

Tour Hymn

Skunk Anansie

Look at you, you cokie
You're looking like a shit
You're tied up in your own sweet hell
Of watching your own tricks

You're just a silly Willie
A short arsed little stump
You're high and fake like Auntie Drake
Who's shopping with his mum

All you ever wanted was to be him
Everything you want is in his face
All you ever want is to be in now
But the trouble is, you'll always just be her, always her

Look at you, you problem
You think you're causing grief
But we're not brutes we've just begun
To shove it in your face

And every night it's harder
For you to play your dope
'Cause we're exposing breakfast chums
You haven't got a hope

All you ever wanted was to be him
Everything you want is in his face
All you ever want is to be in now
But the trouble is, you'll always just be her
Try a little harder, to try a little harder