

## **Barenaked Ladies**

### **"I Know"**

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I know why I like you  
It's 'cause of your haircut and your clothing  
And 'cause you're racist.  
I have a match; your face,  
My asking you questions you can't answer  
You want to box me?

Our world works in a weird way  
I've heard them say a man with a beard may  
Frighten children or dogs but a moustache scares me  
more

I know why you bite me  
It's cause of your canines and your instincts  
And 'cause I kicked you  
I have a bone to pick;  
Please go on the paper and fetch me my slippers  
And stop meowing.

Man's best friend wags his tail and  
Bares his teeth to the man with the mail and  
Though he's frightened of thunder he never goes to  
war

Tell me what's the circumstance of circumcision?

And what goes in my daughter's pants is whose  
decision?  
I've seen the facts of inter-race relations,  
Of see-through slacks, of cyber-masturbation;  
If a hundred monkeys each could get their own show,  
Perhaps one day a chimp might say  
You have faith, you just need to use it sayeth the Lord

I know why I like you  
It's 'cause of your sandals and your supper  
and 'cause you're Jesus  
I have a match; your Dad, my dad has  
Your picture right next to your mother's  
And one of Charo

They hold hands up in heaven

And they say that their son's name is Kevin  
But I read in a book somewhere that his name is Jack.

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