

# I Love Fucking Up

## Frenzal Rhomb

I liked you better, you were running on top  
Taught you to dance and you told me to stop  
Get on the freeway at two hundred and five  
That's not the limit when you're learning to driveI always marvel at decisions I make  
Eight hundred thousand two hundred and fifty mistakes  
Not good at fighting and I'm no good in bed  
Thought it was raining when you pissed down my legI'm having trouble with my Saturday night  
Thought your stool sample was Vegemite  
I broke my arm when I was going berserk  
And now I play the guitar but my fingers don't work'Cause I love, love, love, love, love, love fucking up  
I love, love, love, love, love, love fucking upI got a stereo I couldn't afford  
I got a mobile and I asked for a cord  
Two speed automatic washing machine  
I took it to the Laundromat to get my clothes cleanI always wonder at decisions I make  
Twenty seven hundred thousand stupid mistakes'Cause I love, love, love, love, love, love fucking up  
I love, love, love, love, love, love fucking up  
I thought 'I Can't Get No Satisfaction', 'twas by the Rollins Band  
And I can't get no girly action unless it's with my handAnother funny anecdote at my expense  
I didn't find it that funny, thought it didn't make sense  
Sentences I can't construct with teenagers I will corrupt  
'Cause I love fucking upI thought 'I Can't Get No Satisfaction', 'twas by the Rollins Band  
And I can't get no girly action unless it's with my hand  
If the the deaf dumb blind kid gave a speech, then I would interrupt  
'Cause I love fucking, I love fucking, I love fucking up

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