

Gob On You

Chaos UK

I live on the fourteenth floor
Of a tower block, and when I get bored
I call 'cooee' to the passers-by
And when they look up I gob in their eye
Gob on you and your way of life
Gob on you and your ratbag wife
Gob on you and your spending cuts
Gob on you, kick you in the guts
I go out west every night
Go down to the pub looking for a fight
I have ten lagers then I have ten more
And I jump up and down, and I'm sick on the floor
Gob on you cause you're far too old
Gob on you cause your hands are cold
Gob on you, you're a stupid old straight
Gob gob gob gob hate hate hate hate
Sex is boring, pain is fun
I want to cut my fingers off one by one
There ain't no point in staying alive
I want to be dead when I'm twenty-five
Gob on you cause you're wearing shorts
Gob on you cause I'm young and bored
Gob on you with your Ph.D.
Gob on you, you're exploiting me
Gob on you cause you're never wrong
Gob on you cause your hair's too long
Gob on you cause you talk about art
Gob on you cause you're a boring old fart

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