

Little Dysfunk You

Ark

I know many who are worse of than you
But you stick to you fuck-ups like they're made out of glue
Little Dysfunk you, now what you gonna do?
Your eyes are watery, a mouth made for joy
Always quoting Morrissey but did you ever do it with a boy?
I've got a mouth for joy
And I can take you on, I can take you on
I'll be your next-door neighbour, your mother and your savior
I can take you on, I can take you on
I'll be the murder on the Rue Morgue, you're trying to solve
Oh, I can't wait too long, I can't wait too long,
Hear me calling out for you, calling out for you
Please don't wait too long, please don't wait too long,
Makes me crazy, hearing you go on about the "so much for bleached nostalgia.."
You're not afraid of pain, I know what you did
But now the question is do you really dare to live?
Pretty Dysfunk kid
It's better to be bitter than to seem like a fool,
You say and hide behind your beer-glass
But I'm not so impressed by your dysfunk moves
'Cause I'm a dysfunk too
But I can take you on, I can take you on
I'll be your next-door neighbour, your mother and your savior
I can take you on, I can take you on
I'll be the murder on the Rue Morgue you're trying to solve
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