

# Playing Dead

## Crash Test Dummies

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 sluts Well, maybe I'm a weasel  
Maybe I'm a liar  
Maybe I'm a skinny punk  
Who couldn't change a tire I'm laying down  
I'm playing dead  
I ain't fetchin' no stick  
No way, baby I've always been this pasty  
I've always been this shape  
I'm just a teensy-weensy thing  
Passed on by itsy-bitsy apes I'm laying down  
I'm playing dead  
I ain't fetchin' no stick  
No way, baby You 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 leg I'm laying down  
I'm playing dead  
I ain't fetchin' no stick  
No way, baby

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