

Na Na Na

The Knife

I've got soul in my bones
Got a home, a dog and a man to call my own
Every month
I've got my period
To take care of
And to collect in blue tampons

Na na na
Na na na

I've got mace, pepper-spray
And some shoes that runs faster than a rapist rapes
What I need is chemical castrations, hope and godspeed

Na na na
Na na na

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