

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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