

## The Perishers

### "Bruiser"

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Hey hath no furry like the sediment spite  
You go out on a weekend and you get in a fight  
But I ain't no bruiser I'm a man of simple taste  
I would rather stay home and smoke a number  
Than go out and get punched in the face  
And I know you feel fired up  
But just sit back and we can sort it out  
We could go to the dump and smash up old computers  
Or we could go to the top of tower and spit down on the  
suiters  
I'll put on the kettle, I'll make a cup of tea  
You can tell me all your thoughts man  
You can tell me how ya feeling 'cause  
I know you feel fired up  
So just sit back and we can we can we can sort it out  
You gotta have faith

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