

3,6,9

Cat Power

I feel, I feel tired, awake all night  
Head so heavy like a wastebasket  
I feel a choke, emotionally broke  
Here on my belly in the still of the night  
I feel alone  
I want out, out on my own  
I want everything I own  
I find letters, pictures  
Memories of what you can't seem to let go  
In your bedside table, in your pocket  
In your wallet, you know  
Abusive, a stranger in bed  
Elusive, forget everything you said  
You got a right to have that hand on your arm  
But the moment you hit it you're on your own  
You already took over  
Want, now you want to hit the road  
Your love is like a steamboat running on a need to float  
I don't need 5 times a day  
To tell me to go  
3, 6, 9, you drink wine  
Monkey on your back, you feel just fine  
3, 6, 9, you drink wine  
Monkey on your back, you feel just fine  
The things you really wanted  
Is the thing you want  
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3, 6, 9, you drink wine  
Monkey on your back, you feel just fine  
Aaaaaaaah....  
Fuck me  
Fuck me  
Fuck me  
Fuck me...

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