

Kate Nash, Dickhead

Why you being a dickhead for?
Stop being a dickhead
Why you being a dickhead for?
You're just fucking up situations

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Shiny floor, slippery feet
Lights are dim, my eyes can't meet
The reflection that turns my images
Upside down so I can't see

Think you know everything
You really don't know nothing
I wish that you were more intelligent
So you could see that what you are doing is
So shitty, to me

Thirty five,
People couldn't count,
On two hands the amount of times you made me stop,
Stop and think why are you being such a dickhead for?

Stop being a dickhead,
Why you being a dickhead for?
You're just fucking up situations,
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Stop, don't show, just have a think before you...
Wil you, stop, now don't show, just have a think before you...
Will you stop, no don't show, just have a think before you...
And, stop, don't show, just have a think before you...

Cos my brain and my bones don't want to take, this anymore
My brain and my bones don't want to take, this anymore
My brain and my bones don't want to take, this anymore
My brain and my bones don't want to take, this anymore, so

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