

Great Day for a Murder

Plan B

It was an ordinary day, people walking...all over me again
Then suddenly to my dismay out of no where my heart started talking to my brain

What a great day for a murder but I'm not in a killing mood
What a great day to reek vengeance but I know it will do no good

What a great day to go and get a gun
Go and take your anger out on every one
If your out of ammunition
Go and buy the sun, and read up on all the council housed and violent scum
Still pissing tax payers money up the wall
You can barely just about to send your kids to school
What with the cost of living been so sky high
The petrol station selling gas at such a high price
With that in mind, your heads in such a vexed place
What more excuse ya need to turn into a head case
And the newspaper for me get me in such a vexed state
Kill a man with your bare hand even if your best mates
Cause if you believe every word the press says
You cant appreciate the pair of tits on the next page
Then yes I guess today must really be the best day
To go and get a gun shoot someone in the head mate

What a great day for a murder but I'm not in a killing mood
What a great day to reek vengeance but I know it will do no good

Looking at the sun will make you go blind just like people say
Cost you your sight when its 30p a day
Now your looking in the mirror not seeing its double glazed
Spying on your neighbors through darkened shades
Another broken family killed and roamed free
Look in every front yard of every house on the street
While the gardener is gardening the males planting seeds
Another single mum before me different boyfriends every week
Daughters are reading now old dears feeling heat
Her sons just like the beano catching arse for cheek
Young ones with their nuts out blowing in the breeze
What a bunch of fucking animals the type can only see
In the section of the zoo magazine said ohh
Just lying on the page is like a lion in a cage
She's seen enough, time to take her braces
Action with a shotgun wave it in people faces
Todays as good as any there's nothing better then been famous
You could be the next raoul moat and mike skinner as you agent
He started on mild steds exploring ain't he
Simply by shooting all his neighbors and made the front page in all the papers
Standing about observed its all about
You cant look any where about the murder in his eyes
But there's no point in killing everybody you despise
Over something you read, cause half the shit you read is lies
Yeah.....thats right half the shit you read is lies but you still let it lead your life

It was an ordinary day, people walking...all over me again
Then suddenly to my dismay my heart started talking yeah started talking to my brain it said...

What a great day for a murder... but I'm not in a killing mood
What a great day to reek vengeance...
But I know it will do no good

So now that you know your so influenced about things you read
That it determines how you treat different people you meet
The thought of murdering a journalist but prepared to get sucked to ya seat
Must seem so sweet if ya happen to pass one in the street
But you wont as you ain't as hard to do so
Only fantasize bout what would happen if you where to loose it
Cause luckly for them you ain't that stupid and what a great day it is to pr
ove it