

F**k Ups

The Holloways

Look here comes another man with another sorry story to tell
And you can bet, he'll tell me all about the time he fell from Heaven to Hell

Well, I don't wanna listen but he tells me all the same
The torturous debauchery in his life's just little games
Leave me alone, you're not a dog, I'm not a bone
But you're gonna bury me with your tales of misery

And when I'm out on Saturday with Charlie and Bill
I know full well i should and i don't know that i will or i wont

If I do or I don't
Nothing is for definite and nothing is for sure
I am getting desperate as I am getting poor

All the fucked up fuck ups fucking me up
With their stories and their tears, and their cigarettes and beers
All the fucked up fuck ups fucking me up
I think they're killing me with their grim reality

Look, here comes another drunk with a face longer than bin Laden's
And he has drunk so much alcohol, he can no longer get a hard-on
Not that he'd ever get a chance to use it
Women are intelligent and he is stupid
Lost and lonely, he will remain, and no amount of alcohol will wash his blues away

And when I'm out on Saturday with Charlie and Bill
I know full well i should and i don't know that i will or i wont

If I do or I don't
Nothing is for definite and nothing is for sure

All the fucked up fuck ups fucking me up
With their stories and their tears, and their cigarettes and beers
All the fucked up fuck ups fucking me up
I think they're killing me with their grim reality

(Instrumental Break)

Well a thirty-three year-old grandma comes up to me and says,
"My family's gonna take over this council estate
If we keep on giving birth at this rate
I could've been a great-great-great-grandma by the age of seventy-five

And I will be clad in fake Burberry, I don't care if I'm dead or alive,
I don't care if I'm dead or alive!"

All the fucked up fuck ups fucking me up
With their stories and their tears, and their cigarettes and beers
All the fucked up fuck ups fucking me up
I think they're killing me with their grim reality
All the fucked up fuck ups fucking me up
If your life is going wrong, then you'd better sing along
All the fucked up fuck ups fucking me up
(You're a bunch of Fuck ups!)

Lyrics submitted by Chris.

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