

## Doormat

No Doubt

Woo hey! Uh uh - no way  
No way complain huh  
I'm not your doormat, your floormat  
So don't wipe your feet on me  
I'm not the only Garibaldi  
Well there's more fish in the sea  
I'm not your puppy, your goldfish  
So don't treat me like a pet  
Hey I'm not your butterfly  
So don't chase me with your net

I'm not your kneaded eraser  
So don't you wear me down  
I'm not your sledge, uh sledge hammer  
I'm no tool, that you pound  
I'm not your blacktop, for hopscotch  
So don't jump all over me  
I'm not the place where the dogs roam  
At the bottom of the tree

Don't you treat me like I have no feelings  
Don't you treat me like that, I have feelings

Don't treat me like that  
Don't you treat me like that  
Don't treat me like that  
Don't you treat me like that!

Uh yeah yeah oh oh na uh uh

Woo hoo ooh ooh

I'm not your carefree, nor sugarless  
Like the gum on your shoe,  
I'm not the ring 'round your finger  
Nor am I wrapped around you  
I'm not your shoe string, your rope thing  
So don't tie me in a knot  
I'm not your asphalt, with oil spots  
So don't use me as a parking lot

Don't you treat me like I have no feelings  
Don't you treat me like that, I have feelings  
Don't you treat me like I have no feelings  
Yeah feelings feelings feelings feelings huh!