

## Godkiller "Punchbag"

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If I brought a note to school

That said my days were numbered

They'd leave me

Numb and bleeding

Or strangle me with jump-leads

Momma, momma, momma,

In my world

The birds don't sing

The bells don't ring

The bicycle bells, the bicycle bells

Momma, momma, Help me!

I wish I could blend

Into the background

I've no excuses for my lack of guts

Lack of guts

What is it about me

That draws attention?

Fourth form atrocities

Punchbag

Come and get it Socrates

Got to hit back

Get down on your knees

Ready for the polythene bag

I've never been a natural

At physical things

I've never been good at cross-country running

Since the first football hit me in the ear

Like a frozen cannonball

And the knees buckled

And stayed bent

And the laughs came

And the nerve went

And "Dirty Jew"

Was written on the blackboard

Fourth form atrocities

Punchbag

Come and get it Socrates

Got to hit back

Get down on your knees

Ready for the polythene

Ready for the polythene

Ready for the polythene Bag treatment Running through the corridors Far too many obstacles Bursting, bursting Bursting for the crap I know They'll never let me have Fourth form punchbag Oh God I wish that I was Thicker than I am And thinner than I am Oh God I wish that I had Normal ears And clearer skin I'm praying for the day When handsome's out And ugly's in Fourth form punchbag Fourth form punchbag To Jesus I pray For strength to survive Your Christian soldiers Smell blood I torture myself in private

To prepare me for the pain

I talk to myself in public

On the buses and the train

My father just ignores it

'Cos it goes against the grain

Momma, momma, Help me!

Fourth form punchbag

Fourth form punchbag

Booming round the corridors

Like guadiamus igitur

Fourth form punchbag

Fourth form punchbag

Can

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Please

Get

Up

Now

No

When?

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