

Bitch

James

I'm in love with the fever of life
San Francisco, northern lights
I'm in love with the freedom of speech
Bleached white driftwood washed up on a beach
Rude health, electricity
My life is rich and full So why'd I bitch
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch
I'm just a bitch,
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch I'm in love with love and its sting
Silence, music, touch on skin
Love my sons, I love my wife
My life is rich and full So why'd I bitch,
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch
I'm just a bitch,
Bitch, bitch bitch, bitch
Oh no I got it all wrong
Spoken out of turn, again
Sold myself too short, not long
I've broken out and burnt
Say no to everything
I ever once did love
Say no I can never ever, ever, be enough I'm in love with the edges of things
What turns you on and makes your heart sing
Spiders webs outlined in dew
Don't play it safe, till it's too late Then bitch,
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch
I'm just a bitch,
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch
Oh no

Songwriters

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