

Like You

Kristin Hersh

Excuse me, a doormat is good honest work
Only the bored and the wicked rich don't know that
Excuse me, you poor man, let's skip this town
Who me? Oh man, was that out loud ?

Ow ... Whoa, I'm on my own here
You know, the devil may care

You make this groovy, you make me laugh
You make me woozy, a wet doormat
It wasn't like that

You nature lover, you country punk
You bowl me over, and I'm not that drunk
You're one in a million, you're one in two
You're not like women, and I'm not like you
I'm not like you, I'm not like you

Your spell is broken but I'm still here
Your mouth is open, guess I don't care

You make this groovy, you make me laugh
You make me woozy, a wet doormat

You're one in a million, you're one in two
You're not like women, and I'm not like you
I'm not like you, I'm not like you