

Gwen Stacy

"Doormat"

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I'm not your doormat, your floormat
So don't wipe your feet on me
I'm not the only garibaldi
There's more fish in the sea
I'm not your puppy, nor goldfish
So don't treat me like your pet
I'm not your butterfly, so don't try
To chase me with your net I'm not your kneaded eraser
So don't you wear me down
I'm not your sledge, 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! 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

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