

Pickin' on Me

Skunk Anansie

I saw a weird boy
He looked at me with a look of pure hate
Nobody knew all the grief where he'd been

He was a sad boy
He was a victim of a dirty good time
Feely games
In the back of his boarded up estate

Soon enough, he's pickin' on me
Kicked my head in
'Cos that's all that he'd seen

Soon enough, he's pickin' on me
Pickin' on me

I told my teacher
She looked at me so indifferently
Her whole night
Was spent marking paper red tape

So I had to learn to fight
Kicked her sister 'cos I had no respect
So here's the start of another war
You against me