

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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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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