

Blur "Who The Fuck?"

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I stole the bottle of gin from over the counter and ran,
I knew I'd been seen. I scarpered stifling giggles down
the street and hid round a corner on a side street.
I heard him huffing and the sound of his big feet
against
the paving, he was getting close. As he rounded the
corner
i sighted him up down the barrel of the gun and on
seeing
his expression change to one of horror + confusuib
jerked
back the trigger. His body was jolted back by the force
of
the bullet + his feet flew foward. I saw a bright little
rivulet
of blood are into the air and I slid the gin into the
waistband
of my trousers.

Who you fuckin lookin at?
Who the fuck you lookin at?
Who the fuck you lookin at?
Who the fuck you lookin at?

Is there really a thing like feeling too much?
Can you really escape + numb the real?
There's a way of saying, a way of sayin a shape - I feel
a
certain shape and it's complicated it's not like a square
or
a circle It's like crystal or diamond, it's clean, hard,
unfathomable and it ends in an augmental kiss
It ends in an augmental kiss

Who the fuck you lookin at?
Who the fuck you lookin at?
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Who the fuck you lookin at?

Rock Stars are NOT cool
They're full of his guy they call satan,
Kids stuff oozing from their mouths.

They wear the shoes of dead soldiers shot by soldiers,
valium
horses trotting squeezing through their raspberry blood.
Sometimes I feel so stoopid I wanna quit - get out of it
cus
I hate this world and everyone in it - The fat Bald men
who
run it - the fat bald men

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