

## Jenny Owen Youngs "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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