Gobshite

WSTR

I smell the blood of bitter bastards
The smell of getting caught up in your own self admiration
Left in stitches from your ignorance
Familiarise yourselves 'cause we're not going anywhere

I saw you at the front row miming all the words
You pretended you didn't know
It's all for show (miming all the words)
It's all for show (miming all the words)
It's all good though

I heard you had it figured out
I'm glad we got to talk it out

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!