Please

Nellie McKay

I mean I must have said
Please Lord, send me a hard-luck childhood
Please Bub, spare me a hot romance
Please lady, gift me with genius, not pleasure
Please Mrs. Henry, start me off without a chanceI must have said
Please sir, let me lay in the sewer that claimed me
And let me wallow there even as I lose my sea
Please Mr. Hula-Hoop, keep on ballistic
You must be a man that got to be so sadistic
Please Lord, I just love being meFor every mom and pop and college green
The harvest moon, a lynchin' tree
'Cause an Americana misery
Makes what a mess of meThat underwater conversation
Hasn't got a clue
She should know real hardships

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