Cause For Concern

Lovejoy

So what's it to you?
You're down another 8 ball
I haven't even got a cue
And you look dreadful
When you jump to what you'll resort to
Singing, "Chance, we ain't gonna hurt you"
When there's fuck-all-else to do

You could eat the foam from the headrest
You could knock the wind out of my breath
You could kick the teeth into my head
There's no cause for concern

So what's it to you?
You're down another 8 ball
I haven't even got a cue
And you look dreadful
When you jump to what you'll resort to
Singing, "Chance, we ain't gonna hurt you"
When there's fuck-all-else to do

You could eat the foam from the headrest
(I said there's no cause for)
You could knock the wind out of my breath
(I said there's no cause for)
And you could kick the teeth into my head
Still, there's no cause for concern

We ain't gonna hurt you
We ain't gonna hurt you
We ain't gonna hurt you
'Cause when there's fuck-all-else to do

We could eat the foam from the headrest
(I said there's no cause for)
You could suck the wind out of my breath
(I said there's no cause for)
And you could kiss the teeth into my head
And still, there's no cause for concern

I said there's no cause for concern

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