

Martha Wainwright, Bloody Motherfucking Asshole

Poetry is no place for a heart that's a whore
And I'm young and I'm strong
But I feel old and tired
Overfired

And I've been poked and stoked
It's all smoke, there's no more fire
Only desire
For you, whoever you are
For you, whoever you are

You say my time here has been some sort of joke
That I've been messing around
Some sort of incubating period
For when I really come around
I'm cracking up
And you have no idea

No idea how it feels to be on your own
In your own home
With the fucking phone
And the mother of gloom
In your bedroom
Standing over your head
With her hand in your head
With her hand in your head

I will not pretend
I will not put on a smile
I will not say I'm all right for you
When all I wanted was to be good
To do everything in truth
To do everything in truth

Oh I wish, I wish, I wish I was born a man
So I could learn how to stand up for myself
Like those guys with guitars
I've been watching in bars
Who've been stamping their feet to a different beat
To a different beat
To a different beat

I will not pretend
I will not put on a smile
I will not say I'm all right for you
When all I wanted was to be good
To do everything in truth
To do everything in truth

You bloody mother fucking asshole
Oh you bloody mother fucking asshole
Oh you bloody mother fucking asshole
Oh you bloody mother fucking asshole
Oh you bloody mother fucking asshole
Oh you bloody

I will not pretend
I will not put on a smile
I will not say I'm all right for you
For you, whoever you are
For you, whoever you are