

Humble Pie, A Nifty Little Number Like You

You smell like a field
Cow-shirt in midsummer sun
I must have been mad
But I gave you all the bread that I had
Your mother's a freak
She made me weak in my knees
You're under her thumb
Why don't you pack your bags and run
Isn't it sad
I pity you now I'm not there
I hope you pull through
But you're locked in your social zoo
I tried to re-arrange your head
And show you where you were
But you were too sick
Then your mother bust her guf
And tried to make me think like her
But I was too quick
You thought I was hooked
Showing me off to your friends
Wearing me like a badge
Was the only kick you ever had
Please shave your legs
Put down that horse and behave
I seen it before
I ain't never gonna see it no more
You whole domestick scene
And the way your life was run
Made me so sick
That a nifty little number like you
Could show anyone a few tricks