

The Weirds

Gilla Band

Never flowering from a life bulb shark
Said blind luck is my look, I'm happy in the dark
Here's a sermon, flick it over, it's a pile of shite
Said I'll tell this and that, what's left is right

Never flowering from a life bulb shark
Said blind luck is my look, I'm happy in the dark
Here's a gallon, piss a gallon, camel-mistletoe, a naggin
Here's a sermon, flick it over, it's a pile of shite
Said I'll tell this and that, what's left is right
He's got Fingal wrinkles on his mind
Reading at the bookies and his spine develops slouch
Bet he's gonna back it on the racket of the house
He's so nice, she's so nice, they read the finish line twice
But you'll never stand naked, you just sit in your pants
You made a giant picnic for Adam and the Ants
And crumbled into a sort Prince Charming dance

If I'm getting the weirds
Then I'm getting the weirds
Think I'm getting it, it, it, it, it, it, it, it
If I'm getting the weirds
Then I'm getting the weirds
Think I'm getting it, it, it, it, it, it, it, it

Buzzing off, pairing off, old odd socks
Does it tickle your fancy or leave you blocked?
I have the tackiest look
But I never killed before and I'll never kill again
I left the tap on, now I'm running out of friends
You're sinking into draining and you want a hug
The fish are drowning in a mug on the mantelpiece
A kind of cool word for savage is beast
But the thing I hate the least is the love of hating me
The dinosaurs' creator has been laid to peace
Read that that yellow beast is a thief
For stealing pens from local bookies
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