

Outcast at Last

Sticky Fingers

I take a look inside the parlours empty
So I ask is there anywhere that you like to go
It's the mystic that surrounds her enema she can't control
Yeah but at least that it's with me she wants to roll
And if she don't nah it will not define me
I'm reaching for my coat
Cuz I'm elastic, sacrifice me for a goat

I don't wake up or sleep
Til the morning after tea
Don't put me out now
We're the fire, lets indulge
it's the mystic that surrounds her
Everyone was so astounded
But I'm much too busy here
So I wish her well
I'm outcast at last

Last in line at the bodyshop yeah
They threw me all together bits and bobs
But I'm a last on the longest out of all you lot
I'm never standing still I'm always to and fro
Last in the race of a running mob
They shot the gun I wasn't ready I was robbed
But lastly of course I almost forgot ya
Cuz I'm the winner when it comes to you

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