

And This Is Nothing That I Thought I Had

Skunk Anansie

I've been there & your, frigid wit was far too greasy,
Ain't so slick, & it ain't so damn profound
I've been there done that, grilling that sadly sleazy,
Ain't so scared, of your cool, so underground, & this is nothing,
That I thought I had, & this is nothing, that I thought I had, with you
With you, with you
You've been there, an' you reckon it was bubble lovie,
Flirty babe, now your thang has run around.
Still bored here, watch your slithering, so very waxy,
Bass thumps clear, & your bitch won't, make a sound

Songwriters

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