

Sheryl Crow, Am I Getting Through (Part I & II)

Part I:

I am strong
I am able
I spill milk on your table
Then I crawl like a baby
Just to see if you save me

I am sweet
I am ugly
I am mean if you love me
I try hard just to please you
When I say I don't need you

I dress up with a conscience
When I think you'll be watching
I say all the right things
I don't know what I mean

Am I
Am I
Getting Through
Am I
Am I
Getting Through

I am ignorant and rude
I am fashionably crude
And sometimes when it's quiet
I'm an angel in white

When I pose in the mirror
I want everyone near me
I am scared that I'm weird
I'm afraid I am queer

I am lovely and weak
I am foul when I speak
I am strange when I'm kind
I am frying my mind

Am I
Am I
Getting Through
Am I
Am I
Getting Through
(I don't care, I don't care)

Jesus loves me I know
For my mom told me so
I'm a loser at love
I'm a flower in the mud

Am I
Am I
Getting Through
Am I
Am I
Getting Through
Am I
Am I
Getting Through

Part II:

Don't you hate it
When the money starts to running out
Your esoteric rants
Were made to twist and shout
I heard you moved
Now you're hangin on the Moulin Rouge
Don't you know no matter where you go
Somebody's always watching you
That's what they say
That's what they say
When the pages fade the love you made
Will seem one hundred light years away