handsome?
And did momma give me hell?

Was I drunk?
Was he handsome?
Did momma give me hell?
With his hands loose as no refusin'
Did he fight?
Was I blue?
Almost shamed to tell
And I don't know yet the system he was usin'

Well I said, stop, please, behave!
Well what's the use of breathin'?
He said, give
So I gave
After all, what was I savin'?
Am I glad?
Holy gee,
Have I had fun, you're askin' me?
Was I drunk?
Was he handsome?
And did momma give me hell?"