

Baddie's Boogie

Babysambles

Baddie's bound by ancient codes of decency and secrecy
He understands 'bout stabbing backs and shaking hands
So if or when you're behind bars or in front of them as you are
Look out for the man who'll bum your wife and then shake your hand

And oh, you've been here before, you fell in love
And carried her over the threshold
Thinking, she's far too good looking to do the cooking
Now well, that was twenty years ago, twenty years ago

That's a lousy life for the washed up wife
Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard
A lousy life for the washed up wife
Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard

A lousy life for the washed up wife
Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard
A lousy life, a lousy life

The kid was singing, will I ever be free?
Does this town hold no more for me
Club Tropicana, the drinks are free
Stick one in his face for me

Baddie's bound, it's all 'bout you, his decency, his secrecy
And baddies bound, but I do get it

All the way, you've been here before, fell in love
Carried her over the threshold
Just thinking, she's far too good looking to do the cooking
While that was twenty years ago, twenty years ago, oh

That's a lousy life for the washed up wife
Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard
A lousy life for the washed up wife
Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard

A lousy life for the washed up wife
Of a permanently plastered, pissed up bastard
A lousy life, a lousy life

Oh, the kid was singing, will I ever be free?
Is this town hold no more for me
Club Tropicana, the drinks are free
Stick one in his face for me, for me, a baddie

Baddies bound, baddies bound, it's 'bout you
Decency and secrecy