

# The Buzzcocks, Unthinkable

Oh, oh, oh, oh, it's unthinkable  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, it's unthinkable

Last night I dreamed that I took your life  
We cut it up together with a sharpened knife  
Then next night I found a dead horse in your bed  
And when I rolled over it was you instead

Oh, oh, oh, oh, it's unthinkable  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, it's unthinkable

Every time you lied, you actually died  
Shot in the head, in a cupboard and fried  
The next day I came, I was in a frame  
Hannibal the Cannibal all over again

Oh, oh, oh, oh, it's unthinkable  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, it's unthinkable

And the wind blows, dreams of my rose

[Solo]

And the wind blows, dreams of my rose

Oh, oh, oh, oh, it's unthinkable  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, it's unthinkable  
Oh, oh, oh, it's unthinkable  
Oh, oh, oh, it's unthinkable

Oh, oh, oh, (did you do it or did you see), it's unthinkable  
Oh, oh, oh, (did you do it or did you see), it's unthinkable  
Oh, oh, oh, (did you do it or did you see), it's unthinkable  
Oh, oh, oh, (did you do it or did you see), it's unthinkable