# Gutz

## Joy Division

... 3, 4 warsaw!
Don't talk to me girl, you know it's not nice.
Don't laugh at murder, I won't pay the price.
The facts are too high-powered, so sickened thrill,
I'd give that mess up 'cos it makes you so ill.Blame bad things on me, whatever you do.
When I come home I will be different from you.
You're such a chictalk, you're really trussed up.
Don't wanna talk to you, just left me your mum.Don't be a puppet, always rush you around.
One just for you photo, try and tire me down.
I won't tell him I talk like this all night,
He must be worried 'cos you're sounding so trite.Respect is only normal, the way to our lives.
Ever tried to sleep around with a bed for a wife.
We'll never change you, if you start acting that way.
If do keep mouths all open, I'll never get a say.
You know what's special, it's as dark as I say.
Can you see me, just ourselves,
No comment, copycat!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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