

## Was I?

Madeleine Peyroux

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?"