Gutz

Joy Division

Warsaw!

Don't talk to me girl – you know it's not nice
Don't laugh at murder – I won't pay the price
The facts are too high-powered – it's such a big thrill
I'd do it myself, 'cause it makes you so ill

Blame bad things on me, whatever you do
When I come home my world is different from you
You're such a chic tart – you're really dressed up
Don't wanna talk to you – just left with your mum

Don't be a puppet – always rush you around
One just for your photo – try and tie me down
I won't tell him I talk like this all night
He must be worried 'cause you're sounding so trite

Respect is only normal – the way to your lives
Ever tried to sleep around – once I begged for a wife
Wouldn't have to change you – start acting that way
If we don't keep our heads alive, I'll never get a say
You know what's special – it's as black as I say
Can you see me, just ourselves – no comment, copycat!

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