

## Heideroosjes "The Porter"

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Now I know what the Moroccan guy meant,  
And I sure know how I feels  
When he gets kicked out of a club  
By a bald muscled security-guy  
"You don't belong here" he says straight-faced  
And even gave me a dirty look

Power, power, power  
It probably feels good when you despise me  
You smile, smile, smile  
There he stands, he gets a boner of it  
Happy cause he can bark

It took some time before I understood  
But he kept his anabolic arm in front of me  
For a moment I thought of a bad joke  
I asked for an explanation but he lisped: "And now quickly"

Of course I heard the stories  
Allochthones and sneakers are kept out  
But here I stood with good shoes and snow white  
Because I have an obstinate haircut I got in trouble  
Against so much stupidity I'm speechless  
Why do I even want to go in this club?

Power, power, power  
It probably feels good when you despise me  
You smile, smile, smile  
There he stands, he gets a boner of it  
In the night, night, night  
A piece of crap in shiny shoes doesn't trust me  
But who here has the wrong head?  
There he stands, happy cuase he can bark  
You make me puke man!

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