

McQueen

"Not For Sale"

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Riding high on indifference,
Make a scene 'coz I can, 'coz I want to.
Fuck it up outta spite, outta pity,
I'm not about to lay down dead.

It's not a chip on my shoulder,
It's not an issue to discuss, it's too disgusting.
So fucking what? I'm a girl,
Looking up, looking up in a man's world.

Don't remind me I'm a girl,
Stop talking to my chest.
You say I'm selling sex,
Don't patronise me!

Don't remind me I'm a girl,
Stop talking to my chest.
You say I'm selling sex,
Not for sale! Not for sale! Not for sale!

I'm getting tired of your arrogance,
I chuck it up, fuck it up, 'coz it's old news.
Make your assumptions, make your own bed
And fucking die, fucking die, fucking die in it!

Listen to me, listen to me, don't patronise me.
Listen to me, listen to me, don't patronise me.
Listen to me, listen to me, don't patronise me.

Not for sale! Not for sale! NOT FOR SALE!

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