

## The F Word

## The Verve Pipe

I've got to get arrested  
To keep you interested  
And I should have known that I can't  
Change the world by staring at it

My arms have little feeling  
From lifting to the ceiling  
A recipe for stealing hearts  
I have no power in healing

And I suppose the Jesus pose  
Is tired and superficial, lame  
I wrote a song, I'm moving on  
I'm praying you can do the same

I'm changing my direction  
Making a correction  
And oh, my God, I've dodged the unexpected  
Bullets behind accolades and

Shake your head of leisure  
Get your head and body into seizure  
And battle with whoever hides  
Assault disguised as dancing

This rotting phase of hands that raise  
Bumping heads that pass each other  
It's a boring phase, so part the wave  
And drop the dead as driftwood surfer

Another song, it all went wrong  
The radio refused to play it  
I'm not afraid to serenade, the F word saved  
And sucked the life from me

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