

# John Cooper Clarke, Twat

Like a Night Club in the morning, you're the bitter end.  
Like a recently disinfected shit-house, you're clean round the bend.  
You give me the horrors  
too bad to be true  
All of my tomorrow's  
are lousy coz of you.

You put the Shat in Shatter  
Put the Pain in Spain  
Your germs are splattered about  
Your face is just a stain

You're certainly no raver, commonly known as a drag.  
Do us all a favour, here... wear this polythene bag.

You're like a dose of scabies,  
I've got you under my skin.  
You make life a fairy tale... Grimm!

People mention murder, the moment you arrive.  
I'd consider killing you if I thought you were alive.  
You've got this slippery quality,  
it makes me think of phlegm,  
and a dual personality  
I hate both of them.

Your bad breath, vamps disease, destruction, and decay.  
Please, please, please, please, take yourself away.  
Like a death a birthday party,  
you ruin all the fun.  
Like a sucked and spat our smartie,  
you're no use to anyone.  
Like the shadow of the guillotine  
on a dead consumptive's face.  
Speaking as an outsider,  
what do you think of the human race

You went to a progressive psychiatrist.  
He recommended suicide...  
before scratching your bad name off his list,  
and pointing the way outside.

You hear laughter breaking through, it makes you want to fart.  
You're heading for a breakdown,  
better pull yourself apart.

Your dirty name gets passed about when something goes amiss.  
Your attitudes are platitudes,  
just make me wanna piss.

What kind of creature bore you  
Was is some kind of bat  
They can't find a good word for you,  
but I can...  
TWAT.