

# XTC, Bull With Golden Guts

Difficult age  
You're just fourteen  
And you're not friends with your body  
Painfully thin  
Look at your skin  
Play with yourself for a hobby  
How can they love a man who does that to himself?  
Difficult age  
Turn on the page  
Have that wee drink in the meantime  
Difficult age  
Now you're eighteen  
Here's all the freedoms you wanted  
All the best clothes  
A looker who goes  
The size of your wage packet flaunted  
How can they love a man who does that to himself?  
Difficult age  
Turn on the page  
And have that wee drink in the meantime  
Difficult age  
He's twenty-nine  
Thirty just lurks 'round the corner  
Settled for life  
Nice kids and wife  
Pull out a plum like Jack Horner  
Difficult age  
Turn on the page  
Have that wee drink in the meantime  
Difficult age  
Now thirty-eight  
And you're not friends with your body  
Wish you were thin  
Look at your skin  
Wasting yourself for a hobby  
How can they love a man who does that to himself?