Crank

I write a letter everyday. I dont' believe a word I say Curore ball point in my hand I like to shock my fellow man.

I often like to yell abuse At helpless strangers on the tubes I've got a weakness for the arts I like to study private parts.

I've got a right to be obscene Because the people are so mean They walk straight by me in the street They've got no time to speak to freaks.

So I take pleasure when they sqirm Some stupid people never learn I hope they think of me in bed Cos I'll be lonely till I'm dead.

Lonely... Loneleeeeeeee Loneleeeee.