

Xtc

"Bull With Golden Guts"

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Difficult age
You're just fourteen
And you're not friends with your body
Painfully thin
Look at your skin
Play with yourself for a hobby

How can they love a man who does that to himself?

Difficult age
Turn on the page
Have that wee drink in the meantime

Difficult age
Now you're eighteen
Here's all the freedoms you wanted
All the best clothes
A looker who goes
The size of your wage packet flaunted

How can they love a man who does that to himself?

Difficult age
Turn on the page
And have that wee drink in the meantime

Difficult age
He's twenty-nine
Thirty just lurks 'round the corner
Settled for life
Nice kids and wife
Pull out a plum like Jack Horner

Difficult age
Turn on the page
Have that wee drink in the meantime

Difficult age
Now thirty-eight
And you're not friends with your body
Wish you were thin
Look at your skin

Wasting yourself for a hobby

How can they love a man who does that to himself?

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