

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine, Falling On

You uwin some and you lose some
And I've lost the will to lose
With my part-time job
And my faith in God
Falling on a bruise

and this no star bed and breakfast
And insolvency abuse
Make me feel like throwing myself
Off the kitchen shelf
Falling on a bruise

And all of my unworldly goods
The bailiffs took them too
For all the ducked bills and silly sods
>From Brian Mills' catalogue
Something borrowed, bartered and blew

You win some and you lose some
And you save nothing for a rainy day
You neet your nutrasweet Daddy
Some peppermint paddy
Or just a hackneyed old cabbie
Who can drive you and your babby away

Two fives or a ten
Could get me back to you
And stop me
Falling for a bruise

(It's not that I'm agrophobic
it's just that it's not safe
To go out anymoe so I just
Stay indoors with my TV Times
My petty rimes and my nursery rhymes,
Someone said that the sound of a baby crying is the
World and beauty in the eye
Of the beholder bt as my heart
Grows colder, and colder I just
Feel so tired. The fridge is empty,
The walls are damp, there's no hot
Water and I look like a tramp and
Tramps like us baby we were born
To walk but where does a mother's
Girl go when her mother's gone?
Some you win and some you lose
I've spent my hole lifetime
Falling on a bruise and if I had
The chance to do it all again
I'd change everything)
