

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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