

# 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 swallow It kind of makes me sick  
The way you turn those tricks  
Come on and light it up  
I want to feel the rush I'll be shooting for thrills  
When I walk out that door  
You say it's hard to care anymore Kills, thrills and Sunday pills  
I'm on a mission to kill  
Still 'cause nothin' thrills You'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 pretty I'll be shootin' for thrills  
When I walk out that door  
You say it's hard to care anymore Kills, 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 will Kills, thrills and Sunday pills Alright I'll be shootin' for thrills  
When I walk out that door  
Don't turn around and say  
You need me anymore Poppin' pieces of pills  
Up off the lounge room floor  
You say it's hard to care anymore Kills, 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 will Kills, thrills and Sunday pills Alright

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