

This Life

Martha Wainwright

This, this life
Is boring
This, this life
Right now is snoring
That's all right
That's okay
It's still worth living When it is not
I got the gun for my head
Want to break free instead
But I could never pull the trigger
I get too scared
So I stand up instead
I go wild Oh, there's a song, there's a song, there's a song, there's a song
There's a song, there's a song
It's in my head
There's a song, there's a song
A little country song
It's in my head Dear, dear man
Be nice to your girl
She knows that you could
Live without her
And so she cries in your arms
Every night
Til you walk out the door
She goes wild Oh, there's a song, there's a song, there's a song, there's a song
There's a song, there's a song
It's in my head
There's a song, there's a song
A little country song
It's in my head
It's in my head On a parti, six ans de mer
Sans pouvoir border la terre
Au bout de la septieme annee
On a manque de provisions It's in my head, head, head
It's in my head
It's in my head
It's in my head, head, head
It's in my head
It's in my head

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