

Rodriguez, Like Janis

And you measure for wealth by the things you can hold
And you measure for love by the sweet things you're told
And you live in the past or a dream that you're in
And your selfishness is your cardinal sin.

And you want to be held with highest regard
It delights you so much if he's trying so hard
And you try to conceal your ordinary ways
With a smile or a shrug or some stolen cliché.

'Cos emotionally you're the same basic trip
And you know that I know of the times that you've slipped
So don't try to impress me, you're just pins and paint
And don't try to charm me with things that you ain't.

And don't try to enchant me with your manner of dress
'Cos a monkey in silk is a monkey no less
So measure for measure reflect on my said

And when I won't see you then measure it dead.

'Cos don't you understand, and don't you look about
I'm trying to take nothing from you
So why should you act so put out for me?