

Judybats "She's Sad She Said"

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Her beautiful arse
Cantilevering over a table of hors d'oeuvres
She took a sip of her drink and said,
"Hey, this music really gets on my nerves."
I said, "What music?"
She said, "The music in my head
Sometimes it makes me wish I were dead
It's like a requiem
It's like a rodeo
Can't you hear it?"
I said, "No."
She said, "Like where is here
And, tell me, how will I know when I get there
I wear my little black dress, I'm just waiting around
Will I think to comb my hair?"
I said, "Will it matter?"
She says, "Matter everywhere
No one here, they never play fair
I hope heaven is a place where sloe gin fizz comes in
Those little glasses, you know the ones
That are blue on the bottom and thin on the top?"
CHORUS

She said she said e said
She's sad, she said
She said she said she said
She's sad
She said she said she said
She's sad she said she's sad
She said she said she said
She said, "You know, the people here, all they wanna
do
Is pick you apart; trouble is, they don't have time
To put you back together again.
I hate New York. I've thought about moving, to Italy
Or Spain or Hell, maybe even Tennessee."
CHORUS
All she said
Was she's sad she said
All she said
Was she's sad

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