

# B.M.F.A.

## Martha Wainwright

Poetry is no place for a heart that's a whore  
And I'm young and I'm strong  
But I feel old and tired  
Over fired And I've been poked and stoked  
It's all smoke, there's no more fire  
Only desire  
For you, whoever you are  
For you, whoever you are You say my time here has been some sort of joke  
That I've been messing around  
Some sort of incubating period  
For when I really come around  
I'm cracking up and you have no idea No idea how it feels to be on your own  
In your own home with the fucking phone  
And the mother of gloom in your bedroom  
Standing over your head  
With her hand in your head  
With her hand in your head I will not pretend, I will not put on a smile  
I will not say I'm all right for you  
When all I wanted was to be good  
To do everything in truth  
To do everything in truth Oh, I wish, I wish, I wish I was born a man  
So I could learn how to stand up for myself  
Like those guys with guitars, I've been watching in bars  
Who've been stamping their feet to a different beat  
To a different beat  
To a different beat I will not pretend, I will not put on a smile  
I will not say I'm all right for you  
When all I wanted was to be good  
To do everything in truth  
To do everything in truth You bloody mother fucking asshole  
Oh, you bloody motherfucking asshole  
Oh, you bloody motherfucking asshole  
Oh, you bloody motherfucking asshole  
Oh, you bloody motherfucking asshole  
Oh, you bloody I will not pretend, I will not put on a smile  
I will not say I'm all right for you  
For you, whoever you are  
For you, whoever you are

For you, whoever you are

Songwriters

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