

## 10 Pence

Throbbing Gristle

I look at your jacket  
With its friends  
And my corner, very well  
I see you walking, talking  
With your pictures  
And you, you walking  
Talk me in Your eyeglass  
Oh my, can't take it, anymore  
I reflect you, reflect me  
Look at your girlfriend  
Her eyes, her mind  
Can't take you  
Can't take more  
Can't get a cigarette  
A fag  
Cheap as they get  
I'll get you enough  
See as he walks with him  
Ultrasound that night  
And I wait  
Brown eyes, can't see me  
I'm over there, can't see you  
Smoking your cigarette  
And I reserve you  
You're the same as me  
I love you  
That's nothing  
Nothing  
Oh my, I take you for a ride  
For quality, absolved  
No injuries, tesco Disco, right now  
Jim Bean  
You face it, have it all  
And take it, my cigarettes  
10 pence for Cigarettes