

# Buttercup

Lucinda Williams

You talk about the junk you did,  
Like you talk about climbing trees.  
You look like a little kid,  
With bruises on your knees.

You will never cop,  
To the damage that's been done.  
You will never stop,  
Cos it's too much fun.

Now you want somebody to be your buttercup,  
Good luck finding your buttercup.

You already suck me dry,  
Can't do it any more honey.  
You rough me up and make me cry,  
And you wanna borrow money.

You say you feel like a failure,  
And wish you could take it all back.  
Well honey I gotta tell you,  
It's a little too late for that.

Now you want somebody to be your buttercup,  
Good luck finding your buttercup.

Glory is an act of the other  
You're always feeling bad  
Maybe you couldn't talk to your mother,  
Or stand up to your dad.

You want my forgiveness,  
That I'll give to you.  
But you got yourself in this mess,  
There's nothing I can do.

Now you want somebody to be your buttercup,  
Good luck finding your buttercup.

First time I saw you,  
You would make me melt.  
The last time I saw you,  
You hit below the belt.

You might have a beautiful mouth,  
You might have beautiful eyes.  
But soon or later, it'll all go south,  
You tell too many lies.

Now you want somebody to be your buttercup,  
Good luck finding your buttercup.  
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