

# Kristin Hersh, Like You

Excuse me, a doormat is good honest work...  
Only the bored and the wicked rich don't know that  
Excuse me, poor man, let's skip this town  
Who me?  
Oh man, was that out loud?  
Ow...Whoa, I'm on my own here  
you know, the devil may care  
You make this groovy, you make me laugh  
You make me woozy, a wet doormat  
It wasn't like that  
You nature lover, you country punk  
You bowl me over, and I'm not that drunk  
You're one in a million you're one in two  
You're not like women, and I'm not like you  
Your spell is broken but I'm still here  
Your mouth is open, guess I don't care...