

The Sweetest Song

The Wildhearts

Come sucker fucking away the pain
Doing the rounds again, bound, held down
In a self made Hell that you picked in your own design
And you would change your mind if you could turn back time

Taking the piss out of the men you kissed
Every cock you took, you fucked, you ditched
And you would open up wide, hung dried and left out to die
Your corpse ain't gonna be missed

I heard a song; I heard the sweetest song that hit me
I heard a song; I heard the sweetest song that hit me

And it went
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na

Just a cunt on the hunt for cunt who want that kind of meat
A fuck in the ass and then they're back on the street
They're just part of your grand design
And you would change your mind if you could turn back time

Shit talking lips around the tool
Nothing but a cold pussy passed 'round all of the fools
You're the last to know that what you sow you reap
And you'll be reaping while weeping on the dick of a creep

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And it went
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na
Na na, na na, na na, na na, na

Headfucking waste of ass, all cash and no class
You ball breaking no good bitch
Sitting pretty in pink and thinking your shit don't stink
Aside from the twat you ain't all that

And the boys will dance for a chance to lance your cancerous cunt
You're the last disease on the block
That cock, that fresh er***** is the next in line for your black infection

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