

My Man (Fanny Brice)

[Regina Spektor](#)

My man don't treat me right
Don't kiss me sweet goodnight
Don't buy me flowers to smell
Why he's a rotten boy from hell? My man don't treat me good
He eats all my food
And he leaves me such a mess
They say I'm cursed but I am blessed 'Cause he loves me, he loves me, he really, really loves me
And his eyes are bluer than the bluest sky above the city
He don't agree but what a pity
He love me yes he does My man don't treat me sweet
He walks the empty streets
And he drinks and smokes and swears
And they say he doesn't care My man, he breaks my heart
He tears me all apart
And he leaves me such a mess
They say I'm cured but I am blessed 'Cause he loves me, he loves me, he really, really loves me
And his eyes are bluer than the bluest sky above the city
He don't agree but what a pity
He love me yes he does Oh, my man, I love him so, he'll never know
All my life is just despair but I don't care
When he takes me in his arms
The world is bright, alright What's the difference if I say, "I'll go away?"
When I know ill come back on my knees someday
For whatever my man is
I'm his, forever more

Songwriters

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