

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...