

# 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 cool You're a germ, twist my insides  
You're a germ, we hear the fight This 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 squirm We 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 dodgy 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 fear You're a creep, twist my insides  
You're a creep We 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 dodgy 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 dodgy fucker as well, yes you are (eyes wide, eyes wide)

### Songwriters

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