



Put Like a Gnome

In the lawn of your home
You want me put- like a gnome

Always questioning decisions of my own

You treat me like a dog
Might as well throw me a bone

Always non-stop calling my phone
Feeling like you're spying on me with a drone

I was always your backbone
You've kicked me and to the ground, have thrown
You've reaped what you've sown

Now that I've left you alone
you've tried to lure me with your charm
But you've made me grow a heart of stone
Not even drunken on Patrón
do I care to have you- or your clone