

Jenny Owen Youngs, Coyote

Well you're traipsin' up and down my backyard
Get too cold, I'd die
Diggin' 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 fixin' the knot through whatever I have to
To stay silent, 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
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 digestin'
And I'm beggin' it to cease
My stomach's crushed against my lungs and you're, you're pushin' at my seams
And I seen the way you eye me up
Like a chunk of meat, like a chunk of meat gone bad
Like you were 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 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