Don't

Patty Larkin

Don't
By Patty Larkin
Don't want to make nobody angry
Don't want to wish nobody dead
Don't want to tell nobody to go to hell
And end up in hell instead

I remember eight years old
And the boys were throwing apples at my head
They were laughing Sunday morning
At my black eye and my brand new dress

Don't believe I want a Happy Meal
Don't believe blondes have more fun
Don't believe those pills will make me feel
Loved by everyone

When I spin that radio dial around
And hear nothing but "We've Only Just Begun"
I swear some guy in a suit somewhere
Is laughing at his little fun

I wear a helmet and a seatbelt at home
Thought that would save me but it won't
I bolt the door and now there's strangers on the phone
It's not what they say it's what they Don't

Don't want to make nobody angry
Don't want to wish nobody dead
Don't want to be the girl on the tilt-a-whirl
Hanging by a thread

Does Virtual Reality mean
All of this is only in my head
Thene we both pull up to the big red stop
And the cop says "Go ahead"

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