

No Doubt, Doormat

Woo hey! Uh uh - no way
No way complain huh
I'm not your doormat, your floormat
So don't wipe your feet on me
I'm not the only Garibaldi
Well 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
So 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!

Uh yeah yeah oh oh na uh uh

Woo hoo ooh ooh

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 around you
I'm not your shoe string, your rope thing
So don't tie me in a knot
I'm not your asphalt, with oil spots
So 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!