

Bullshit Baby, Bullshit Baby

Look at this from my point of view,
Try to try hard though it's tough for you
Concentrate on all of the depth,
There is much, you see, won't do with restraint
What's the point in searchin' for
Forced applause, "What may they want?"
Pickin' holes of a whacking dose,
You like groping - go on, grope
This is Bullshi Baby
There's nothing for sure, nothing constraint
No wry smiles, frankness 'till the end
No deceit, no ganging up on things
We never calculate, no pinch of vaseline
Won't end up as a laxative
More as a bracer, envy eraser
Your bitten nails and your pulled out hair
Inexpressive bluster, condolence
This is Bullshit Baby