

Upside Out

The Vindictives

The cowards corresponding with some men, the blabbermouth is singing songs again, they're blowing little smoke rings up my ass, I'll whistle do-re-mi and blow'em back. I never had a problem with'em pissing in the wind, or crawling out from underneath the bed I'm sleeping in, they're cooking accusations up to get their little kicks, they're gonna drive me berserk.