

# Pop Will Eat Itself, Wise Up! Sucker

If we stand here shaking much more,  
We're gonna come apart, split in half,  
You're telling me don't want no more  
'Cos my head's up my ass,  
I watch my world through a glass,  
I'm just a crazy tired shape from your past...

You say it's love that you need,  
But it's war that you've got...  
That you want to live your life and "to have"  
Not "to have not,"  
Better wise up and face my lot;  
She loves me not  
Yeah, she loves me, she loves me not  
Yeah, she loves me, she loves me not  
Yeah, she loves me, she loves me not  
Wise up sucker to what you've got

Yeah, she loves me, she loves me not  
Yeah, she loves me, she loves me not  
Yeah, she loves me, she loves me not  
Wise up sucker to what you've got

I'm freakin' and you couldn't care less,  
I got the deep down crazies;  
Trying to get my head round this mess.  
At the sound of the bell  
An act you know so well,  
You give me sixteen different flavours of hell

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(She loves me, she loves me, she loves me, she...)