

Rachel Stamp, Twisted

I got myself a brand new box of matches
I got myself a stack of dirty magazines
I don't know why they call me Anastacia?
I'm gonna torch those fuckers-
You better call the Police!

Cos I'm twisted...

Push me too hard, make me feel sick,
I sting like abee, but act like a dick
Yeah i'm twisted...

I never wanted to be no Sergeant Major,
But I just can't keep my hand to myself,
You got nothing, on me copper!
Nothing, on me George,
Ooh gimme some wedge,
Give me life, give me death cos i don't really care,
And i'm twisted...

Don't stop to think of my reputation,
Don't stop to take the dirty spoons out of my mouth,
Well don't stop to tell me i'm pretty,
Don't stop to tell me you're bored,
Just get the lead out,
I'm in love I'm in love I'm in love I'm in love,
And i'm twisted...