

The Zutons

"Bumbag"

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Raise a glass now to the person
Who invented the word called scum
He was clever never foolish
And he knew where you came from
You're a bumbag and a vexer
And you never let your standards slip
Cause your standards are so low-down
Like the pavement
You find when you trip

But I won't trip over
Look over my shoulder
You won't get the better of me
The credit you owe me
Respect you don't show me
All makes the better for me

Ooh you look so good from afar
Ooh you're just a bumbag
Yes you are

You're a parasite you're a virus
You only ever make mistakes
Like a leper or a tapeworm
You only ever seem to take
Now you're livin' with your language
And everyone's avoiding you
Ask for money ask for cigarettes
It's all you ever seem to do

But I won't trip over
Look over my shoulder
You won't get the better of me
The credit you owe me
Respect you don't show me
All makes the better for me

Ooh you look so good from afar
Ooh but you're just a bumbag
Yes you are

All my friend's heads seem to go down
Whenever you decide to turn up
Feel so sorry for your parents
When they see your face
They must spew up
You're the black sheep
You're the distance
You should keep your wits
About you in town
Because one day it could kill you
And your body never will be found

But I won't trip over
Look over my shoulder
You won't get the better of me
The credit you owe me
Respect you don't show me
All makes the better for me

I won't trip over
Look over my shoulder
You won't get the better of me
The credit you owe me
Respect you don't show me
All makes the better (x4) for me

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