

# The Cross, Bad Attitude

Broadsword calling Danny boy  
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You know what I feel  
They say I gotta  
They say I gotta - a bad attitude  
You wanna buy a picture of your sister in her birthday suit  
No gratitude  
Street tough talkin' but you always get screwed  
Hey your face don't fit burn down the school  
Only way to stay cool gotta break some rules  
Systems made for fools

No aptitude  
You get real slow and you slide into decrepitude  
It's all platitudes  
This one way street always ends in penal servitude  
Get out there (get out there)  
Get on the street go on and break some rules

You know what I feel  
You know what I feel  
Rip it up - I gotta bad attitude  
Tear it down - I gotta bad attitude

A bad attitude  
You can't think straight when you're raised on junk food  
No solitude  
Somebody help me gotta getta grip on my latitude  
You're just a destitute  
Your folks don't like it when they see you starrin' on the news

You know what I feel  
You know what I feel  
Rip it up - I gotta bad attitude  
Tear it down - I gotta bad attitude

You're just a destitute  
Some kinda prostitute  
Sometimes I just wanna sit back and relax and get me some pulchritude (ha ha)  
Lets get stewed  
Get crude

A bad attitude

Rip it up - I gotta bad attitude  
Tear it down - I gotta bad attitude  
Rip it up - I gotta bad attitude  
Tear it down - I gotta bad attitude

So don't tell me what I gotta do  
I'm sick of wise guys feeding me all these verisimilitudes  
I ain't a fool  
You'd better watch out honey - I'm one pissed off dude  
I gotta bad attitude