

Tism

"If You Ever Hear His Name, Harden Not Your Arteries"

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I'm such a turd that I wouldn't sell Elle McPherson's dad
a ranger;
I'm such a loser I'll be one of the few not to bang her;
I've got a worse job than a sweating TISM roadie; ah,
I'm more fucked than that guy stuck in Cambodia;
I've left my kids in the Casino carpark, and my car in
the creche there too:
But if I'm such a dickhead, what does that make you?

I was checking the seals on the Space shuttle - until it
exploded;
I told Brandon Lee, "Don't be a fool: the gun's not really
loaded."
I got ten years for showing a kid the banana in my
pyjama;
I'm such a stiff I've applied for the job of lead singer of
Nirvana;
I think winning a Commonwealth gold medal is a
worthwhile thing to do;
But if I'm such a dickhead, what does that make you?

I grew up in a suburb where the tram lines refuse to go;
I went to a school that you ain't likely to know;
I'm for the old fashioned doctrine that a pratt is a pratt
is a pratt
Even when he's got in-line skates and wears a baseball
cap;
So who's the joke finally on? It's easy enough to see -
'Cos if you're all such dickheads, what does that make
me?

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