

Martha Wainwright

"Ball And Chain"

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Got your hand up all in my shirt
And you know that it hurts
Ball & chain
My ball & chain

Crossing the street you look so fine
Making up everything that's in my mind
Ball & chain
Ball & chain

You are the same with your balls & your chains

Bend me over the back of the carseat
Take me down to Easy Street
Ball & chain
Ball & chain

You are the same with your balls & your chains
Oh yeah
Oh yeah
Why does this always happen?
Why does this always happen?
Why?
Why?
Yeah

Yeah, her tits were higher than mine
With a waist that is sugar-fine
I heard she could read & write too
And she's getting a degree in Fucking U

Sexual Psychology
It's easier than philosophy
It's easier than chemistry
Where's my chemisty?

Why does this always happen?
Oh why does this always happen?
Why?
Why?
Why?

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