

Ste McCabe

"I'm Not Bitter"

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Men who know themselves so well, men who have
stories to tell
Men like confused little children, hiding, shy and all
bewildered
Men who just want to stick in in and throw you out when
they are finished
Men who talk about monogamy, lying their way into
monotony
I raise a glass to the day we parted, don't spare me,
I'm not broken hearted
Maybe I'm no good at this, but you my love are full of
bullshit
Men with their hands in their pockets think they can buy
you with a double vodka
Men who are so proud of their cocks, well that's
amazing, but guess what? I've got one too
Men with money, men with none, this mental illness is
too far gone
I can see the tell-tale sign, it's in your trousers when
they rise
I raise a glass to the day we parted, don't spare me,
I'm not broken hearted
Maybe I'm no good at this, but you my love are full of
bullshit
Men who are stupid, men who are smart
Men who look like they're a work of art
Men who are ugly, men who are cute
Men who are serious, men who are aloof
Men who are interesting, men who are bores
Men with principles, men who are whores
Men who are happy, men who are sad
Men who are mature, men who act like lads
Men who are top, men who are bottom
Don't ask me what I am 'cause I've fuckin well forgotten
Men who are straight, bi or gay
Talking about themselves again, well not today
I'm not bitter, no, no, no
No, no no!

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