

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