

Blunt

"End Of A Century"

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She says there's ants in the carpet
Dirty little monsters
Eating all the morsels
Picking up the rubbish
Give her efferverscene
She needs a little sparkle
Good morning t.v.
You're lookin' so healthy
CHORUS:
We all say
Dont want to be alone
We wear the same clothes
'cause we feel the same
And kiss with dry lips
When we say goodnight
End of a century.. it's nothing special
Sex on the t.v.
Everybody's at it
And the mind gets dirty
As you get closer to thirty
He gives her a cuddle
Glowing in a huddle
Good night t.v.
Your all made up
You're looking like me
Chorus
Can... you... eat... her... yes... you... can...
Chorus-2
End of a century.. It's nothig special-2

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