

Whitehouse

"Philosophy of the wife-beater"

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Just like your father
Just like your mother
What sort of example do you think you're setting?
Do you talk that way to your sister?
Does cunt talk that way to your sister?
So why'd you say that?
You know you can't get away with that
You know what's coming to you now, don't you?
Coming to cunt
I just can't believe you did that
You cunt, you fucking cunt
Who do you think you are?
Who the hell do you think you are?
Who the fuck do you think you are?
You stupid fucking cunt
Do you talk that way to your sister?
Would you talk that way to your momma? Eh?
Come on, cunt, do you talk that way to your momma?
Do you talk that way to your momma?
Didn't she teach you any manners?
Look at me and say you're sorry, cunt
Cunt says sorry
Cunt's gonna say sorry

You're nothing
Cunt's nothing
Zero
Just remind yourself
Remember you're fat
Remember you're stupid
Remember you're ugly
Just like your fucking mother
Just like your fucking father
Have you got a good view?
Fat, stupid and ugly
A fat, stupid, ugly cunt
Are you remembering that?
You fucking cunt
I really can't believe you did that
You vulgar, common, coarse piece of shit
Your hanging and sick wobbly meat flab

Flabby folds your flesh
You're a disgrace
You're a total disgrace
And where's your fucking decorum?
Yes, decorum, where is your fucking decorum?
Cunt's fucking decorum
You fucking cunt
Just like your fucking mother
And just like your fucking father
See that?
What's that over there?
Yes, cunt, that's a door
I just want you to look at the door

Now I'm a really positive person
But you don't know what can happen from day to day
As you think about it in your mind
If I walked out that fucking door
And the door closed
And as it closed
It slammed shut
And no matter what you did
No matter what you fucking did
You could not open the door
And you knew you could never look into my eyes again
Hear my voice again
Feel my touch again

You're right, you know
About that door
You really shouldn't think about it
A huge mistake to fucking think about
You don't have to think about the door
It makes you feel uncomfortable
Doesn't it?
I know it does
You don't have to feel like that
It's distressing
It's really distressing

A terrible think happened
My friend was stabbed in the street
By some drunk
Dead before he arrived at the hospital
Wouldn't it be terrible?
Think about it
Even if you could get that door opened
And you were to search
You could never find me again
You will never be able to see me again
You will never be able to hear my voice again

Feel my touch again
You'll never be able
All that fun we had together
The great times we had together
The coast
The night-time
The hotel
The journey home
Even if you were to open that door
You would search but you could never find

You're nothing
Cunt's nothing
Zero
Just remind yourself
Remember you're fat
Remember you're stupid
Remember you're ugly
Fat, stupid and ugly
Just remember that
And also remember life's tragedies
Think about them
I still think about it
You see that door?
You see that door?
You see that door?
You see that door?
Cunt, do you see that fucking door?

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