

The Radiators

"Bad Taste Of Your Stuff"

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Darlin' don't send me no hearts and flowers
Doncha call me on the phone every hour after hour
Your full time fool sez love is enough

I want a bad taste of your stuff
I don't need the things that money can buy
Don't care about no home in the sweet bye and bye
I'm sick of romance so tired of love
I want a bad taste of your stuff

You can make me feel from from my head to my toe
When you bang my drum real nice and slow

Don't look for me when you spy the sun
I'll be gone just as quick as I come
Sayin' that one night can be paradise

I want a bad taste of your stuff

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