Youâ€™re A Germ

Wolf Alice

George, he rides a bike
To pick her up from school
He likes her 'cause she's pure
She likes him 'cause she's heard he's coolYou're a germ, twist my insides
You're a germ, we hear the fightThis is not exploring, when you are dead inside
What were you before him? (eyes wide, eyes wide)Makes me squirm, twist my insides
Makes me squirmWe hear the (one-two-three-four-five-six-seven!)You ain't going to heaven (eyes wide, eyes wide)
'Cause I'm dragging you down to hell (eyes wide, eyes wide)
Where's mom and dad so you can tell them (eyes wide, eyes wide)
You're a dodgey fucker as well? (eyes wide, eyes wide)George, he takes to the mic
Plays the same songs every year
His leather looks pretty cheap
And the clock gives some kind of fearYou're a creep, twist my insides
You're a creepWe hear the (one-two-three-four-five-six-seven!)You ain't going to heaven (eyes wide, eyes wide)
'Cause I'm dragging you down to hell (eyes wide, eyes wide)
Where's mom and dad so you can tell them (eyes wide, eyes wide)
You're a dodgey fucker as well? (eyes wide, eyes wide)You ain't going to heaven (eyes wide, eyes wide)
'Cause I'm dragging you down to hell (eyes wide, eyes wide)
Where's mom and dad so you can tell them (eyes wide, eyes wide)
Tell them you're a dodgey fucker as well, yes you are (eyes wide, eyes wide)

Songwriters
Ellen Ciara Rowsell, Joel Donald Scott Amey, Jonathan David Oddie, Theodore Joseph EllisPublished by
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