

## Jenny Owen Youngs "Fuck Was I"

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Love grows in me like a tumor  
Parasite bent on devouring its host  
I'm developing my sense of humor  
Till I can laugh at my heart between your teeth  
Till I can laugh at my face beneath your feet

Skillet on the stove  
It's such a temptation  
Maybe I'll be the lucky one that doesn't get burnt  
What the fuck was I thinking?

Love plows through me like a dozer  
I've got more give than a bale of hay  
And there's always a big mess left over  
With the "What did you do?"  
And the "What did you say?"  
"What did you do?" and the "What did you say?"

Skillet on the stove  
It's such a temptation  
Maybe I'll be the special one that doesn't get burnt  
What the fuck was I thinking?

What the fuck was I thinking?  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
What the fuck was I thinking?

Love tears me up like a demon  
Opens the wounds, then fills them with lead

And I'm having some trouble just breathing  
If we weren't such good friends I think that I'd hate you  
If we weren't such good friends I'd wish you were dead

Skillet on the stove  
It's such a temptation  
Maybe I'll be the lucky one that doesn't get burnt  
What the fuck was I thinking?

What the fuck was I thinking?  
What the fuck was I thinking?

Love is so embarrassing  
I'm this awkward and uncomfortable thing  
I'm running out of places to hide it  
I'm running out of places to hide it  
What the fuck was I thinking?

(You know that I've got what you want)  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
(You know that I've got what you want)  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
(You know that I've got what you want)  
What the fuck was I thinking?  
(You know that I've got what you want)

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