

## Rhoda Morgan

### "You Cant Move Into My House"

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Hope you don't think I'm rude  
Fuck You  
Hope you don't think I'm precious  
Fuck You  
Hope you see I'm well adjusted:  
I can't stand the sight of you  
Don't wanna be startin somethin  
Don't want to antagonise,  
All I said was something simple:  
I can't stand the sight of you,  
I can't stand the sight of you.  
Don't believe, don't believe the words  
I don't believe all the things I've heard about you.  
I will be saying this in your defense:  
I'd rather eat a fridge full of arses than know you.  
And I've tried with all my might to see past  
all you failing but I've failed to give a fuck  
You're a fuck-up, you're a joke,  
You're a clown, take your pants down,  
Get fucked you fucking fuckwit  
no you can't move into my house.  
With a range of ethics that are quite perverse  
You're sitting in the centre of your own universe  
Not content to sit upon the fence, you'll fall  
either way ignoring common sense  
I look into your eyes and seen a haze  
of your twisted sensibilities and little saving grace.  
---Chorus---  
I believe, I believe the words, of your  
best friend when he likened you to a steaming turd.  
And when he said he wished that you were dead,  
It was the most intelligent thing that anyone's ever  
said.  
And I've tried with all my might to see past  
all your failings but I failed to give a fuck.  
---chorus ad nauseum---

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