

F***, Was I

Jenny Owen Youngs

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Love grows in me like a tumor,
parasites bent on devouring its host.
I'm developing my sense of humor,
till I can laugh at my heart between your teeth,
till I can laugh at my face beneath your feet. chorus Skillet on the stove is such a temptation,
maybe I'll be the lucky one that doesn't get burned.
What the fuck was I thinking? Love plows through me like a dozer,
I've got more give than a bale of hay,
and there's always a big mess left over.
What did you do?
What did you say? Skillet on the stove is such a temptation,
maybe I'll be the special one that doesn't get burned.
What the fuck was I thinking? Love tears me up like a demon.
Opens the wounds and fills them with lead,
and I'm having some trouble just breathing.
If we weren't such good friends I think that I'd hate you.
If we weren't such good friends I'd wish you were dead Oh it's so embarrassing
I'm this awkward and uncomfortable thing,
and I'm running out of places to hide

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