

Pearl Jam, Hey Foxyhandlemama That's Me

don't you want people to love you?
my spanking, that's the only thing i want so much...
spanking, that's the only thing i want so much...
that's the only thing i want so much...
don't you want people to love you?
my spanking, that's the only thing i want so much...
that's the only thing i want so much...
why is that better than being hugged?
why is that better than being hugged?
because you get closer to the person...
closer to the person...
why is that better than being hugged?
because you get closer to the person...
closer to the person...
just like a person having sex feels cared for...
we wanna be loved, so we have sex together...
and they feel loved about that...
and this is the way it makes me feel...loved...
i want it, i dream about it, i think about it, i want it...
just like a girl wants sex with a boy, you know?
it's the way i'll always be probably...
my last one was born in the system...
see, they're stupid, very stupid, those people over there...
they're stupid...
these people are so below mentality, honest to god, really...
you know what i mean, he got the nerve to bug me...
you know what i mean, he got the nerve to bug me...
this mentality, honest to god, really...
you know what i mean, he got the nerve to bug me...
honest to god, really...
you know what i mean, he got the nerve to bug me...
bug me...bug me...he got the nerve to bug me...
everything seems so eight ball...
everything seems so eight ball...
and i, i don't know if that's my imagination, but, umm...
hey foxyhandlemama, that's me...
and i don't know if that's my imagination, but, umm...
hey foxyhandlemama, that's me...
hey foxyhandlemama, that's me...
think they got me...
hey foxyhandlemama, that's me...hmm...
hey foxyhandlemama, that's me...
...know if that's my imagination, but, umm...
hey foxyhandlemama, that's me...
she prides herself on her cleaning habits...
she prides herself on her cleaning habits...
hey foxyhandlemama, that's me...
she prides herself on her cleaning habits...
she prides herself on her cleaning habits...
it's a lovely stupid mop, it is...
there's something really screwy about no streaking...
is it any old dumb mop? it streaks...
come on mop, no streaking mop...
i don't mind mop the floor, my mop streaks, i don't like it...
it's not me, it's the mop...
come, i bought some new mops...
go away you stupid, dumb old sponge mop...
i don't believe it...now the floor looks beautiful...
i don't believe it...now the floor looks beautiful...
i don't believe it...old sponge mop...
dumb old sponge mop...
dumb old sponge mop...
old sponge mop...
dumb old sponge mop...

you're right, this mop's stupid...
dumb old sponge mop...
i don't believe it...now the floor looks beautiful...
that's why they call me mophandlemama...
now the floor looks beautiful...
that's why they call me mophandlemama...
that's why they call me mophandlemama...
that's why they call me mophandlemama...
in two weeks, before she could see herself not dressed...
the twenty-third of may...you know she disturbed no one today...
the manager told her to completely forget...
if you ever go to bed, i'll kill you...
do i tell the whole world that i'm mentally ill?
go to the papers...yeah, why not?
drum roll...
i want to show them that i can walk on my own without hands of theirs...
and, i can still fantasize, but i keep it to myself...
keep it to myself...keep it to myself...
i think i deserve to be loved, don't you?
very much so...
think i deserve to be loved...
keep it to myself...keep it to myself...
i think i deserve to be loved, don't you?
...to be loved, don't you?
but i keep it to myself...
keep it to myself...keep it to myself...
i think i deserve to be loved, don't you?
and, i can still fantasize, but i keep it to myself...
keep it to myself...keep it to myself...
i think i deserve to be loved, don't you?
very much so...
do you ever think that you would actually, really kill yourself?
well, if i have thought about it real, uhh, real deep...
yes, i believe i would...
i have thought about it real, uhh, real deep...
yes, i believe i would...
and, i can still fantasize, but i keep it to myself...
keep it to myself...keep it to myself...
...that i can walk without hands of theirs...
and, i can still fantasize, but i keep it to myself...
keep it to myself...keep it to myself...
i think i deserve to be loved, don't you?
...that i can walk without hands of theirs...
and, i can still fantasize, but i keep it to myself...
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