Self Suicide

Goldie Lookin Chain

I'm gonna lie on my back
An' you put your fingers down my mouth, right
No, no, do it right, like, augh ugh
I'm gonna do a Jimi Hendrix, eugh
I'm gonna be sick in my sleep, eugh, augh ahu ugh
I tries to do it proper but it kept comin' up a cropper
I needs some hype, I think I'll ram raid happy shopper
Haven't got a car so I use a space hopper
Bouncin' to the window, cut my head, show stopper
I want a hundred fans, 200 teeny boppers
I want police protection from 87 coppers
I wanna go gold, even better platinum
If you wanna be a star you gotta kill yourself, man
It's the truth, step back, take a look around
Elvis is dead for bein' fat, 500 pound
Kurt Cobain's rich as fuck, he's buried in the ground
Jimi Hendrix an' his amp still ain't makin' no sound
Michael Hutchence, he's one of 'em too
Made a hundred million quid dying wanking on the loo
S.U.I.C.I.D.E.
It might be messy but it's money for free
Suicide is painless or so it has been said
I could've killed myself but I'd be better off dead
So I took a deep breath, put a gun against my head
Pulled the trigger, click, should've been eatin' lead
But I wasn't, I was naked in John Frost Square
Mothers on pushchairs stopped an' stared
For this situation I was quite unprepared
Tried suicide to be famous but nobody cared
Committin' suicide to enhance my career
It worked for Mickey an' Tupac Shakir
Jesus was nailed up to some wood
2000 years later an' book sales are still good
I heard in a song suicide is painless
An' it's 80 percent sure to make you famous
Wankin' with a bag on yer head, tied to a door
That bloke from INXS, he knew the score
S.U.I.C.I.D.E.
It might be messy but it's money for free

S.U.I.C.I.D.E.

It might be messy but it's money for free
I gotta kill myself, I gotta do's it quick
John Entwistle sly, he was snortin' arsenic
I keep takin' all this coke to make me die
Doin' more drugs than they make in fuckin' ICI
It's the best way to go, don't think me dull
I'm not gonna fall off the roof like the flid Rod Hull
We want people to sing all our songs
And the nuns at St. Joseph's rappin' on smokin' bongs

We wanna be remembered when we're six feet under
For hip hoppin' not robbings, fuckin' beatings or plunder
At the moment I'm not dead like David Kampasey
Double platinum means you gotta be pushin' up daisies
Dad's army's all dead, every last one
But the cunts is still goin' on BBC1
Yeah, that's right, I smoke draw from Wales
Suicide's a good idea to improve vinyl sales
It's useless, it's crap, I'll never be in the sun
How can I be a pop star when I can't buy a gun?
Jimmy Morrison overdosed in the bath
I know, I'll hang myself with my scarf
Tied to the stairs, danglin' by my neck
The cord length I forgot to check
Stuck there for a week, unable to shriek
The landlord found me an' he called me a freak
He cut me down an' started to laugh
"If you're dead next week gimme your autograph"
You know I thanked him, returned to my room
The new plan is to go out with a boom
To the station, with a petrol can
"Five pound please", I say to the man
All set up an' ready to burn
The wheel on my lighter just won't turn
Suicide is a suicyclebbl
Suicide is a suicyclebbl
Suicide is a suicyclebbl
I wanna be famous after I die
Proven fact, man, if you're dead you sell more
That drummer from Def Leppard
His arm has made 30 times more than he has
You know that our Elvis? Well, he's dead famous now
And he's dead and he's face, he's more famous now like
He's dead like you know, I, I suppose what a lot like

Fuckin' simple economics
They reckon Bob Marley's dead
But he's not, man
'Coz he was on the TV last night, man
Just don't lie to me, man
I thought I was havin' a go at an overdose
But I, I, I don't think you can overdose on Beecham's Flu Plus
I think one of the blokes off of Dad's army is still alive
I think he's bummin' Martin in Eastenders, innit?
I'll get the ropes an' we'll tie them to the walls
An' we all jump off at the same time an' break our necks
An' we'll make at least 13 quid an' you knows we'll be famous
like fuckin' Gandhi or, or like the bloke off that sex film we seen

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