

Humble Gods

"A Nifty Little Number Like You"

Visit "[A Nifty Little Number Like You](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You smell like a field
Cow-shit in the midsummer sun
I must have been mad
But I gave you all the bread that I had
(Ooh, that's bad)
Your mother's a freak
You know, she made me weak in my knees
Yes, you're under her thumb
Why don't you pack your bags and run
(And run)
You thought I was hooked
Showing me off to your friends
Wearing me like a badge
Was the only kick you ever had
(Hey, that's bad)
I tried to re-arrange your head
And show you where you were
But you were too thick
Then your mother bust her gut
And tried to make me think like her
But I was too quick
Isn't it sad
Well, I pity you now I'm not there
Yes, I hope you pull through
But you're locked in your social zoo
Please shave your legs
Come on, put down that horse and behave
You know, I've seen it before
I ain't never gonna see it no more, no, no, no
Oh, yeah
Well, your whole domestic scene
And the way your life was run
It made me so sick
(So sick)
That a nifty little number like you
Could show anyone a few tricks

Visit [Humble Gods](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

