

Jessica Riddle "I'm Sorry"

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I'm sorry I cook for shit.
I'm sorry my sewing isn't like your mother's.
I'll call her up.

I'm sorry I dress kinda boyish.
I'm sorry my hair isn't long like the girls in your
magazine.
I'll grow it out.

I know I can't run the world,
'Cause I can't even decide what
To make for dinner.
I know that you are stronger than me
Because you are a man.
Thank God you are a man.

I'm sorry your world is a mess.
Don't worry, I'll pour you a beer
So that it doesn't fizz up.
YouæŠŒI be so proud.

I'm sorry you dropped the glass on the floor.
I'll sweep it up before you can say 'clean it up you
stupid bitch'.
You taught me well.

I know I can't run the world,
'Cause I can't even decide what
To make for dinner.

I know that you are stronger than me
Because you are a man.
I know I can't run the world,
'Cause you tell me I suck
And your such a winner.
I know that you are stronger than me
Because you are a man.

(IæŠŒI sorry, IæŠŒI sorry.)

I'm sorry I'm not good with make-up.
I'm sorry I don't wear any sexy lingerie.

I'll lose some weight.

I know I can't run the world,
'Cause I can't even decide what
To make for dinner.
I know that you are stronger than me
Because you are a man.
I know I can't run the world,
'Cause you tell me I suck
And your such a winner.
I know that you are stronger than me
Because you are a man.
Thank God you are a man.
(What would I do without a man?)

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