I'm Sorry

Jessica Riddle

I'm sorry I cook for shit.
I'm sorry my sewing isn't like your mother's.
I'll call her up.I'm sorry I dress kinda boyish.
I'm sorry my hair isn't long like the girls in your magazine.
I'll grow it out.I know I can't run the world,
'cause I can't even decide what
To make for dinner.
I know that you are stonger than me
Because you are a man.
Thank God you are a man.I'm sorry your world is a mess.
Don't worry, I'll pour you a beer
So that it doesn't fizz up.
You taught me well.I'm sorry you dropped the glass on the floor.
I'll sweep it up before you can say 'clean it up you stupid bitch'.
You'll be so proud.I know I can't run the world,
'cause I can't even decide what
To make for dinner.
I know that you are stonger than me
Because you are a man.
I know I can't run the world,
'cause you tell me I suck
And your such a winner.
I know that you are stonger than me
Because you are a man.I'm sorry I'm not good with make-up.
I'm sorry I don't wear any sexy lingerie.
I'll lose some weight.I know I can't run the world,
'cause I can't even decide what
To make for dinner.
I know that you are stonger than me
Because you are a man.
I know I can't run the world,
'cause you tell me I suck
And your such a winner.
I know that you are stonger than me
Because you are a man.
Thank God you are a man.
What would I do without a man?

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