

Pickin On Me

Skunk Anansie

I saw a weird boy he looked at me with a look of pure hate
Nobody knew all the grief where he'd been
He was a sad boy, he was a victim of a dirty good time
Feely games in the back of his boarded up estate
Soon enough, he's pickin' on me
Kicked my head in 'cos that's all that he'd seen
Soon enough, he's pickin' on me
Pickin' on me I told my teacher, she looked at me so indifferently
Her whole night was spent marking paper red tape
So I had to learn to fight, kicked his sister 'cos I had no respect
So here's the start of another war, you against me
Soon enough, he's pickin' on me
Kicked my head in 'cos that's all that he'd seen
Soon enough, he's pickin' on me
Pickin' on me

Songwriters

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