

Clare Bowditch And The Feeding Set "Divorcee By 23"

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Well it seems you've got a baby girl to a man
Who will not love you well
And you're walking down Brunswick street
And you're buying the baby's tears with treats.

You look perfect, you look fine
And you hold it together most of the time
But when the baby's crying
And you know, he's lying...

He was the best looking boy you'd known
So you married him and made him home.
Dropped out of university
All because he said "Well Honey, you're pretty."

Yes, you are pretty but you are not fine
'Cause you've forgotten you're partly Divine
And if you don't start crying,
You may never shine.

Step on out of line,
Outside the square
I dare you
To just not give a damn.
'Cause people won't understand?
Don't let them scare you.

You play boy games and he plays girl games
And every Saturday, you swap over again,
And you wonder why he "Just don't hear!".
Are you saying it loud, are you making it clear
Or are you hiding away,
Behind all those perfect things that you say?

You know that you don't wanna be,
You don't wanna be,
You don't wanna be,
You don't wanna be no divorcee by 23.
Well is that your best reason to stay?
You're worried about what your brothers' friends'
Mothers' might one day say?

Step on out of line,
Outside the square
I dare you
To just not give a damn.
'Cause people won't understand?
Don't let them scare you.

You really should step on out of line,
Outside the square
I dare you
To go confront your man
Help him understand these subtleties about you.

You don't wanna be,
You don't wanna be,
You don't wanna be,
You don't wanna be no divorcee by 23.
Well is that your best reason to stay?
Think about what your baby girl might one day say.

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