

Kristin Hersh

"Like You"

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Excuse me, a doormat, good honest work
Only the bored and the wicked rich don't know that
Excuse me, you poor man, let's skip this town
Who me? Oh man, was that out loud? Oww

Whoa, I'm on my own here
You know, the Devil may care
You make this groovy, you make me laugh
You make me woozy, a wet doormat
It wasn't like that

You nature lover, you country punk
You bowl me over, and I'm not that drunk
You're one in a million, you're one in two
(Ahh)
You're not like women and I'm not like you
(Ahh)
I'm not like you
(Ahh)
I'm not like you
(Ahh)

Your spell is broken but I'm still here
Your mouth is open, I guess I don't care
You make this groovy, you make me laugh
You make me woozy, a wet doormat
You're one in a million, you're one in two
(Ahh)
You're not like women, and I'm not like you
(Ahh)
I'm not like you
(Ahh)
I'm not like you
(Ahh)

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