

Drip, Drip, Drip

Chumbawamba

Eat, sleep, and crap.
For to prey on your needs,
Down a dark street,
In backwater Leeds.
I seen yer comin';
Come in, lads!
You seen the ad?
Too bad, bad, bad.
What you get
Is what you see.
It's a trickledown theory,
And it's coming to me.
Life's a whip-round,
And I've got the whip.
It's a sinking ship.
Drip, drip, drip.
Drip, drip, drip goes the water.
Drip, drip, drip goes the water.
Drip, drip, drip goes the water.
Take me in,
Throw me out.
Put me up,
Let me down.
Dark, satanic,
Run-of-the-mill.
Sing us a song,
And I'll send you the bill.
My nicotine grip.
My smokin' gun.
It's how I get my fun.
Better run, run, run.
Your olfactory nerves,
All up the spout.
You can't smell a rat
When your nose is out.
Rent-to-kill,
By any other name.
Kiss an old flame.
Shame, shame, shame,

Drip, drip, drip goes the water.

Drip, drip, drip goes the water.

Drip, drip, drip goes the water.

Take me in,

Throw me out.

Put me up,

Let me down.

Drip, drip, drip.

Take me in,

Throw me out.

Put me up,

Let me down.

Songwriters

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