

# I Wish I Were

[Martha Wainwright](#)

I can hardly move and I sure can't groove  
And I can hardly see why I'm so afraid  
And the days are long, I can't get rid of what's wrong  
It's plain to see but the problem is, is, is in me I wish I were a singer, a dancer  
Dancing for your love Am I somewhere in the middle?  
Do I count at being special?  
Is there a sincerity in anything I say?  
Do I know what anything means?  
Can I, can I see? I listen to the radio  
Not music but the talk shows  
I watch a lot of PBS and BBC  
I don't want to meet the press  
I'm scared, I'm scared, I'm scared of what I see The only thing I recognize  
Is the pain in my side  
The hunger that I feel  
Is the only thing, the only thing that is real I wish I were a singer, a dancer  
Dancing for your love

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