

Shotgun Shoes

The Fratellis

I need a pimp hat, shotgun shoes
Half a decent mistress and a bed
Well I need a pimp hat, shotgun shoes
Half a decent mistress and a bed
Don't need no telepathic power
No, I don't need no razors in my head

She said you know I'm gonna leave here
But you know I know I don't know when
She said you know, you know I know I'm leaving
But I really just don't know when
Well I'll leave my message on the ceiling
Don't give my regards to all them friends

Well I don't need you or your psychosis
I can get to crazy by myself
I don't need your point as though neurosis
Your pathologic tumble into hell
You can't disappoint me anymore
Than you know you already done so well

Well I've been cold cocked torn to shreds
Rolled into a mattress for your hunchback
Well I've been cold cocked torn to shreds
Rolled into a mattress for your irrelevant hunchback
Well I've been to every pick up junction
I swear on this day I won't go back

Well I've never claimed that I was honest
But you can lie like Hitler with a conscience
Well I've never said that I was honest
But you can lie like Hitler with a conscience
Well you must be dumb beyond belief
If you believe that you can answer all my little questions

Well I could swear you stole my answers
I saw you dripping blood outside my kitchen
Well I can swear you stole my answers
I saw you dripping blood outside my kitchen
Well you were more than obviously guilty
But me, I never had the balls to mention

Well you couldn't love me righteous if you tried
Ah, but you can love me evil
You know you couldn't love me righteous if you tried
But you can love me evil
But you'll never make me nervous like she did
And you'll never take my cradle

Well in the year of the bitch you tore the tail off a witch
While I was sleeping
In the year of the bitch you tore the tail off a witch
While I was sleeping
There was no parent to mind
Could hardly understand the company you were keeping

There'll be no snowfall in hell

But then you know that so well
You go there often
There'll be no snowfall in hell
But then you know that so well
You go there often, don't ya?
You tied the devil to a chair
And you promised to bear all of his children
Oh my, my