

Fred Avril, Like Everybody Else

She said it has to stop,
So she tidied up the flat.
Babe, what d'you think of that?
Well it's what depressing we men often do.
Don't complain that I'm depressed
For you know who's to blame.
Oh here you go again.
Now you'll tell me you're just like everybody else.

You know I am,
But as for you I think you've changed.
You're acting very strange.
And have we made our minds I'll be the same.
That's rich coming from you
And your stupid fucking friends.
Can't you let me be myself?
And live my life like everybody else?

Oh it was once so strong, how could it fall apart?
From flowers in my hands,
I now feel like are daggers in my heart.
How funny you say that,
When all you do is kill.
But that's my only skill.
I practice it like everybosity else.
Oh but if you stop with all these murders you comit,
We can leave behind the shit,
And live a life like everybody else.
I don't hear you complain, when I hand over cash,
So that you can dress real flash
And make out you're like everybody else.
Like everybody else.

Believe me when I say:
"I've really had my fill.
If one more time you kill,
I'll grass you to the bill."
Well don't even think of it,
You know what I would do,
You would get what's due to you.

What you deserve like everybody else.
You saw what happened when that German misbehaved.
You might think that I'm depraved.
But I dare to you what others only dream.
Ok, say that again, it really turns me on,
That is how my heart was won,
By you and no by anybody else.