

Zutons, The "Bumbag"

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Raise a glass now
To the person
Who invented the word called scum

He was clever
Never foolish
And he knew where you came from

You're a bumbag
And a vexer
And you never let your standards slip

Cause your standards
Are so low-down
Like the pavement you find when you trip

But I won't trip over
Look over my shoulder
You won't get the better of me
The credit you owe me
Respect you don't show me
All makes the better for me

You look so good from afar
But you're just a bumbag
Yes, you are

You're a parasite
You're a virus
You only ever make mistakes

Like a leper
Or a tapeworm
You only ever seem to take

Now you're livin'
With your language
And everyone's avoiding you

Ask for money
Ask for cigarettes

But it's all you ever seem to do

But I won't trip over
Look over my shoulder
You won't get the better of me
The credit you owe me
Respect you don't show me
All makes the better for me

You look so good from afar
But you're just a bumbag
Yes, you are

All my friend's heads
Seem to go down
Whenever you decide to turn up

Feel so sorry
For your parents
When they see your face, they must spew up

You're the black sheep
You're the distance
You should keep your wits about you in town

Because one day
It could kill you
And your body never will be found

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