

Taste my Fist

Freak Kitchen

Football, baseball and racketball too
You should worry 'bout the balls that I'm crushing on you
I'm a sports fan, I'm above the law
And my mission in life: Dr Martens versus your jaw
Travel around the world in my "passion" for the ball
Making sure it looks like I got no brain at all
But that's not true 'cos I can count to four
And I'm bitchin' with a baseball bat in my private war
Taste my fist, smell my wrist
Spit your teeth out, taste my fist
When it comes to starting riots: I am your man!
There's nothing I wouldn't do as a hooligan
I'm a lobotomized I don't have to think
A Molotov cocktail is my kind of drink

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