

Bad Manner Rhyme

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No, you won't get my number. No, you won't get a smile.
No you won't get my passport. I got my rights.
Say you wanna give me water. Wanna give me pills.
Wanna hear me scream. And so I will.
And so I will. And so I will.
Then I think of my mother. And I think of dad.
Think what they're thinking. All night in bed.
How could it be such a good daughter has such a worry.
Should I write a letter. Say sorry.
Say sorry. Say sorry.
Cause in this land whatever you say,
You better say sorry.

This is a girl-bad-manner rhyme.
It's gonna get ya, aha aha, gonna get ya!
Made for those who suffer for their minds.
Gonna get ya aha aha gonna get ya!
Your body s a trace of your life.
But your heart is...state of the art.

Have a look at the ladies, walking by.
And those in Burberry driving by.
I could have been well-married walking in Burberry,
Burberry, Burberry.
But I used to be so clever, used to be an A-straighter.
A-straighter, A-straighter.
But in this land whatever you say.
You re straight A, you re straight A. A scarlet-A...hey.

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Aha, uhu, aha...

Then I say, somewhere in the USA it's
Christmas-time, snow is falling down.
And I say "damnit, damnit!", as I see
The exit lines, the exit lines.
But you see I d rather die on my passport-less feet
Than please you on my knees!

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Aha, uhu...

CHORUS
And I can feel myself getting out of my body.

Sometimes it s comforting.
To look into the eye of the worst thing
That could happen to you and survive.
And just prove yourself that you survived.
And it s comforting when your mind is going.
And you can feel your lamps turn off.