

Bastard

The Mekons

Out on the moor
burning with cold
I sprawled on the ground
while the moon flew above all crisp and cold
and so icy there wasn't a sound
till his head hit the table
and the music got louder
a fight in the room
and I'm getting so tired
All I knew I really need is somewhere to hide

Don't mutter at me, you bastard
I've got cheap emotions
knock me down with a feather
I show you the door

Tell me a joke
all points to the north
I left as soon as I could
He dropped like a glas
smashed up on the ground
in the fag ends and beer

he lay there quite still
bitter fears cut his heart
he'll live to regret this
so don't start
..... I really need is soemwhere to hide

Don't mutter at me, you bastard
I got cheap emotions
knock me out with a feather
I show you the door.