

# Heideroosjes, Farmerdick

I'm not perfect, I have my weak sides  
If I have a bad day, you'll have a lot to endure  
You don't need to tell me, how I should live  
That I need to go to church en where I should care about

I sometimes drink too much, then I don't know what I say  
I talk to every girls and you can't get rid of me  
With my big mouth I always say too much  
Then I need to run for my life, and I'm screwed again

Wowowowow! This is me!  
When I was a student, I always wanted to go home  
Horst is just a rural village, but there's my home (\*1)  
Still I think so much to do, I can't stay here too long  
I need to leave everything behind, let those knammels' rot away (\*2)

I have time nothing and no one, my band is my life  
Everytime I need to take and I can never give  
And sure I want to study, but I'm too busy  
I'll get herpes even when I'm only thinking about a job!

Farmervillage, farmerlanguage, farmerdick!  
That's where I live, what I speak and how I feel

They laugh about my haircut: When's the barber finishing that?  
Get that ring out of your nose and get rid of that tattoo  
I laugh a little and think: Just Drop deda!  
Your shit isn't gold either, look in the toilet

You need to take me as I am  
I won't change myself, that's not going to happen  
What you see is what you get, and that's, that's me!  
Walk my own way until the day I choke

(\* this whole song is in a dialect from the South of the Netherlands)  
(\*1 Horst is the village Marco Roelofs lives)  
(\*2 As this is not my dialect, I have no idea what knammels' are)