

Wire

"Bad Worn Thing"

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Jam sandwich filled with Uzied peelers
Frisking pimps and dawn car dealers
The Fat Controller's transport inches
When stealing lives, he never flinches

Observe the poker party aces
In champagne bars, unlikely spaces
Unnerving, swerving shifty places
Where little works or convinces

Follow me! No explanation
The future sold, the Chancellor paces
The growing pains, associated
With a past which no-one faces

They clip their speech
They clip your wings
The absent tribe
Of missing links
The absolute
Of vodka kings
The over crowded
Nature of things

It's a bad worn thing!

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