

# Boy, Boy, Boy

## Underworld

Boy boy boy boy  
Wraps his arm around a skinny thing  
Naked around, naked around, naked around  
Naked around the middle  
She's a sleepwalker with an expensive bag  
Cruising cubicles  
Cash thrills  
Cruising and thinking, a cap and hood  
Straps hanging down your black legs(Pig pig pig pig  
Stick that word out at your best mark  
Remember, remember, remember, remembering)  
All your sundays come back to haunt me  
I like to hurt myself like this sometimes  
What you want from me this time  
Do you want a spoon  
Carrying another wound  
Like an addiction  
When you caught your affliction I'm in a rage, I'm in a rage, I'm in a rage  
I knew I refused to hand it over  
Burn me, burn me, burn me, burn me  
I know what's going to happen next  
(Stood at the next table touching the lips with love)  
Okay now it's clear you can look  
Clean clean  
There's something (chromium)  
Tattooed dad is getting dirty  
And a (tired thing, booze) Off with your head off with your head  
Your razor wire beauty  
You're going straight, you're going straight, you're going straight  
But sometimes you gotta show them  
I like to hurt myself like this sometimes  
What you want from me this time  
Do you want a spoon  
Carrying another wound  
Like an addiction  
When you caught your affliction

Songwriters

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