Mean To Me

Cat's really makin' her miserable. The way they originally did it, you could imagine a tall fat guy in a red tutu with filmy wings skippin' across the stage wavin' one of those little 9-strap s&m whips over his head.



(You're) Mean to me./ Why must you be mean to me?/ Gee,/ honey, it seems to me,/ you have to see me crying, I don't know why. I stay home,/ each/ night when you say you'll phone,/ you don't and I'm left alone,/ singin' the blues and cryin'.// |You treat me

Cold-/ly,/ |each day of the year./// /You always scold/ me,/ |when ever some-/body is near,/ dear./

It must be/ great fun to be mean to me,/ you shouldn't, for Can't you see,/ what you mean to me.// ///|