

My Side Of The Bed

The Wildhearts

Well, I never met a sexist when I was a little fish
The girls were all as tough as the lads
It wasn't till later, when I moved away
That I saw the fear of women that the industry had

The men became more effete
They were afraid to compete with mental power instead
It was a culture of fear, so I made a place here
On my side of the bed

Oh, a-ha, a-ha, a-ha
A-ha, a-ha, a-ha

And while the lies appease the nation
Respect is all you need to know
When you despise the situation
Respect is all you need to know

Because the public doesn't mind a little open dishonesty
Because the standards are behind a basic grip on morality
The evolution of the self is all the truth that you'll ever need
Don't take the easy thoroughfare
You know that it's full of cunts down there

Well, I never met a racist growing up with me mates
'Cause the blacks were always tougher than nails
I didn't see till later, when I moved away
A xenophobia in the readers of the daily mail

Without the things that I'd seen
They'd never see what I mean
Or hear a word that I said
They're all gutless and green, yeah
'Cause they've never been here
On my side of the bed

Oh, a-ha, a-ha, a-ha
A-ha, a-ha, a-ha

And while the lies appease the nation
Respect is all you need to know
When you despise the situation
Respect is all you need to know

A-ha, a-ha, a-ha
A-ha, a-ha, a-ha
A-ha, a-ha, a-ha
A-ha, a-ha, a-ha

Well, I met a few pricks when I was a little kid
A few knocks got rid of them quickly
But I see intolerant, judgemental idiots
Still slobbering around in their 40's and 50's
Maybe all that they need is a smack in the head
To put them right in the head?
Hey, it's just an idea
Me? I'm fine over here

On my side of the bed, oh, a-ha