

## A Nifty Little Number Like You

Humble Pie

You smell like a field  
Cow-shirt in midsummer sun  
I must have been mad  
But I gave you all the bread that I had  
Your mother's a freak  
She made me weak in my knees  
You're under her thumb  
Why don't you pack your bags and run  
Isn't it sad  
I pity you now I'm not there  
I hope you pull through  
But you're locked in your social zoo  
I tried to re-arrange your head  
And show you where you were  
But you were too sick  
Then your mother bust her guff  
And tried to make me think like her  
But I was too quick  
You thought I was hooked  
Showing me off to your friends  
Wearing me like a badge  
Was the only kick you ever had  
Please shave your legs  
Put down that horse and behave  
I seen it before  
I ain't never gonna see it no more  
You whole domestick scene  
And the way your life was run  
Made me so sick  
That a nifty little number like you  
Could show anyone a few tricks