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 meI wish I were a singer, a dancer
Dancing for your loveAm 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 seeThe only thing I recognize
Is the pain in my side
The hunger that I feel
Is the only thing, the only thing that is realI wish I were a singer, a dancer
Dancing for your love

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