

Such a sensitive opinion in one so young  
Would you like to know about everything that we've done  
You believe what you read in the printed lies  
But you won't believe the evidence of your own eyes  
And yes I've done a lot of things that you'd probably call a crime  
But I don't feel guilty for anything

All the tongues waggle but we just smile  
That'll keep the little buggers going for a while  
I live within natural justice, I understand nature's law  
But as for your Christian morals

Oh, how you love this, how you love it  
You go out and you find it  
How you love it, how you love it

Such horror, oh such a farce, a little bit of broken glass  
You should think yourself lucky that this was done  
You'll have something you can whine about for years to come