

What We've Got Is What You're Getting

Clawfinger

We fake it all & make it real
We sign the line and break the deal
We take it all and give it back
We talk of peace and then attack
Start a war and then retreat
Win the game and then get beat
Break on out and then get stuck
We keep on fucking it all up

Like it, hate it, leave it, take it x4
What we've got is what you're getting

We break it down and build it up
We pick a fight and then make up
We step aside and block the way
Buy you out and make you pay
We love you and we break your heart
Fix it and pull it apart
Speed it up and slow it down
We're just a binch of fucking clowns

Chorus

We make a hit and then we run
We shake your hand and pull a gun
We break the charts and then break up
We spill it out and fill the cup
We close the door and let you in
We're guilty and we're free from sin
We're in the game but out of luck
But we don't really give a fuck

Chorus