

## Ball And Chain

Martha Wainwright

Got your hand up all in my shirt  
And you know that it hurts  
Ball & chain  
My ball & chain

Crossing the street you look so fine  
Making up everything that's in my mind  
Ball & chain  
Ball & chain

You are the same with your balls & your chains

Bend me over the back of the carseat  
Take me down to Easy Street  
Ball & chain  
Ball & chain

You are the same with your balls & your chains  
Oh yeah  
Oh yeah

Why does this always happen?  
Why does this always happen?  
Why?  
Why?  
Yeah

Yeah, her tits were higher than mine  
With a waist that is sugar-fine  
I heard she could read & write too  
And she's getting a degree in Fucking U

Sexual Psychology  
It's easier than philosophy  
It's easier than chemistry  
Where's my chemisty?

Why does this always happen?  
Oh why does this always happen?  
Why?  
Why?  
Why?