

Bad Loser

Peter and the Test Tube Babies

You'll see my name on a street of stars.
But I can't cope now, with all the empty bars.
Well it's one step forward, three steps back,
your pockets empty, knife in your back.

I said you're just a bad loser.

You've been running around telling everybody we're shit.
Well you can sling your mud but you sure won't make it stick.
You always dream't you'd be front page,
but now your head is filled with rage.

You always said that I was the fool,
but I'm here to tell you that you're a bad loser.