

Who the Fuck?

Graham Coxon

I stole the bottle of gin from over the counter and ran
I knew I'd been seen
I scarp'd stifling giggles down the street
And hid 'round a corner on a side street I heard him huffing and the sound of his big feet
Against the paving, he was getting close As he rounded the corner
I sighted him up, down the barrel of the gun
And on seeing his expression
Change to one of horror, confusion jerked back the trigger His body was jolted back
By the force of the bullet, his feet flew forward
I saw a bright little rivulet of blood [unverified] into the air
And I slid the gun into the waistband of my trousers Who the fuck are you looking at?
Who the fuck are you looking at?
Who the fuck are you looking at?
Who the fuck are you looking at? Is there really a thing like feeling too much?
Can you really escape, numb the real? There's a way of saying, a way of saying a shape
I feel a certain shape and it's complicated
It's not like a square or a circle
It's like a crystal or a diamond It's clean, hard, unfathomable
And it ends in an augmented kiss
It ends in an augmented
(Demented)
Kiss Who the fuck are you looking at?
Who the fuck are you looking at?
Who the fuck are you looking at?
Who the fuck are you looking at? Rock stars are not cool
They're full of this guy they call Satan
Kids stuff oozing from their mouths They wear the shoes of dead soldiers, shot by soldiers
Valium horses trotting
Squeezing through their raspberry blood Sometimes I feel so stupid I wanna quit
Get out of it 'cus I hate this world and everyone in it
The fat bald men who run it, the fat bald men Who the fuck are you looking at?
Who the fuck are you looking at?
Who the fuck are you looking at?
Who the fuck are you looking at?

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