

# Doormat

## The Relatively Calm

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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