

Dirty Pretty Things, You Fucking Love It

She could never ever ever ever ever ever ever get it into her thick head
So when pretending ends shell have scattered her friends
And shell find shell wake up dead
Theres no card above receivers
Still its all so remote
Behind the bench at the rec
Where she lost fifty notes
(she says) I used to have a future
But now I dont know
Just dependence and repentance and a ready-brek glow
Just put your money in
Bruised and battered shins
You fucking love it
You fucking love it
Back on your feet again
Out on the beat again,
You fucking love it
Yeah yeah yeah
Drunk as a skunk
Lean as a dean
Always the same
Since she was thirteen
You want it
You lame duck
You want it
Youre out of luck
Youve always been a seedy fuck
So whats it gonna be?
Just put your money in
Bruised and battered shins
You fucking love it
You fucking love it
Back on your feet again
Out on the beat again,
You fucking love it
Yeah yeah yeah
When you boil it down
We descend from clowns to dogs
Just put your money in
Bruised and battered shins
You fucking love it
You fucking love it
Back on your feet again
Out on the beat again,
You fucking love it
Yeah yeah yeah
When you boil it down
We descend from clowns to dogs