

R.E.M., Binky The Doormat

This is horror movie stuff.
The muffin is peach, you're 'makin' love'.
You mean this opera involves handcuffs?
I lay defeated.
Yeah, sour milk mouth, horseradish sweet.
She's a girl and she's loving me.
But distance is my tendency.
I am defeated.

have you lost your place?
I wore my doormat face.
I hung my this or that.
I laid my welcome mat.

If I'm your oyster, where's the war?
You leave me gasping, tattered and torn.
I know you can't find a fork.
I am just a little acorn.
Well, acorns grow to mighty trees.
You've got sauce, but you don't have knees.
Now look who's asking pretty please.
I lay defeated.

Have you lost your place?
I wore my doormat face.
I hung my this or that.
I laid my welcome mat.

Call your bathroom friends around.
I will fake a little frown.
I will be your little clown,
Easily defeated.
Yeah, shut the door and open wide.
Seconal and astroglide.
Fuck with me and traumatize.
Don't you see I love your hide?
All the beauty that's trapped inside.
Can't you see I love your hide?
Can't you see I love your hide?
Can't you see it?

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