Bad Man

Cockney Rejects

So you, you tell me, why you always let me down?
And you, you tell me, why you give me the run around?
There's no answer for half the things that you've done
So just you remember that I'll always owe you one

You're a badman

One day, you'll realize just what you've done to me
And one day you'll realize what you've done to your family
Yeah, you've gotta, gotta be the worse player in the league
Everyone, they know that you never buy a round

You're a badman

You treat your mother as bad as bad could be
You even pay your deadly debts out of the gas money
You ain't got much ball control, your own biggest fan
So just you remember, you're a dirty, no good bad man

You're a badman, you're a badman

Go on, pinch your old man's money, go on
Don't turn out for the football, you're a badman
Leave your bird on her own, never tell her anything
Never give her no money to buy either, you're a badman
You're dirty, you're no good, you're a rotter and we all know that

You're a badman, you're a badman

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