

EVERYBODY LOVES ME ('cept you

I got rings on my fingers, tattoos on my toes
They all talk about me wherever I go
I've been called a wise kind of guy, and it's nice
That everyone listens when I give advice

My ego is healthy and so is my mind
The last boss I had said I'm one of a kind
Yes, I'm an unblemished, original man
And you're an enigma I can't understand

'Cause everybody loves me, 'cept you
What I can't figure out is what I should do
Brush my teeth, comb my hair, buy some new underwear
Get a job, fix my car, change my seat at the bar
'Cause it looks like I just met my Waterloo
Everybody loves me, 'cept you

I like meat and potatoes, pretzels and beer
Chewin' tobacco and huntin' for deer
I've suave (*pr: "swaive"*), I'm debonair (*pr: "day-boner"*), the picture of health
A perfect example of faith in one's self

And everybody loves me, 'cept you
What I can't figure out is what I should do
Tilt my hat, blow my nose, buy some fancy new clothes
Wear a tie, shine my shoes, get this face on the news
'Cause it looks like I just met my Waterloo
Everybody loves me, 'cept you

I polish my pick-up on weekends for fun
A home-lovin', do nothin', son-of-a-gun
I love like a Romeo, fight like a man
But this here's a battle got way out of hand

So before I shut-up, girl, here's one final word
Forget all that good stuff you probably heard
Those glowing reports of my personal wealth
There's nothin' like findin' things out fer yerself

And everybody loves me, 'cept you
What I can't figure out is what I should do
Clip my nails, lift some weights, cancel all of my dates
Play checkers, play chess, go to church and confess
I'll go here, I'll go there, just about anywhere
I'll do this, I'll do that, I'll even talk nice to my cat
'Cause it looks like I just met my Waterloo
Everybody loves me, 'cept you

Now the one thing I won't change is my attitude
Everybody loves me, everybody loves me, everybody loves me, 'cept you