

Arab Strap, Fucking Little Bastards

I don't like the words that the birds are singing.
I hate their ugly voices and the messages they're bringing.
But if everyone can start again and everyone can win
then I'll re-arrange the place that I'm in.

And I can't stick the way that they flap and flutter.
They whisper I'm a cunt and they cackle and they mutter.
But I'm sure I heard them reassure me everything ends
as I walked away from all my fake friends.

They've scrutinised the mistakes I've been making.
They know who I've fucked, they know what I've taken.
They've seen me in the shower with shit down my legs.
They've seen me searching a stranger's house for dregs.

I used to think they loved me, but now I know it's pity
and they know that they can always flee this fucking city.
They even said they'd help me out and give me a head start
and they know that these days my cock's as numb as my heart.

New blood flows.
Old faces go.
I like the new ones better.
I think I like these girls.
Feels like I've travelled miles.
Now I want to party all the time.
Now I want to party all the time again.