

Bad Attitude

Roger Taylor

You know what I feel, they say I gotta
A bad attitude, you wanna buy a picture of your sister in her birthday suit
No gratitude, street tough talking but you always get screwed

Your face don't fit burn down the school
Only way to stay cool, gotta break some rules
Systems made for fools

No aptitude, you get real slow and you slide into decrepitude
It's all platitudes, this one way street always ends in penal servitude
Get out on the street go on and break some rules

You know what I feel
You know what I feel
Rip it up, I gotta bad attitude
Tear it down, I gotta bad attitude

Bad attitude, you can't think straight when you're raised on junk food
No solitude, somebody help me gotta getta grip on my latitude
You're just a destitute, your folks don't like it when they see you starrin' on the news

You know what I feel
You know what I feel
Rip it up, I gotta bad attitude
Tear it down, I gotta bad attitude

You're just a destitute, some kinda prostitute
Sometimes I just wanna sit back and relax and get me some pulchritude
Let's get stewed get crude

Rip it up, I gotta bad attitude
Tear it down, I gotta bad attitude
Rip it up, I gotta bad attitude
Tear it down, I gotta bad attitude

So don't tell me what I gotta do
I'm sick of wise guys feeding me all these verisimilitudes
I ain't a fool
You better watch out honey, I'm one pissed off dude
I gotta bad attitude