

# Bumbag

The Zutons

Raise a glass now  
To the person  
Who invented the word called scum

He was clever  
Never foolish  
And he knew where you came from

You're a bumbag  
And a vexer  
And you never let your standards slip

Cause your standards  
Are so low-down  
Like the pavement you find when you trip

But I won't trip over  
Look over my shoulder  
You won't get the better of me  
The credit you owe me  
Respect you don't show me  
All makes the better for me

You look so good from afar  
But you're just a bumbag  
Yes, you are

You're a parasite  
You're a virus  
You only ever make mistakes

Like a leper  
Or a tapeworm  
You only ever seem to take

Now you're livin'  
With your language  
And everyone's avoiding you

Ask for money  
Ask for cigarettes  
But it's all you ever seem to do

But I won't trip over  
Look over my shoulder  
You won't get the better of me  
The credit you owe me  
Respect you don't show me  
All makes the better for me

You look so good from afar  
But you're just a bumbag  
Yes, you are

All my friend's heads  
Seem to go down  
Whenever you decide to turn up

Feel so sorry  
For your parents  
When they see your face, they must spew up

You're the black sheep  
You're the distance  
You should keep your wits about you in town

Because one day  
It could kill you  
And your body never will be found