

Jenny Lewis

"Coyote"

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Well you're trespassing up and down my backyard
Guess you caught a duck
Digging through my trashcans with that white rope tied
around your neck
You mistake me for some Southern goddess
Some Delta girl done wrong
But I'm fixing to knock through whatever I have to
To stay silent and get gone

One

Two

Three

I hate me

There's no one else who I know how to be

Four

Five

Six

Oh

Your body makes me sick but don't take it away from
me just yet

There's no one I can think of that I can stand less than
you

Don't you want to touch my hands before you go

I think I'm confused

I can feel my food digesting and I'm begging it to
cease

Oh

My stomach's crushed against my lungs

And

Yeah

Oh yeah

Oh

Pushing at my seams

But I see the way you eye me up like a chunk of meat

Like a chunk of meat gone bad

Like you're wishing I was something still worth having

You can go ahead

Go ahead and have

One
Two
Three
I still hate me
There's no one else who I know how to be
Four
Five
Six
Oh
Your body makes me sick
Don't take it away from me just yet

There's no I can think of that I can stand less than you
Don't you want to touch my hand before you go
I think I'm confused

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