

Graham Coxon, Who The Fuck...?

I stole the bottle of gin from over the counter and ran, I knew I'd been seen. I scarpered stifling gigg

CHORUS:

Who you fuckin lookin at?
Who the fuck you lookin at?
Who the fuck you lookin at?
Who the fuck you lookin at?

Is there really a thing like feeling too much? Can you really escape + numb the real? There's a way

REPEAT CHORUS

Rock Stars are NOT cool They're full of his guy they call satan, Kids stuff oozing from their mouths