

They Fuck You Over

Le Butcherettes

'Winners' never touch skins
They know how to eat like bulldogs
They fuck you over

Blank is the word they wake up to
In the morning when they're empty
Laying next to lies
They fuck you over, they fucked us over

Those sharks have done it again
Three days in every born ten
I try to manage this game
By doing the worst that I can

The eyes they show are full of green
Silly little lips mime the words that move
They fuck you over

I'd rather be a loser
Than live in the mind if a tainted nail
Come fuck me over!