

# The Adulteress

## Pretenders

I'm the adulteress  
But I didn't want to be and I'm convenient  
And I make good tea  
I stand accused  
Of the worst crime in history  
That's my mystery  
I'm the adulteress I go to the park  
With a bag of crumbs for the birds  
That's where we meet without words  
He takes my hand  
And stares into the wood  
There's nothing to understand  
It's understood  
I'm the adulteress Look at the fool  
Made up to go out  
She's desperate and lonely  
But she's puttin' it about  
Look at the spinster  
Comin' down off the shelf  
She's in love and she hates herself Don't try to stop me  
Don't get in my way  
It's too late  
I've made my play  
Does misery love company  
I'll be in the bar  
You'll find me

Songwriters

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