

# Pickin' on Me

## Skunk Anansie

I saw a weird boy he looked at me with a look of pure hate  
Nobody knew all the grief where he'd been  
He was a sad boy, he was a victim of a dirty good time  
Feely games in the back of his boarded up estate  
Soon enough, he's pickin' on me  
Kicked my head in 'cos that's all that he'd seen  
Soon enough, he's pickin' on me  
Pickin' on me I told my teacher, she looked at me so indifferently  
Her whole night was spent marking paper red tape  
So I had to learn to fight, kicked his sister 'cos I had no respect  
So here's the start of another war, you against me  
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