

I Know

Barenaked Ladies

I know why I like you
It's 'cause of your clothing and your haircut
And 'cause you're racist
I have a match; your face,
My asking you questions you can't answer
You want to box me? Our world works in a weird way
I've heard them say a man with a beard may
Frighten children or dogs but a mustache scares me
More I know why you bite me
It's 'cause of your instincts and your canines
And 'cause I kicked you
I have a bone to pick,
Please go on the paper, and fetch me my slippers
And stop meowing Man's best friend wags his tail and
Bares his teeth to the man with the mail and
Though he's frightened of thunder he never goes to
War Tell me what's the circumstance of circumcision?
And what goes in my daughter's pants is whose
Decision?
I've seen the facts of inter-race relations,
Of see-through slacks, of cyber-masturbation
If a hundred monkeys each could get their own show
Perhaps one day a chimp might say
You have faith, you just need to use it, sayeth
The Lord I know why I like you
It's 'cause of your sandals and your supper
And 'cause you're Jesus
I have a match; your Dad, my dad has
Your picture right next to your mother's
And one of Charo They hold hands up in heaven
And they say that their son's name is Kevin
But I read in a book somewhere that his name is
Jack

Songwriters

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