

I wish it was someone elses blood on the jonnie.
It's in my mouth and under my nails.
I wish I'd woken up in someone elses bed.
Wish I was the wind in someone elses sails.

I've no-one in particular in mind right now.
It was inevitable we'd end up in the sack.
I should have known you'd want to try again.
But I'm looking forward now
I'm not stepping back.

My last lover's playing with a new man now.
It's only three weeks we've been apart.
They sat together and he sent her flowers.
Well he can fucking keep that fickle disco tart.

'cause I've had it up to here with little girls.
She looked ugly today day, smoking her fag.
Just like a schoolgirl trying to look grown-up.
Now I'm looking for a woman but I'll settle for a shag.