

Uncouth

The Queers

Excuse my French I think I swore
I called your mom a dirty whore
Pardon me I think I farted
Please don't think that I'm retarded

Mercy me I think I puked
Please don't let that get you spooked
Just overlook that I'm a mess
While I run my hands up your dress

I'm uncouth
I'm uncouth
I'm uncouth
I'm uncouth

Holy cow I stole your car
I burned the seats with my cigar
Kiss my ass, I hate your guts
I may be rude, but I'm not nuts

I'm sorry baby but that's just the way it has to be
When we first fucked
I told you get the hell away from me
With all my stupid bullshit
You haven't had enough
To get fucked up the ass each night
It must be fucking tough

R: