## Madeleine Peyroux "Was I?"

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Sweet young thing of sixteen
Thought I'd step out one night
I longed to get the thrilling life i've missed
I met a youth
A bit uncouth
Although he seemed alright
I knew him by the moment when we kissed

Then I got home, next day with a swollen head My girlfriend asked if i'd had fun I said,

"was I drunk?

was he handsome?

Did momma give me hell?

Did I get a thrill?

Am I full of quiver?

Was he rough?

Did I care?

Am I glad I fell?

Every time I think of him do I shiver?

Was he hot?

And was I?

And would he stand for maybe?

He would not?

Did I lie?

Does he still think i'm a baby?

If I was, am I still?

Do I care?

Don't be silly

Was I drunk?

Was he handsome?

And did momma give me hell?

Was I drunk?

Was he handsome?

Did momma give me hell?

With his hands loose as no refusin'

Did he fight?

Was I blue?

Almost shamed to tell

And I don't know yet the system he was usin'

Well I said, stop, please, behave!
Well what's the use of breathin'?
He said, give
So I gave
After all, what was I savin'?
Am I glad?
Holy gee,
Have I had fun, you're askin' me?
Was I drunk?
Was he handsome?
And did momma give me hell?"

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