

David

"Sweet Head"

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I tried to break away from you
From the spics and blacks and the gum you chew
Where the posters are torn by the muggin' gangs
By the faggy parks and the burnt out vans
I've got ninety-nine years of laying in the dark and I'm
far too young to lie
I've got ninety-nine ways to play my guitar it's going to
pay me before I die

CHORUS

So bob your sweet head
Brother Ziggy going to play
I'm just about the best you can hear
Gonna rock it in your head
Shazam! and come ball
With my guitar and me soprano
We can give you sweet head

I'm tough as glass and clean as night
Well if looks can love we can love all right
I'm your rubber peacock angelic whore
I'm a wrought iron face upon the wall
I had ninety-nine years of murder called life and I'm
running away from it all
I got a bedroom, every mirror in town they're going to
claim me if I fall

CHORUS

Sweet head, give you sweet head
(spoken: while ya down there)

See my eyes of blocked emotion, see my tremble, see
my fall
Traumatics thick and fast, your faith in me can last
Besides I'm known to lay you, one and all

Look south the way your mother dwells
If she knew what's going down, she'd give you hell
I'm the kind of man she warned me of
Till there was rock, you only had god

You and I have a mutual vow
We both like young, and we both like loud
I got pretty shoes, and I'm kid and proud
I'm street side out with my ear to the crowd

CHORUS

Move along, sir!

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