

## I Wish I Were

Martha Wainwright

I can hardly move  
And I sure can't groove  
And I can hardly see why I'm so afraid  
And the days are long  
I can't get rid of what's wrong  
It's plain to see  
But the problem is, is, is in me

I wish I were  
A singer  
A dancer  
Dancing for your love

Am I somewhere in the middle  
Do I count at being special  
Is there a sincerity in anything I say  
Do I know what anything means  
Can I see

I listen to the radio  
Not music but the talk shows  
I watch a lot of PBS and BBC  
I don't want to meet the press  
I'm scared, I'm scared of what I see  
The only thing I recognize  
Is the pain in my side  
And the hunger that I feel  
Is the only thing that is real

I wish I were  
A singer  
A dancer  
Dancing for your love