

TV Show

Martha Wainwright

I'm not such a good lover
I'm a better talker
So when you touch me there
I'm scared that you'll see
Not the way that I don't love you
But the way that I don't love myself And there are things these days
That can help you through a phase
Like food and health and fear
I prefer the beer
Not the way that I don't love you
But the way that I hate myself Oh when the cityscape is born
From the ocean floor
It speaks its native tongue
Physical, subliminal
Not the way that it left you cold
But the way that you left yourself And the moon falls from the earth
And the sun, it fills it's girth
And I know we'll go howl at the night, oh howl at the night
But still the sun will not hide our fight, oh hide our fight Oh, I laugh a lot but that's just a plot
I found a way to make the night stay
Not the way that I don't love you
But the way that I hate myself
Not the way that I don't love you
But the way that I hate myself It was Oprah, on the TV show
She told me so
It was Oprah, on the TV show
She told me so Not the way that I don't love you
But the way that I love myself

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