

Biffy Clyro, A Man Of His Appalling Posture

Conglomerate inspection, we'll breed that infection, release it to the world
We'll blame it on the girls, we'll blame it on the boys, again, again, again, again
Taste the infection and tolerate rejection, we'll feed it to the world
We'll blame it on the girls, we'll blame it on the boys, again, again, again
Then you try and you're faking it, open up cos' you're faking it
But in time everyone, and they'll know, goddamn you'll know
Feels like everything's a farce, take it on your head
When you're faking it, open up cos' you're faking it
Wait for a time, everyone, you'll know, Goddamn you'll know!
Feels like everything's a farce, take it on your head