

## The Queers "Uncouth"

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Excuse my French I think I swore  
I called your mom a dirty whore  
Pardon me I think I farted  
Please don't think that I'm retarded

Mercy me I think I puked  
Please don't let that get you spooked  
Just overlook that I'm a mess  
While I run my hands up your dress

I'm uncouth  
I'm uncouth  
I'm uncouth  
I'm uncouth

Holy cow I stole your car  
I burned the seats with my cigar  
Kiss my ass, I hate your guts  
I may be rude, but I'm not nuts

I'm sorry baby but that's just the way it has to be  
When we first fucked  
I told you get the hell away from me  
With all my stupid bullshit  
You haven't had enough  
To get fucked up the ass each night  
It must be fucking tough

[Chorus]

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