

Babybird, The Life

I got this no good, dead wood, motherfucking itch and i am going to hell
They got this small pen, fat pig, 2 foot by one and it's beginning to smell
I got this low-brow, white trash smoking my tongue and i'm being kissed
Like a kid
They got this hi-fi, big sound bleeding my ears and i can't get rid

I got the life
I never thought
That i'd be born with
But now i'm itching
For you to scratch me
Like all the records that your needle has worn

I got a six-pack, big ship no deck kid who couldn't write when he sung
He took a mic in his hand like a prick on a rope and waited there to be swung
They got this big light, white wash spot on his tan and watched it burning
His skin
And then the hi-fi, white trash smoking my ear
Got his face kicked in

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That i'd be born with
But now i'm itching
For you to scratch me
Like all the records that your needle has worn

With the screen round my face, covered in light
I will never go blind
I got this cable satellite nibbling my eyes
But i can't switch off my mind
I got this low-brow, white trash licking my skull
And it feels so good
It's got this big pull, half-full little buzz
That i've misunderstood

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That i'd be born with
But now i'm itching
For you to scratch me
Like all the records that your needle has worn