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