

The Skank Heads

Skunk Anansie

You have seen me lie
You have seen me crucify respect
Seen redundant eyes
Seen the tension stagger to the mikeMade the bed too high
Have to slad on matey floors of sin
Slap the face, too sane
See the face, too wet as I deny myself, denyGet off, get off me, get off, get off me
Get off, get off me, get off, get off meBet you're posing hard
So secure, a smacked up cuntie bitch
Now you're stuck for words
Scrambling for sarcastic witBut I got that special knowledge
Of the crap that makes your skank head tick
All that brave you like, all that shirty pretense
You deny yourself, yourself, yourself, denyGet off, get off me, get off, get off me
Get off, get off me, get off, get off meGet off, get off, get off, get offGet off, get off me, get off, get off me
Get off, get off me, get off, get off me, off

Songwriters

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