

## Coyote

Jenny Owen Youngs

Well, you're traipsing up and down my backyard.  
Guess you caught a duck,  
Digging through my trashcans  
With that white rope tied around your neck.  
You mistake me for some Southern goddess,  
Some Delta girl done wrong,  
But I'm fixin' to knock through whatever I have to  
To stay silent and get gone.

One, two, three.  
I hate me.  
There's no one else who I know how to be.  
Four, five, six.  
Oh, your body makes me sick,  
But don't take it away from me just yet.

There's no one I can think of  
That I can stand less than you.  
Don't you want to touch my hands before you go?

I think I'm confused.

I can feel my food digesting,  
And I'm begging it to cease.  
Oh, my stomach's crushed against my lungs  
And - yeah, oh yeah - oh, pushing at my seams,  
But I see the way you eye me up  
Like a chunk of meat, like a chunk of meat gone bad,  
Like you're wishing I was something still worth having.  
You can go ahead, go ahead and have.

One, two, three.  
I still hate me.  
There's no one else who I know how to be.  
Four, five, six.  
Oh, your body makes me sick.  
Don't take it away from me just yet.

There's no I can think of  
That I can stand less than you.  
Don't you want to touch my hand before you go?  
I think I'm confused.