Doormat

Rigger

Whoo, hey
Knock-ock-ock, knock away
Oh and okay
Huh, take a hook ta
Well, I'm not your doormat, your floormat
Don't wipe your feet on me
I'm not the only Garibaldi
But there's more fish in the sea
I'm not your puppy, your goldfish
So don't treat me like a pet
Hey, I'm not your butterfly
Don't chase me with your net
I'm not your kneaded eraser
So don't you wear me down
I'm not your sledge, uh, sledge hammer
I'm no tool that you pound
I'm not your blacktop for hopscotch
So don't jump all over me
I'm not the place where the dogs roam
At the bottom of the tree

Don't you treat me like I have no feelings
Don't you treat me like that, I have feelings
Don't treat me like that, don't you treat me like that
Don't treat me like that, don't you treat me like that
I'm not your carefree, nor sugarless
Like the gum on your shoe
I'm not the ring 'round your finger
Nor am I wrapped 'round you
I'm not your shoe string, your rope thing
Don't tie me in a knot
I'm not your asphalt, with oil spots
Don't use me as a parking lot
Don't you treat me like I have no feelings
Don't you treat me like that, I have feelings
Don't you treat me like I have no feelings, yeah
Feelings
Feelings
Feelings

Feelings
Huh

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