

Was I?

Madeleine Peyroux

Sweet young thing of sixteen, thought I'd step out one night
I longed to get the thrilling life I've missed
I met a youth, a bit uncouth, although he seemed alright
I knew him by the moment when we kissed
Then I got home, next day with a swollen head
My girlfriend asked if I'd had fun I said
Was I drunk? was he handsome? Did momma give me hell?
Did I get a thrill? Am I full of quiver?
Was he rough? Did I care? Am I glad I fell?
Every time I think of him do I shiver?
Was he hot? And was I? And would he stand for maybe?
He would not? Did I lie? Does he still think I'm a baby?
If I was, am I still? Do I care? Don't be silly
Was I drunk? Was he handsome? And did momma give me hell?

Was I drunk? Was he handsome? Did momma give me hell?
With his hands loose as no refusin'
Did he fight? Was I blue? Almost shamed to tell
And I don't know yet the system he was usin'
Well I said, stop, please, behave
Well what's the use of breathin'?
He said, give so I gave
After all, what was I savin'?
Am I glad?
Holy gee
Have I had fun, you're askin' me?
Was I drunk? Was he handsome? And did momma give me hell?

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