

You Can't Move Into My House

Frenzal Rhomb

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hope you don't think I'm rude
Fuck You
Hope you don't think I'm precious
Fuck You
Hope you see I'm well adjusted:
I can't stand the sight of you
Don't wanna be startin somethin
Don't want to antagonise,
All I said was something simple:
I can't stand the sight of you,
I can't stand the sight of you.
Don't believe, don't believe the words
I don't believe all the things I've heard about you.
I will be saying this in your defence:
I'd rather eat a fridge full of arses than know you.
And I've tried with all my might to see past
all you failing but I've failed to give a fuck
You're a fuck-up, you're a joke,
You're a clown, take your pants down,
Get fucked you fucking fuckwit
no you can't move into my house.
With a range of ethics that are quite perverse
You're sitting in the centre of your own universe
Not content to sit upon the fence, you'll fall
either way ignoring common sense
I look into your eyes and seen a haze
of your twisted sensabilities and little saving grace.

---Chorus---

I believe, I believe the words, of your
best friend when he likened you to a steaming turd.
And when he said he wished that you were dead,
It was the most intelligent thing that anyone's ever said.

And I've tried with all my might to see past
all your failings but I failed to give a fuck.
---chorus ad nauseum---

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