

This Life

Martha Wainwright

This
This life is boring
This
This life right now is snoring
But that's all right
That's okay
It's still worth living

When it is not
I got the gun for my head
And I want to break free instead
But I could never pull the trigger
I get too scared
So I stand up instead
I go wild

Oh, there's a song, there's a song, there's a song, there's a song, there's
a song,
There's a song
It's in my head
There's a song, there's a song
A little country song
That's in my head

Dear, dear man
Be nice to your girl
She knows that you could
Live without her

And so she cries in your arms
Every night
Til you walk out the door
She goes wild

Oh, there's a song, there's a song, there's a song, there's a song, there's
a song,
There's a song
It's in my head
There's a song, there's a song
A little country song
It's in my head

"On a parti, six ans de mer
Sans pouvoir border la terre
Au bout de la septieme annee
On a manque de provisions"

{On stormy seas, we six years sailed
And never once green land we hailed
The bitter seventh year came on
We found our stores at last were gone}

Oh, it's in my head
It's in my head
It's in my head
It's in my head
It's in my head

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