

# Suckerpunch

The Wildhearts

Can't believe that I got so down I dropped my guard again hit me!  
hit me!  
palpitations and goo-  
goo eyes, the transformation is sad and sickly  
she pulled out a "Tyson" from out of the blue, and met with a sickening crunch

She got me... woah, she got me  
she got me... with a suckerpunch

Senses reeling from too much shit, I hit the floor again, panic, panic!  
calm and cold as a witches tit, sometimes I think I act cosmically  
with all of the shit that flew out of my lips, there's no use in asking much

She got me... woah, she got me  
she got me... with a sucker... sucker... sucker... waah, you fucker!

(one... two... three... four...)  
(mosh!)

Why I see her face in a million stars, I'm wondering  
thought I had good taste 'til I found I'd none at all  
nearly did appear as the asshole of the year  
and then she strikes...  
and now I'm back, the guy I've been, before the idiot sat in

Can't believe that I got so down, it probably happens on a daily basis  
many millions of messed up minds compete to win in the loser races  
peeling my mind like she's one of a kind, or maybe just out to lunch

She got me... woah, she got me  
she got me... with a suckerpunch