B.M.F.A

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 firedAnd I've been poked and stoked
It's all smoke, there's no more fire
Only desire
For you, whoever you are
For you, whoever you areYou say my time here has been some sort of joke
That I've been messing around
Some sort of incubating period
For when I really come around
I'm cracking up and you have no ideaNo idea how it feels to be on your own
In your own home with the fucking phone
And the mother of gloom in your bedroom
Standing over your head
With her hand in your head
With her hand in your headI 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 everything in truth
To do everything in truthOh, 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 watching in bars
Who've been stamping their feet to a different beat
To a different beat
To a different beatI 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 everything in truth
To do everything in truthYou bloody mother fucking asshole
Oh, you bloody motherfucking asshole
Oh, you bloody motherfucking asshole
Oh, you bloody motherfucking asshole
Oh, you bloody motherfucking asshole
Oh, you bloodyI will not pretend, I will not put on a smile
I will not say I'm all right for you
For you, whoever you are
For you, whoever you are

For you, whoever you are

Songwriters
Martha WainwrightPublished by
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