

# Bloody Mother Fucking Asshole

Martha Wainwright

Poetry is no place for a heart that's a whore  
And I'm young and I'm strong  
But I feel old and tired, over fired And I've been poked and stoked  
It's all smoke, there's no more fire, only desire  
For you, 'ever you are  
For you, 'ever you are You say my time here has been some sort of joke  
That I've been messin' around  
Some sort of incubating period  
For when I really come around  
I'm cracking up and you have no idea No idea how it feels to be on your own  
In your own home with the fuckin' phone  
And the mother of gloom in your bedroom  
Standing over your head with her hand in your head  
With her hand in your head I will not pretend, I will not put on a smile  
I will not say I'm all right for you  
When all I wanted was to be good  
To do everythin' in truth  
To do everythin' in truth Oh, I wish, I wish, I wish I was born a man  
So I could learn how to stand up for myself  
Like those guys with guitars, I've been watchin' in bars  
Who've been stampin' their feet to a different beat  
To a different beat  
To a different beat I will not pretend, I will not put on a smile  
I will not say I'm all right for you  
When all I wanted was to be good  
To do everythin' in truth  
To do everythin' in truth You bloody mother fuckin' asshole  
Oh, you bloody mother fuckin' asshole  
Oh, you bloody mother fuckin' asshole  
Oh, you bloody mother fuckin' asshole  
Oh, you bloody mother fuckin' asshole  
Oh you bloody I will not pretend, I will not put on a smile  
I will not say I'm all right for you  
For you, 'ever you are  
For you, 'ever you are  
For you, 'ever you are

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