

## 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