

Kissy Sell Out

"Apple Jelly"

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We live for horror films,
And never watch the sequels,
It's that thing about the first the second never equals,
Like there was that one boy,
Final year of state school,
In the field, late at night,
Backstage at the may ball.
Couldn't get him more wrong,
Fooled by his appearance,
Venom flowed so effortless,
We'd spit it so he'd hear us,
Little did we know that he was simply unassuming,
Every night he'd sit alone,
And paint what made him human, huh!

Sixth form block fire escapes,
Were never locked securely,
We'd sit on top smoking fags,
And drinking prematurely,
Sometimes he'd look up at us,
We weren't his interest clearly,
Eyes glazed and fixed above,
He'd dream of apple jelly,
Followed by our catcalls,
His newly found libido,
He got the guts to meet a girl,
Who promptly crushed his ego,
Near the end of lessons,
The girl he was pursuing,
Tried to kiss his only friend,
And so was his undoing

What could he be thinking,
What the hell was going through his mind,
Why am I surprised I always had him as the silent kind,
What could he be thinking,
What the hell was going through his mind,
Why am I surprised I always had him as the silent kind

Michael Gira, Sonic Youth, Blondie, Smashing
Pumpkins,

His set read like a note to those,
Who listened drinking Holland Gin,
Left it on her doorstep,
She went and never saw it,
By the time she got to school,
The atmosphere was morbid.

When I got out of school you didn't like me,
That look on your face was plain to see,
I heard you laughing behind my back,
Just because my jeans were black,
Hey, hey, hey-ya hey...

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