

The Ideal Husband

Father John Misty

Julian

He's gonna take my files

Every woman that I've slept with
Every friendship I've neglected
Didn't call when grandma died
I spend my money getting drunk and high
I've done things unprotected
Proceeded to drive home wasted
Bought things to win over siblings
I've said awful things, such awful things

And now

Now it's out

And now

Now it's out

Julian

He's gonna take my files

Telling people jokes to shut them up
Resenting people that I love
Sleep in 'til two then doin' shit
Just stay in bed and later lie 'bout it
Obsessing over greying hair
Knowing just what people wanna hear
Binging on unearned attention
I've said awful things, such awful things

And now

Now it's out

And now

Now it's out

I came by at seven in the morning
Seven in the morning, seven in the morning
I came by at seven in the morning
I said, "Baby, I'm finally succumbing"
Said something dumb like "I'm tired of running"
Tired of running, tired of running"
Let's put a baby in the oven
Wouldn't I make the ideal husband?