

Fatboy, Bad News From Pretty Red Lip

I'm down on the floor down on the ground I'm knocked out by you
It's like a teenage crush in a sugar can with the date passed overdue
Every night at eight o'clock and there's just me and my color TV
I'm all set up I'm ready to go I've got to be there, be there to turn you on

But there's bad news from your pretty red lips
Sad blues with a wiggle of hips
Bad news from your pretty red lips
Sad blues from a pretty mouth you just talk to me talk to me all night long ? c'mon

A hurricane moves from down south and there's a gang war in the west
Your hairs in place, your make-up's great, and you're strictly business dressed
There's a flood in the east, the assassin of a king and a report of a missing flight
You turn to the left you turn to the right and then you wish me, you wish me a nice night

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b-b-b bad news from pretty red lips