

## Patty Larkin

### "Don't"

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Don't  
By Patty Larkin  
Don't want to make nobody angry  
Don't want to wish nobody dead  
Don't want to tell nobody to go to hell  
And end up in hell instead

I remember eight years old  
And the boys were throwing apples at my head  
They were laughing Sunday morning  
At my black eye and my brand new dress

Don't believe I want a Happy Meal  
Don't believe blondes have more fun  
Don't believe those pills will make me feel  
Loved by everyone

When I spin that radio dial around  
And hear nothing but "We've Only Just Begun"  
I swear some guy in a suit somewhere  
Is laughing at his little fun

I wear a helmet and a seatbelt at home  
Thought that would save me but it won't  
I bolt the door and now there's strangers on the phone  
It's not what they say it's what they Don't

Don't want to make nobody angry  
Don't want to wish nobody dead  
Don't want to be the girl on the tilt-a-whirl  
Hanging by a thread

Does Virtual Reality mean  
All of this is only in my head  
There we both pull up to the big red stop  
And the cop says "Go ahead"

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