

Support System

[Liz Phair](#)

I don't need a support system, lifting me into prop position
What I need is a man of action, I need my attraction to you
Driving me down all those dangerous avenues
Lions and tigers tearing at their food I know the gossip flies around at breakfast
One of them reins is in your hand
Where do you get the fuck off thinking I was there at the party?
'Cause all my friends feed me the evil reasons Why you and I should not be friends?
Let's think this whole thing through
Tell me, just what the hell is a lover supposed to do?
I got the wrong reaction, a slap in the face from you This is such a stupid picture
Wrap me in a steak
Why don't you throw me in the panther cage?
And maybe then I'll like you better
No way I don't need a support system, lifting me into prop position
What they make is a separation of beauty from attitude
What satisfaction is left when all you do
Tells everyone you're acting untrue? This is such a stupid picture
Light a cigarette
Why don't you stub it in the carburetor
And maybe then you'll sell me something
No way I don't need a support system, put your hand on my heart and listen
What I need is a dedication to last me all the way through
Pointing the finger, I'm counting on loving you
Over and above the passion, I'm connected to you

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