Little Bitch

The Specials

One, two

If you ever hear a noise in the night your body starts to sweat
It shakes and shivers in fright
You go and sleep with your mother, she hates your guts
She knows that you love her so she holds you tight
All through the night, until the broad daylight
And when she doesn't come home you have to sleep alone
Then you wet your bed, and I think that's sad
For a girl of nineteen it's more than sad, it's obscene

One, two

And your girlfriend sweet little seventeen
She's got her layered hair, and her flared jeans
You know what that means? She's just a little queen
She shares your London flat, she thinks that London's where it's at, although it stinks
And when it rains you wear your hat, and your plum coloured PVC wet look maxi-mac
You tie your ginger hair back in a bun
You're the ugliest creature under the sun

One, two, go

And you think it's about time that you died, and I agree, so you decide on suicide
You tried but you never quite carried it off
You only wanted to die in order to show off
And if you think you're gonna bleed all over me, you're even wronger than you'd normally be
And the only things you want to see are kitsch
The only thing you want to be is rich
Your little pink up-pointed nose begins to twitch
I know, you know, you're just a little bitch

One, two

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written by DAMMERS, JERRY
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