

Cabaret

Penelope Scott

It sounds like a cabaret to you
That's what you said
I could live a thousand years and still not know just what you meant

It sounds like a cabaret to you
What can I say?
When I know that you would feel that way about anything I play
I'll bet my songs all sound the same to you
I'll bet they fuckin' do
I'll bet they sound the same because you've only heard like two
I'll bet my shit all sounds the same to you
I'll bet it fuckin' does
Given the circumstances that does not amount to much

How could you do it on my turf in my own home, to my own kids
About what's so absolutely mine
And if you played me one of hers and it sounds better than my own
I'd have to eat a gun and fuck off to the sky
And if it's worse than most of mine well that still sucks ass too
And I am still fucked even if it's just the same
You would have a better chance of getting into heaven if instead
You nailed me drunk and screamed her name

It sounds like a cabaret to you
And I feel so small
And I'm sure you didn't mean anything by it at all
'Cause everything is just okay to you
It's in the past
I'll bet you don't remember that you even fuckin' asked

But how dare you make the offer?
And I should've kicked your ass
Given you a look that turned your slimy bones to ash
If it hadn't been so shocking, if it hadn't hurt so bad
Perhaps I could've moved my shaking hands to hit you back

So first of all that I would still play for you
Anything at all
And it's just a fucking cabaret to you
Suddenly I'm half as tall

Goddamnit, you could call my house in bed with her just to say that she was
better, and I'd still be half as mad about the whole affair
Tell me which of your ten fingers have been how far in her mouth that you pr
efer the way she pulls your fuckin' hair
Goddamnit, all the branches all the fuckin' implications, code and circuitry,
inherent in your words
The nerve of it the gall, I should just put you underground and leave your u
nintended insults, all your shit code for the worms

It sounds like a cabaret to you, and what can I do?
The sound of cities burning is a cabaret to you
And I'll bet it sounds the same to you, all of my shit
A nastier offense than if you'd gone after my near-perfect tits
So don't play it for me
I can't believe you took away one more song, don't play it for me
You're a monster and you'll never live this down, so play it for me

A cum shot to the face of God, don't play it for me
You tell her I said she sounds great, but don't play it for me

Well it was never a fucking game for you
Of course not
And you're sure he's only sorry
'Cause he got caught
You should've been safe, he loved you first
Why would I fucking want him if he hurt you worse?

Let's run away
We'll go to France
Even though I never fucking learned a lick of French
I'll write you letters, I'll write you every day
And they will say whatever you would like for them to say

How could he do it on our turf, in our own homes to our own kids?
How could he paint everything so red?
And if he'd played me one of yours
I'd still be listening to it now
And I would've cried my eyes right out of my fucking head

Well it was never a cabaret for you, of course not
I mean, I think he told me your songs lean a little more towards pop
You should've been safe, he loved you worse
How could I ever love him if he hurt you first?

Let's run away
We'll go to France
Even though I never fucking learned a lick of French
I'll write you letters, I'll write you every day
And they will say whatever you need them to say