Playing Dead

Clocked Out

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/