

Martha Wainwright, Hate You Too

I heard that you hate me
You know that I do
The words that come out of my mouth
And the sounds telling me
I hate you too

Next time you should be more careful who
You're sitting next to
I might know them
And they can come & tell me
All about you

What did I do?
Did I get to you?
My arms, my tears, my love, my heart
The ocean in my heart
The drought of my heart
Did it get to you?

I didn't know about your fear for the ladies
With the guitars & the occasional high-heeled shoe
The look in their eyes
Like they need you to want them
Even if you don't want to

What did I do?
Did I get to you?
My arms, my tears, my love, my heart
The ocean in my heart
The drought of my heart
Did it get to you?

Well, I didn't realize about the scrutinizing eyes of your friends
Their high standards & high commands
I can tell you I hate you
You can get up & go back to bed
But I might run into you one of these days & knock you dead
Knock you dead

My arms, my tears, my love, my heart
The ocean in my heart
The drought of my heart
Did it get to you?

My arms, my tears, my love, my heart, my soul
The ocean in my heart
The drought of my heart