

## Conny Quick & The Teddybears

### "Neglected"

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(female voice - talking)

Hey Grouch, I heard your new album

It's so great, I really like it alot

Hey, um.. can I get a tape or something?

Hey, what are you guys doing at the Outhouse?

Can I come over?

Hey lets kick it

(Grouch)

Momma whats wrong with me, I've got a lovely family  
and friends

And thats enough to make ends meet fuck dividends

But I be livin' in a lonely ass world

Searchin' for the perfect woman, not a little girl

See, they be dressin' all trashy actin' sassy

Spreadin' em for flashy fast talkers with the cash, me

I can't compete with that

I use a beat and raps, to fill the gap within my soul

But thats gettin' old

And I be gettin' told told to spit game man

But to me that shits lame, I use my mind not a pick-up  
line

It's sick how quick they find comfort in a one night sin

I might end up celibate for the hell of it

And tell a grip of stories, 'bout how I want a wife

How they be lookin' nice, but dont be actin' right

And if you slackin' they might lead you to debt

Take your last givin(?) penny, the thought makes me  
stress

Unless, I find a woman with a strong sense of self  
respect

I'll be alone, feending cause I felt neglect

How can something so good be so evil?

Something so right be so wrong?

I want to put trust into people

But I cant so I speak with my song

How can something so good be so evil?

Something so right be so wrong?

I want to put trust into people

But I cant so I speak with my songs

(Eligh)

I grab the notion by the throat  
That maybe some day I'll be accompanied  
By somebody who trusts in me, deeply  
Seeping through walls and blockades  
With stockades of armour, and self prepelled hand  
grenandes  
I can tell the age by the rings under her eyes  
So when the mental drift develops it comes with no  
surprise  
Unlike most guys I analyse, discuss  
Organise and thrust forth with new skin  
Like a reptilian, not a warm blooded civilian  
I've decided even though i fiend it  
Theres too much shit to catch to do it  
And not mean it  
Teamin' up on the left and the right  
My brain in a vice  
Constant rain over my shoulder  
And the lightning strikes more than twice  
I've hiked through the hot spots  
And stood like a statue on city streets  
Too busy to notice me  
My potency  
And the potential poetry seem to be documented  
I wont be bothered by bitches I keep my (?) extended  
Feet to cement, I walk away because you pretended

If your walking down the street and you see me all  
alone  
Dont talk to me, Im in my own place not to be trashed  
By any fake dash of a woman of a woman thats  
attractive  
Like you..  
Actin' like your walkin' awaay

Walk Away..  
Walkin Away..  
(x3 fading..)

Get to steppin

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