

Menomena

"Pique"

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I made you my best friend
And I gave you reason to believe
You were emotionally sated
And socially complete
When I grew up you grew lonely
Now I can't be what you need

I'm nothing if I'm nothing but a yes man
I try my best, I guess my best is not enough

And now I'm getting used to getting used by you
So much so that I'm starting to feel right at home
On the whipping post

You're in my bones and you're in my teeth
Imperfect form from imperfect seeds
And in the end I know that I can never let go
Cause pound for pound I know you'd let me

Now you made me
With no clue as how to raise me
To be a stand-up man
You brought me into the sh*tshow
Without a penny or a plan

Now I'm a failure
Cursed with male genitalia
A parasitic f*ck
With no clue as to what men do
Impossible to love...

You're in my bones and you're in my teeth
Imperfect form from imperfect seeds
And in the end I know that I can never let go
Cause pound for pound I know you'd let go of you and
me
You're in my bones

I'm nothing if I'm nothing but a yes man
I try my best, I guess my best is not enough
And now I'm getting used to getting used by you

So much so that I'm starting to feel right at home...

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