Martha Wainwright, This Life

This
This life is boring
This
This life right now is snoring
But that's all right
That's okay
It's still worth living

When it is not
I got the gun for my head
And I want to break free instead
But I could never pull the trigger
I get too scared
So I stand up instead
I go wild

Oh, there's a song, there's a song, there's a song There's a song, there's a song, there's a song It's in my head There's a song, there's a song A little country song That's in my head

Dear, dear man
Be nice to your girl
She knows that you could
Live without her

And so she cries in your arms
Every night
Til you walk out the door
She goes wild

Oh, there's a song, there's a song, there's a song There's a song, there's a song, there's a song It's in my head There's a song, there's a song A little country song It's in my head It's in my head

"On a parti, six ans de mer Sans pouvoir border la terre Au bout de la septieme annee On a manque de provisions"

{On stormy seas, we six years sailed And never once green land we hailed The bitter seventh year came on We found our stores at last were gone}

Oh, it's in my head It's in my head

It's in my head

This This life is boring This This life right now is snoring