

Frenzal Rhomb, I Love Fucking Up

I liked you better you were running on top
Taught you to dance and you told me to stop
Get on the freeway at two hundred and five
That's not the limit when you're learning to drive
I always marvel at decisions I make
Eight hundred thousand two hundred and fifty mistakes
No good a fighting and I'm no good in bed
Thought it was raining when you pissed down my leg
I'm having trouble with my Saturday night
Thought your stool sample was vegemite
I broke my arm when I was going berserk
And now I play the guitar but my fingers don't work
'cause I love fucking up
I got a stereo I couldn't afford
I got a mobile and I asked for a cord
Two speed automatic washing machine
I took it to the Laundromat to get my clothes clean
I always wonder at the decisions I make
Twenty seven hundred thousand stupid mistakes
'cause I love fucking up
I thought I can't get no satisfaction was by the Rollins band
And I can't get no girly action unless it's with my hand
Another funny anecdote, at my expense
I didn't find it that funny, thought it didn't make sense
Sentences I can't construct
Teenagers I will corrupt
'cause I love fucking up
I thought I can't get no satisfaction was by the Rollins band
And I can't get no girly action unless it's with my hand
If the the deaf dumb blind kid gave a speech then I would interrupt
'casue I love fucking up