

# The Better I Knew Her, the Less I Liked Her

*by* Con Chapman

I thought that she'd be perfect—  
I thought that she'd be fine.  
I thought we'd be in love forever—  
I thought that she'd be mine.

But as I looked into her eyes  
She told me—she liked to pull wings off flies.  
The better I knew her—  
The less I liked her.



I continued to date her,  
for awhile I just played dumb.  
She told me how she once gave a raccoon  
A stick of chewing gum.

She sat and watched as he washed it  
When his paws stuck she had a laughing fit.  
The better I knew her—  
The less I liked her.

When she was a little kid,  
she painted her best friend green.  
She was sent to a Home for Wayward Girls  
as soon as she hit thirteen.

I thought that I would love her  
for her spunk and for her sass.  
But I found out she wasn't so nice  
Sugar 'n spice? My dyin' ass!

She cut off all the hair  
Above a playmate's right ear.  
Then as the little girl sat there  
She held up a plastic hand mirror.

She said "Which side do you like better?"  
That's why I've decided to forget her—  
The better I knew her—  
The less I liked her.

