Na Na Na

The Knife

I've got soul in my bones
Got a home, a dog and a man to call my own
Every month
I've got my period
To take care of
And to collect in blue tamponsNa na na
Na na naI've got mace, pepper-spray
And some shoes that runs faster than a rapist rapes
What I need is chemical castrations, hope and godspeedNa na na
Na na na

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