

Playing Dead

Breathe Owl Breathe

I know that you don't love me
I know you hate my guts
I know the nasty things you say
About me, to those slutsWell, maybe I'm a weasel
 Maybe I'm a liar
 Maybe I'm a skinny punk
 Who couldn't change a tireI'm laying down
 I'm playing dead
 I ain't fetchin' no stick
 No way, babyI've always been this pasty
 I've always been this shape
 I'm just a teensy-weensy thing
 Passed on by itsy-bitsy apesI'm laying down
 I'm playing dead
 I ain't fetchin' no stick
 No way, babyYou know that you could train me
 You know I'd sit and beg
 But you think I'm just a dirty dog
 That tried to hump that pretty legI'm laying down
 I'm playing dead
 I ain't fetchin' no stick
 No way, baby

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