

And This Is Nothing That I Thought I Had

Skunk Anansie

I've been there and your, frigid wit was far too greasy,
ain't so slick, and it ain't so damn profound
i've been there done that, grilling that sadly sleazy,
ain't so scared, of your cool so underground

And this is nothing, that i thought i had,
and this is nothing, that i thought i had,
and this is nothing, that i thought i had,
with you, with you, with you

You've been here, an' you reckon it was bubble lovie, flirty ba
be,
now your thing has run aground.
still bored here, watch your slithering, so very waxy,
bass thumps clear, and your bitch won't, make a sound.