

Roger Taylor, Bad Attitude

Broadsword calling Danny boy
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You know what I feel
They say I gotta
They say I gotta - a bad attitude
You wanna buy a picture of your sister in her birthday suit
No gratitude
Street tough talking but you always get screwed
Hey your face don't fit burn down the school
Only way to stay cool gotta break some rules
Systems made for fools
No aptitude
You get real slow and you slide into decrepitude
It's all platitudes
This one way street always ends in penal servitude
Get out there (get out there)
Get on the street go on and break some rules
You know what I feel
You know what I feel
Rip it up - I gotta bad attitude
Tear it down - I gotta bad attitude
A bad attitude
You can't think straight when you're raised on junk food
No solitude
Somebody help me gotta getta grip on my latitude
You're just a destitute
Your folks don't like it when they see you starring on the news
You know what I feel
You know what I feel
Rip it up - I gotta bad attitude
Tear it down - I gotta bad attitude
You're just a destitute
Some kind of prostitute
Sometimes I just wanna sit back and relax and get me some pulchritude (ha ha)
Lets get stewed
Get crude
A bad attitude
Rip it up - I gotta bad attitude
Tear it down - I gotta bad attitude
Rip it up - I gotta bad attitude
Tear it down - I gotta bad attitude
So don't tell me what I gotta do
I'm sick of wise guys feeding me all these verisimilitudes
I ain't a fool
You'd better watch out honey - I'm one pissed off dude
I gotta bad attitude