

# 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