

Grinspoon, Hard Act To Follow

You're a hard act to follow
Such a fine lookin' fellow
I hear you're bell's yellow
You're a hard act to swallow

It kind of makes me sick
The way you turn those tricks
Come on and light it up
I want to feel the rush
I'll be shooting for thrills when I
walk out that door
You say it's hard to care anymore

Kills, Thrills and Sunday pills
I'm on a mission to kill still cause
nothin' thrills

You're hooked on coke
and hoochie
I want my milk and cookies
You know you're wife looked pretty
I think you're wife looked pretty
I'll be shootin' for thrills when
I walk out that door
You say it's hard to care anymore

Kills, Thrills and Sunday pills
I'm on a mission to kill still cause
nothin' thrills
I can't help missin' you still
well i always will
Kills, Thrills and Sunday pills

Alright

I'll be shootin' for thrills when
I walk out that door
Don't turn around and say you
need me anymore
Poppin' pieces of pills wup off the
lounge room floor
You say it's hard to care anymore

Kills, Thrills and Sunday pills
I'm on a mission to kill still cause
nothin' thrills
I can't help missin' you still
well i always will
Kills, Thrills and Sunday pills

Alright