

Blur, Who The Fuck?

I stole the bottle of gin from over the counter and ran,
I knew I'd been seen. I scarpered stifling giggles down
the street and hid round a corner on a side street.
I heard him huffing and the sound of his big feet against
the paving, he was getting close. As he rounded the corner
i sighted him up down the barrel of the gun and on seeing
his expression change to one of horror + confusuib jerked
back the trigger. His body was jolted back by the force of
the bullet + his feet flew foward. I saw a bright little rivulet
of blood are into the air and I slid the gin into the waistband
of my trousers.

Who you f**kin lookin at?
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Is there really a thing like feeling too much?
Can you really escape + numb the real?
There's a way of saying, a way of sayin a shape - I feel a
certain shape and it's complicated it's not like a square or
a circle It's like crystal or diamond, it's clean, hard,
unfathomable and it ends in an augmental kiss
It ends in an augmental kiss

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Rock Stars are NOT cool
They're full of his guy they call satan,
Kids stuff oozing from their mouths.
They wear the shoes of dead soldiers shot by soldiers, valium
horses trotting squeezing through their rasberry blood.
Sometimes I feel so stoopid I wanna quit - get out of it cus
I hate this world and everyone in it - The fat Bald men who
run it - the fat bald men

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