

3,6,9

Cat Power

I feel, I feel tired, awake all night
Head so heavy like a wastebasket
I feel a choke, emotionally broke
Here on my belly in the still of the night
I feel alone

I want out, out on my own
I want everything I own
I find letters, pictures
Memories of what you can't seem to let go
In your bedside table, in your pocket
In your wallet, you know

Abusive, a stranger in bed
Elusive, forget everything you said
You got a right to have that hand on your arm
But the moment you hit it you're on your own
You already took over
Want, now you want to hit the road
Your love is like a steamboat running on a need to float
I don't need 5 times a day
To tell me to go

3, 6, 9, you drink wine
Monkey on your back, you feel just fine

The things you really wanted
Is the thing you want

Aaaaaaaah

Fuck me