My Man

Regina Spektor

My man don't treat me right
Don't kiss me sweet good night
Don't buy me flowers to smell
Oh, he's a rotten boy from hellMy man don't treat me good
He eats up all my food
And he leaves me such a mess
They say I'm cursed
But I am blessed'Cause he loves me, he loves me
He really, really loves me
And his eyes are bluer than the bluest sky above the city
You don't agree? Well, what a pity!
He love me, yes, he does
My man don't treat me sweet
He walks the empty street
And he drinks, and smokes, and swears
And they say he doesn't careMy man
He breaks my heart
He tears me all apart
And he leaves me such a mess
They say I'm cursed
But I am blessed'Cause he loves me, he loves me
He really, really loves me, and his
Eyes are bluer than the bluest sky above the city
Don't agree? Well, what a pity!
He love me, yes, he does
Oh
My man
I love him so
He'll never know
All my life is just a spare
But I don't care
When he takes me in his arms
The world is bright
All rightBum, bum, bum, bumWhat's the difference if I say
I'll go away?
When I know I'll come back on
My knees, someday
For whatever my man is
I'm his, forevermore
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