

# You Fucking Love It

## Dirty Pretty Things

She could never ever ever ever ever ever get it into her thick head  
So when pretending ends she'll have scattered her friends  
And she'll find she'll wake up dead  
There's no card above receivers  
Still its all so remote  
Behind the bench at the rec  
Where she lost fifty notes  
(she says) "I used to have a future  
But now I don't know  
Just dependence and repentance and a ready-brek glow"

Just put your money in  
Bruised knees and battered shins  
You fucking love it  
You fucking love it  
Back on your feet again  
Out on the beat again  
You fucking love it  
Yeah yeah yeah

Drunk as a skunk  
Lean as a dean  
Always the same  
Since she was thirteen

You want it  
You lame duck  
You want it  
You're out of luck  
You've always been a seedy fuck  
So what's it gonna be?

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Bruised knees and battered shins  
You fucking love it  
You fucking love it  
Back on your feet again  
Out on the beat again  
You fucking love it  
Yeah yeah yeah

When you boil it down  
We descend from clowns to dogs

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