

## Thea Gilmore "Bad Idea"

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Perfectly ugly I'm standing up here in front of you  
Like a living work of art  
And I can do cute with a bite or angry with a personable  
side  
But they're my only parts  
And this town crossed its legs a long time ago baby  
When it got sick of trying  
And the violent soprano of an ambulance siren  
screams round the block  
Like the whole world is dying

Oh, oh I have to give everything a name  
Oh no I can smell gas in here again  
And you say what an explosive little sugar I am  
And I say well you know sweetheart you live on bad  
ideas

She managed them both like some dizzy soap opera  
queen on the TV  
And I manoeuvred my way round the rocks smuggling  
scorn into my words  
And she didn't even see me  
I love it when you float off like some great feather in  
the breeze  
But the only trouble is I'm left sitting here panting for  
more  
Like a bitch on heat, now

And oo, oh I have to give everything a name  
And oh no I can smell gas in here again  
And you say what an explosive little sugar I am  
And I say well you know asshole you live on bad ideas

Skin tight and forthright  
I can pick this fight alone  
Hold on we can take it on 'cause only  
Words can cut to bone

Skin tight and forthright  
I can pick this fight alone  
Hold on we can take it on 'cause even  
Words

Oh, oh I have to give everything a name  
Oh no I can smell gas in here again  
And you say what an explosive little sugar I am  
And I say well you know asshole you live on bad ideas

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