

Bad Girl's Lament

Jennifer Nettles

Ain't I the jezebel?
Ain't I the queen?
Been from here to hell and every stop in between!

Ain't I better now?
Ain't it the best?
I got this scarlet red letter that I flaunt on my chest,
And be careful how you treat me 'cause what I think, I tend to
manifest

I lost my job as a whipping boy
When I staged the "big coup."
For the last time, I stopped feeling sorry for you.
Sorry for you...

Little sister says, "He made you what you are -
Your world and everything in it."
I think what he made was his own bed, and he
Can strip right down
And roll around in it.

And while we're talking tally sweetheart, I've
Been keeping score.
He may win this battle, but I have won this war.
So, go on and dub me "Miss Wicked, Miss Witch, Miss Whore"

I lost my job as a whipping boy
When I staged the "big coup."
For the last time, I stopped feeling sorry for you.
Sorry for you...

And you cry, "Where did this come from?"
And you plead, "What is this about?"
But I've learned, if I have nothing nice to say, I
Should just shut my mouth.

It's every good girl's fantasy, every bad girl's lament.
See, it said, "Get up and go girl" so I got up and went.
'Cause, what he thought was from himself.
And, what he fought was never mine.
And, what he ought to know is better next time.