

# Like You

Kristin Hersh

Excuse me, a doormat, good honest work  
Only the bored and the wicked rich don't know that  
Excuse me, you poor man, let's skip this town  
Who me? Oh man, was that out loud? OwwWhoa, I'm on my own here  
You know, the Devil may care  
You make this groovy, you make me laugh  
You make me woozy, a wet doormat  
It wasn't like thatYou nature lover, you country punk  
You bowl me over, and I'm not that drunk  
You're one in a million, you're one in two  
(Ahh)  
You're not like women and I'm not like you  
(Ahh)  
I'm not like you  
(Ahh)  
I'm not like you  
(Ahh)Your spell is broken but I'm still here  
Your mouth is open, I guess I don't care  
You make this groovy, you make me laugh  
You make me woozy, a wet doormat  
You're one in a million, you're one in two  
(Ahh)  
You're not like women, and I'm not like you  
(Ahh)  
I'm not like you  
(Ahh)  
I'm not like you  
(Ahh)

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