

Such a sensitive opinion in one so young
Would you like to know about everything that we've done
You believe what you read in the printed lies
But you won't believe the evidence of your own eyes
And yes I've done a lot of things that you'd probably call a crime
But I don't feel guilty for anything

All the tongues waggle but we just smile
That'll keep the little buggers going for a while
I live within natural justice, I understand nature's law
But as for your Christian morals

Oh, how you love this, how you love it
You go out and you find it
How you love it, how you love it

Such horror, oh such a farce, a little bit of broken glass
You should think yourself lucky that this was done
You'll have something you can whine about for years to come