

# Martha Wainwright, TV Show

I'm not such a good lover  
I'm a better talker  
So when you touch me there  
I'm scared that you'll see  
Not the way that I don't love you  
But the way that I don't love myself

There are things these days  
That can help you through a phase  
Like food and health and fear  
I prefer the beer  
Not the way that I don't love you  
But the way that I hate myself

Oh when the cityscape is born  
From the ocean floor  
It speaks its native tongue  
Physical, subliminal  
Not the way that it left you cold  
But the way that you left yourself

And the Moon falls from the Earth  
And the Sun, it fills its girth  
And I know we'll go howl at the night  
Oh, howl at the night  
But still the sun will not hide our fight  
Oh, hide our fight

I laugh a lot  
But that's just a plot  
I found a way to make the night stay  
Not the way that I don't love you  
But the way that I hate myself

It was Oprah  
On the TV show  
She told me so

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