

## Bad Idea

Thea Gilmore

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 T  
V  
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 bre  
eze  
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