

The Wildhearts "Junkenstein"

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White boy, white lie, two faced dead guy
Too lust for life to die along with it
Take it, talk it, comb that carpet
Pull on the bone and chaser in secret
Golden slumber, golden slumber
Too weak to lift the rock you're under

We know where you've been
And we know what you're buying
You're pissing on friends
And still you deny it

Fine, fine Junkenstein
Keep it up son
Take a look at what you could of won

Low count, pissjoy, wet back, pin boy
Turn off the light and take the fake ticket
Ex-pat, B-plan, take the money sick man
No guts to face it let alone kick it
Golden slumber, golden slumber
Too weak to lift the rock you're under

Wanna try pain? Try pain as a real man
Wanna try change? Try changing the program
You say you're so tired, not as tired as I am

Fine, fine Junkenstein
You ain't so tough
Your eyes are never wide enough

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