

## The F-Word

Babybird

Wanna get low  
Wanna get high  
Glue's in the bag  
like the clouds in the sky  
Sticks to the cider, sticks to your lips  
Wanna get the spiders off my hips  
Try and make out  
when you don't get kissed  
You wanna get it up but  
she broke you wrist  
Dad's got your arms  
and mothers got your fists  
Crossing off the kids on the Xmas list

The F-Word's here  
But the F-Word's bad  
Curse my mother  
And curse my dad  
But I love my mother  
And I love my dad  
Wanna have all that they never had

Wanna get high  
Wanna get low  
Girl's got your bottle  
and she won't let go  
So you grow up fast  
You can't slow down  
Make another kid  
with a bag for a crown  
Mother's in a car, dad's at the door  
Love's got an applehead  
bitten to the core  
Plugged-up eyes  
Sockets all raw  
Try to plug the gap  
but you wonder what for

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