

The F-Word

Babybird

Wanna get low
Wanna get high
Glue's in the bag
like the clouds in the sky
Sticks to the cider, sticks to your lips
Wanna get the spiders off my hips
Try and make out
when you don't get kissed
You wanna get it up but
she broke you wrist
Dad's got your arms
and mothers got your fists
Crossing off the kids on the Xmas list

The F-Word's here
But the F-Word's bad
Curse my mother
And curse my dad
But I love my mother
And I love my dad
Wanna have all that they never had

Wanna get high
Wanna get low
Girl's got your bottle
and she won't let go
So you grow up fast
You can't slow down
Make another kid
with a bag for a crown
Mother's in a car, dad's at the door
Love's got an applehead
bitten to the core
Plugged-up eyes
Sockets all raw
Try to plug the gap
but you wonder what for

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