

Jealousy

Natalie Merchant

Ooh, jealousy
Ooh, my jealousy

Is she fine, so well-bred
The perfect girl, a social deb?
And is she the sort, that you've always thought
Could make, could make you what you're not?

Ooh, jealousy
Ooh, my jealousy

Is she smart, so well-read
Are there books, are there novels by her bed?
And is she the sort that you've always said
Could satisfy your head?

Ooh, jealousy
La, la, la ooh, my jealousy
Na, na, na, na my jealousy

Does she talk, the way I do?
Is her voice, is her voice reminding you
Of the promises, the little white lies, too
Sometimes, tell me, while she's touching you
Just by mistake, accidentally, do you say my name?