

Hard Act to Follow

Grinspoon

You're a hard act to follow
Such a fine lookin' fellow
I hear your bell's yellow
You're a hard act to swallowIt kind of makes me sick
The way you turn those tricks
Come on and light it up
I want to feel the rushI'll be shooting for thrills
When I walk out that door
You say it's hard to care anymoreKills, thrills and Sunday pills
I'm on a mission to kill
Still 'cause nothin' thrillsYou're hooked on coke and hoochie
I want my milk and cookies
You know you're wife looked pretty
I think you're wife looked prettyI'll be shootin' for thrills
When I walk out that door
You say it's hard to care anymoreKills, thrills and Sunday pills
I'm on a mission to kill
Still 'cause nothin' thrills
I can't help missin' you still
Well, I always willKills, thrills and Sunday pillsAlrightI'll be shootin' for thrills
When I walk out that door
Don't turn around and say
You need me anymorePoppin' pieces of pills
Up off the lounge room floor
You say it's hard to care anymoreKills, thrills and Sunday pills
I'm on a mission to kill
Still 'cause nothin' thrills
I can't help missin' you still
Well I always willKills, thrills and Sunday pillsAlright

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