

The Queers, Uncouth

Excuse my French I think I swore
I called your mom a dirty whore
Pardon me I think I farted
Please don't think that I'm retarded

Mercy me I think I puked
Please don't let that get you spooked
Just overlook that I'm a mess
While I run my hands up your dress

I'm uncouth
I'm uncouth
I'm uncouth
I'm uncouth

Holy cow I stole your car
I burned the seats with my cigar
Kiss my ass, I hate your guts
I may be rude, but I'm not nuts

I'm sorry baby but that's just the way it has to be
When we first fucked
I told you get the hell away from me
With all my stupid bullshit
You haven't had enough
To get fucked up the ass each night
It must be fucking tough

(Chorus)