

Frenzal Rhomb, You Can't Move Into My House

Hope you don't think I'm rude
Fuck You
Hope you don't think I'm precious
Fuck You
Hope you see I'm well adjusted:
I can't stand the sight of you
I don't wanna be starting something
I don't want to antagonise,
All I said was something simple:
I can't stand the sight of you,
I can't stand the sight of you.
Don't believe, don't believe the words
I don't believe all the things I've heard about you.
I will be saying this in your defense:
I'd rather eat a fridge full of arses than know you.
And I've tried with all my might to see past
All your failings but I've failed to give a fuck
You're a fuck-up, you're a joke,
You're a clown, take your pants down,
Get fucked you fucking fuckwit
You can't move into my house.
With a range of ethics that are quite perverse
You're sitting in the centre of your own universe
Not content to sit upon the fence, you'll fall
either way ignoring common sense
I look into your eyes and seen a haze
of your twisted sensibilities and little saving grace.
---Chorus---
I believe, I believe the words, of your
best friend when he likened you to a steaming turd.
And when he said he wished that you were dead,
It was the most intelligent thing that anyone's ever said.
And I've tried with all my might to see past
all your failings but I failed to give a fuck.
---chorus ad nauseum---