

I Don't Like You

Stiff Little Fingers

If I thought you could find a way
I'd tell you to go get lost
But why ask you to pay attention
When you brain can't stand the cost?
Look at you and the state you're in
Next to you even a brick is thin

R:

You oughta scratch from the human race
You are a waste of a name
A waste of time and a waste of space
You've only one claim to fame
I don't like you

If a thought came in your head
It'd die of loneliness
You rate absolute zero
No more and not even less
Look at you, oh what a state
Next to you short planks are underweight

R:

Annoyed annoyed, no I'm not paranoid
Cos that would mean I'd have to care
And I couldn't be annoyed

You don't entertain ideas
You simply bore them
You couldn't find your feet
If you were looking for them
Looking at you is hard for me
Next to you is nowhere to be

R: