

# Favorite Things

## Incubus

I'm thinking of my soul severity  
And I know everything you hate in me  
Fill me up with over-pious badgerate  
Throw them up; one of my favorite things  
Too bad the things that make you mad  
Are my favorite things  
My favorite things  
Remember all the lessons fed to me  
Me, the young sponge, so ready to agree  
Years have gone; recognize the walking dead  
Now aware that I'm alive and way ahead  
Too bad the things that make you mad  
Are my favorite things  
Hell ya  
Wo ya  
I'm so happy  
I see you looking  
I know that you're thinking  
That I'll never go anywhere  
The things that I've done  
And the things that I've seen  
I don't really expect you to care  
Go!  
Too bad the things that make you mad  
Are my favorite things  
Hell ya  
Wo ya  
I'm so happy  
Too bad the things that make you mad  
Are my favorite  
Too bad the things that make you mad  
Are my favorite things.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>