

# Nothing Hurts Worse

Father John Misty

Every time I tune up this thing  
I'm reminded of what it feels like to break a string  
And my hand reacts like a wounded woman  
And nothing hurts worse

Baby, be patient with me  
Please don't get angry  
If I can't stay  
Oh I'd love to see you in the daylight  
Before we book the chapel  
Before I make you my wife

Every time I climb the riser to drum  
I'm reminded of what a song writing failure I've become  
And my pride reacts like a wounded woman  
And nothing hurts worse

Guys, be patient with me  
Please don't get angry  
When I act that way  
Oh I'd break some bottles and celebrate  
The dreamer still in me  
Is in a total ingrain

Every time I tune up this thing  
I'm reminded of what it feels like to break a string  
And my hand reacts like a wounded woman  
And nothing hurts worse...