

Babybird, The F Word

Wanna get low
Wanna get high
Glue's in the bag like the clouds in the sky
Sticks to the cider, sticks to your lips
Wanna get the spiders off my hips
Try and make out when you don't get kissed
You wanna get it up but she broke your wrist
Dad's got your arms and mother's got your fists
Crossing off the kids on their xmas list
Chorus:
The f-word's here
But the f-word's bad
Cuss my mother
And cuss my dad
But i love my mother
And i love my dad
Wanna have all that they never had x2
Wanna get high
Wanna get low
Girl's got your bottle and she won't let go
So you grow up fast
You can't blow down
Make another kid with a bag for a crown
Mother's in a car, dad's at the door
Love's got an applehead bitten to the core
Plugged-up eyes
Socket's all raw
Try to plug the gap but you wonder what for
Chorus x4