

## Punk By Numbers

Skunk Anansie

I tried to fix the cooker in the kitchen  
Gas was coming out of every hole  
Everything was leaking, reeking always  
So I went down to the office of the dole

Away...they said  
You've got to get yourself  
Away...they said  
You've got to get yourself away from here  
A liberty  
They took from me

(And) now I'm feeling just a little vex, yeah  
I don't feel like I've done anything wrong  
All I want is warmth without my arse blown up  
But this little fucker won't get off the phone

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You've got to get yourself  
Away... they said  
You've got to get yourself away from here  
A liberty  
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So I took a little time to think of action  
I can't go home, I can't stay, I've had enough  
So I fired up all the gas and blew the dole up  
Left that little fucker blackened on the phone