

# Piebald, Look I Just Don't Like You

It doesn't look good to me. So I'm sleeping outside your room.  
I've been making plans. I've been saying my goodbyes.  
I've been shaking hands coming fresh from the beauty salon.  
I've been taking a chance. Take it back where it comes from.  
I've been making demands. Got my hand in the cookie jar.  
Were you born in a barn or just yesterday.  
Would losing be that bad. Would it be that terrible.  
Tie me up with yarn. Well, it's not inescapable.  
Hold me down with bricks or even a staple.  
Can you please get off my coast and coat.  
I would like to leave. This is why I hate credit cards.  
Little body mighty hand.  
I've got things to hide and nothing to offer.  
Maybe one good smile, but that can't buy you a governor.  
Where's the changing tide? Where's the nail in the coffin?  
Leave my brain outside. I am no longer a buffer.