

Losers

Black Grape

Losers like to keep shit for themselves
And losers think they've had it like nobody else
And losers find fault and start ringing bells
And then they start to diss and whistle as well

Don't you just love the color of my cell?
And don't you just dig my empty shelves?
Well, I end up skating on thin ice, we get it right once or twice
I'm skating on thin ice

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This ain't my worries, I didn't sign up for this
I saw the state before I heard their hits
Don't get mixed up in the plans of fools
Things get fraught and you're bound to lose
They come with problems that just don't exist
Drip, drip, drip like a human cyst
Always get it wrong but they will never admit
Losers plans always turn to shit

Ass over tits, you were pushed down the stairs
A five times loser and abuser and nobody cares
When they set fire to your pubic hair
What have you done? Your cat called you spunk
And losers are humans no matter what they done

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They try and try, but it all comes crashing down
They try and try, but it all comes crashing down
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