

# Punk By Numbers

## Death by Bobcat

I tried to fix the cooker in the kitchen  
Gas was coming out of every hole  
Everything was leaking, reeking always  
So I went down to the office of the dole Away...they said  
You've got to get yourself  
Away...they said  
You've got to get yourself away from here  
A liberty  
They took from me(And) now I'm feeling just a little vex, yeah  
I don't feel like I've done anything wrong  
All I want is warmth without my arse blown up  
But this little fucker won't get off the phone Away... they said  
You've got to get yourself  
Away... they said  
You've got to get yourself away from here  
A liberty  
They took away from me So I took a little time to think of action  
I can't go home, I can't stay, I've had enough  
So I fired up all the gas and blew the dole up  
Left that little fucker blackened on the phone

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