

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...