

Jennylyn Mercado

"F-word"

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Would you stand up for this kind of beauty?
Cause this kind of beauty won't stand up for you.

It won't lift a finger
For some lazy dreamer.
Here it comes the average dirty word,
Pardon my French

But I'm sitting on an park bench,
Watching yearning cats
Milk-fed little brats.

And they say:
Love won't pick
The slanted or the slick
Or the lovesick,
And I'm lovesick.

So I say
F-word, f-word
Pardon my French
But it's bs, bs
Can't you feel the stench?

F-word, f-word
Pardon my French
But it's bs, bs.

Summer evening,
Cats are screaming
For love.

Is summer evening,
The cats screaming
For love.

So I say
F-word, f-word
Pardon my French
But it's bs, bs
Can't you feel the stench?

F-word, f-word
Pardon my French
But it's bs, bs
Can't you feel the stench?

F-word, f-word
Pardon my French
But it's bs, bs
Can't you feel the stench?

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F-word, f-word
Pardon my French
But it's bs, bs.

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