

# Please

Nellie McKay

I mean I must have said  
Please Lord, send me a hard-luck childhood  
Please Bub, spare me a hot romance  
Please lady, gift me with genius, not pleasure  
Please Mrs. Henry, start me off without a chance

I must have said  
Please sir, let me lay in the sewer that claimed me  
And let me wallow there even as I lose my sea  
Please Mr. Hula-Hoop, keep on ballistic  
You must be a man that got to be so sadistic  
Please Lord, I just love being me

For every mom and pop and college green  
The harvest moon, a lynchin' tree  
'Cause an Americana misery  
Makes what a mess of me

That underwater conversation  
Hasn't got a clue  
She should know [Incomprehensible]