

# If I just had a new lipstick



If I just had a new lipstick  
I'd feel so much better  
About myself

I'd shave my legs and do my hair  
And reshape both my brows

Mother tells me I have beautiful eyes  
"Marilyn" had nothing on me

I have all my teeth and  
I'm regular  
But am I the best I can be?

If I just had a new lipstick  
Called "passion"  
Or some other new shade

I think my life would take a turn for the better  
I think I'd have it made

# I have a right to be happy



I have a right to be happy  
and do whatever I have to do to get there.  
That's where my obligation stops.

You have to make a life for yourself and  
work out the wrinkles on your own.  
That's where your obligation begins.

Yeah, I know you're out looking for someone else  
to make you princess.  
Gettin' all dressed up to meet the train.

Maybe once you've pushed your way through all  
the platform bustle and you're standing there alone...  
Maybe then you'll get it.

No one is coming.

# Yes, I'm a rodent but...



Yes, I'm a rodent but I'm not a rat  
There is a big difference you know  
Between those who eat garbage and carry disease  
And those who make hamster wheels go

I have two big front teeth, small eyes and a tail  
Let's end the comparison there  
I have cute little ears; I was "pet of the year"  
I have light blonde not dirty gray hair

So if on my outside I remind of you of mice  
Or the rats under subway trains  
I encourage a deeper more sensitive look  
I want you to use your brains

See me as me. I'm different  
Don't pigeonhole me in your box  
I can look like or walk like or talk like  
But I'm *me*. *I'm not something I'm not!*

# I'm so proud of myself



I'm so proud of myself as I live out my days  
Dealing with every calamity  
That threatens my life or my food supply  
I'm a fox...just wily old me

When the snow fell this year and was followed by rain  
My hunting ground turned into ice  
But did I fall apart? Did I just complain  
Of how hard it was to catch mice?

Hell, I stepped up the hunt near the trees and rocks  
Where the rains had created some thaw  
And when them critters came up for a lick or a drink  
I was ready with my weapon...my paw

My pride, my friend, is justified  
Here's what I want you to see  
I'm someone with zippo resources  
My biggest resource...well...  
It's me

# This is my world...



This is my world  
And my word is the law  
I've pissed on everything  
Along the boundary lines

It's as clear as a brick wall  
You can see...  
My personal statement of limits  
Regarding me...

Instinct tells me you'll murder my cubs  
You'll destroy everything I create  
So before you do, I'll kill you  
By building a wall with no gate

No road in. No access. No ticket.  
And with thick piss and my very own scat  
I have created my boundary lines  
So now, are we real clear on that?