

Lyrics

Bourgeois & Maurice – Musical Couture

Very Attractive Records, 2009

Cyber Lament

When I was a girl I just wanted to be part of the crowd I didn't want to stand out much but look at me now (look at her now) I was the one at the back of the class with her head held down I never wanted to ask any questions but look at me now look at her now then I met a real nice guy and he hung around me like shit to the fly I gained in confidence, my skin cleaned up I got cute (she got cute) so I modelled for him in a bikini I sang him some songs in privacy I can't believe he would do this to me it's not fair (just not fair) because now my face is all over myspace and I don't know who put it there it wasn't me it wasn't me it was great PR that just went too far and now I'm a pop phenomenon available in fourteen different download formats baby I need you to save me with a right click of your mouse transfer me to your electronic house and then we can restart I'm so sick of all these friend requests and the leaking from my silicone breasts I got thinning hair and botox tears in my eyes (tears in her eyes) they put a microchip behind each ear shoved a USB stick up my rear I'm a robot now I'm not the girl I once was (she once was) I wanna swim through a woodland stream I wanna soar down a down ravine I wanna go up and touch that hole in the sky (hole in the sky) but I can't no more cos they're playing my song on rotation on Radio One I'm a download star but they're loading me down too far way too far

I Can't Live in London

I moved to the city where the streets are paved with gold if you're bored of London you're bored of life I'm told where the boys and girls with their toys and pearls can all run young and free in the shadows from the towers of Lloyds TSB so I pulled on my finest brogues and I joined the race every day I made ten million every night I got off my face but then the money ran out as the Thames dried up and I had to go without all the things I loved I'm a martyr to the City like a rich man's Joan of Arc now I can't live in London anymore I can't live in London anymore I can't afford my cocaine and whores so how can I live in London anymore doctor diagnosed me with the nu depression brought on by overspending and material obsession and I don't know what I'll do with myself if I have to live on the National Health am I expected to educate my children on the public state and now I'm crying I'm on my knees cos I've had to sell one of my properties and no one else seems to give a shit about the traumas of the over privileged I can't live in London anymore I can't live in London anymore I wasn't made for being poor so how can I live in London anymore and I can't live in New York anymore I can't live in Sydney anymore I can't live in Hong Kong anymore so how can I live anymore

Little Pins

Little pins stick into my skin little pins dig into my skin little pins rip into my skin and I love it so much I shove another pin up into my skin another pin up into my skin another pin up into my skin it's so liberating let's get painting all over my flesh painting all over my chest painting all over my breast don't know what it says but I've got Japanese Chinese Bengali symbols all over my body grammatically appalling but everyone's adoring as blood is pouring when I was a schoolboy all my teachers used to say they'd tell me study hard get a job don't get carried away with all these fantasies celebrities they won't help you pass your GCSEs when I got my first job my dad told me what to wear he told me buy a suit get a tie cut your fucking hair because no son of mine is gonna waste his time trying to be the next Divine so I toned down the way I dressed to be a symbol of success but there's a side that no one knows it's hidden underneath my clothes roses and lovers and my favourite things permanently etched onto my skin my body is a living work of art I've tattooed my organs and sketched on my heart and when I die don't let me go to waste stretch out my flesh and show it in the Tate cos I want the world to finally see the beautiful things I've done to me little pins rip into my skin and I love it so much

What Would You Do

I sit here looking interested while I nod my head and then force a smile you'll think I'm so into you but it's just what I must do you'll think I'm so into you but it's just what I must do for sex what do you do for sex how far would you go for sex chained up in a basement with a ping pong ball in your mouth excreting on your lover while you bathe in golden showers you don't like the taste of poo but it's just what you must do no you don't like the taste of poo but it's just what you must do for sex what do you do for sex wow far would you go for sex you've got your tits blown up and your tan sprayed on you've have your pubes removed to reveal your thong in your cock ring you look sexual with baby oil on your pectorals four kids later and the future's dark you get a young stud in to reignite that spark two is company but three's more fun and I bet your husband likes it up the bum so what do you do for sex

Ritalin

Do you like that little bit of Ritalin we gave you do you like that little bit of
Ritalin we gave you do you like that little bit of Ritalin we gave you do you like
that little bit of Ritalin we gave you nice children don't talk back nice children
take Prozac we like happy faces behind those braces do you like that little bit
of Ritalin we gave you do you like that little bit of Ritalin we gave you do you
like that little bit of Ritalin we gave you do you like that little bit of Ritalin we
gave you life can be just one vacation if you take your medication you won't
feel sad or emotional you won't feel very much at all do you like that little bit
of Ritalin we gave you do you like that little bit of Ritalin we gave you do you
like that little bit of Ritalin we gave you do you like that little bit of Ritalin we
gave you one story before bed your family are all dead be strong don't cry
or you will also die do you like that little bit of Ritalin we gave you do you like
that little bit of Ritalin we gave you do you like that little bit of Ritalin we gave
you do you like that little bit of Ritalin we gave you there's paedophiles on
every corner stay inside lock up your daughter if anyone's going to hurt her
bad it may as well be mum and dad do you like that little bit of Ritalin we gave
you do you like that little bit of Ritalin we gave you do you like that little bit of
Ritalin we gave you do you like that little bit of Ritalin we gave you

Valerie

She takes the bus down the Kings Road book in hand she sits alone
thumbing through her memories of people that she barely sees what are
you up to where are you living she holds back truth and keeps on giving
disappointment golden bows she tints her pain with shades of rose half
moon smile carves its way like floss through all her life decay to compensate
for this Valerie talks of her enormous salary Louis Vuitton round her throat
monogrammed bejewelled tote nestled safe within her claws protects against
the menopause which marches forwards arms held high to suck remaining
life force dry and leave her a dependency for Evening Primrose and TV
not-just-any-micro-meals from M&S on plates from Heals and as she boards
the bus back home book in hand all alone the pages drift into the street
replaced by Grazia & Heat perfume lingers in the air as if to prove she's really
there to those people sitting near not noticing she's disappeared I often wish
I'd said to her to stop before she went too far but I was weak I tried too late
and now she's everything I hate

All The Boys

I went down to G A Y last night was not a single guy I liked so I left early and I left lonely I went down to Heaven in a vest so I could show off all my pecs but I don't have none no I don't have none I went down to Vauxhall to the clubs attacked by vicious bears and cubs cos I'm not hairy no I'm not hairy but I don't wanna be no nobody's fool think I better go back to homo school learn about the twinkies and the preps and the skinny boys with big biceps and then maybe I won't be single long I walk tall I won't put one foot wrong I'll be the essence of man on man desire on the guestlist at DTPM and Fire I went down to Popstarz wearing jeans that frankly bordered on obscene cos they were so low still I left solo I went down to Brighton by the sea to have a cup of GHB with my friend Mary Muscle Mary when I was tired of sucking cocks I wore a dress down to BoomBox became an androgyny but only straight boys fancied me all the boys are doing it b boys are doing it all the boys are doing it b boys are doing it all the boys are doing it b boys are doing it all the boys are doing it b boys are doing it but I'm not sure that's what I want I'm not sure that's what I need I'm not sure that's who I am well I say no way no way I just think they want to play with you in that way in that way and I don't think they want to stay with you today today even if you are a star on Gaydar I don't really think that you are ever going to fill that gaping hole in your heart won't fill that hole in your heart I've got a hole I've got a hole in my heart...

Don't Go To Art School

You don't need no Caran D'ache no Daler Rowney can make you happy
you don't need no discount canvas to paint your soul on to you don't need
to live in Hoxton pretend you've always lived in London sucking hard on
daddy's credit card so you can look like a tramp don't go to art school don't
go to art school don't go to art school don't go to art school you don't need
no customization to prove your antiestablishmentation it don't make you
a more interesting person if you pickle sheep in tanks you don't need no
plastic Nazis or the approval of Charles Saatchi there's nothing wrong with
watercolours outside your 9 to 5 they will rob you blind and kill your dad hand
decorate his body bag they will steal your lunch pickle it in lube then exhibit
it at the White Cube all artists walk the devil's way so believe us please when
we say don't go to art school don't go Saint Martins yeah or Royal College or
Royal Academy don't go to ch ch Chelsea don't go to the Slade it's way way
way way way way way too far don't go to art school

Addicted

With you I'm addicted with you I'm addicted with you I'm addicted with you
I'm addicted your pheromones are the artificial stimulant I need I would
gladly give you fifty quid then drop down to my knees if it would only bring us
closer and prove you love me too but eroto-manic stalking is the only way to
you take a drag on a cigarette and I'm fine inject scag into my eye and I could
give it up but with you I'm addicted I spy on you on the internet and I watch
you in your flat I follow you when you go to work but I'm hidden ten metres
back I wish I was the daisy chain lying on your rock but stalking is the only
way so I'll stalk you round the clock with you I'm addicted we were made for
each other stop writing to my doctor he can only give me drugs and I know
that that's not enough cos I need you and you need me too so what's a boy
like me to do when the law tells him to stop I listen to my heartbeat drumming
not some stupid cop restraining orders don't mean shit when you're NYPD
blue take a knife cut out my heart and Fedex it to you why don't you sign for
it you bastard if you don't sign for it I'll kill you I'm addicted

Celebrity

When I'm walking through the club I have to hold my head down low for that paparazzi lens knows everywhere I go it was easy in the early days Gods were born that way but now we're on our down the scum are crawling up I went to Paris and Milan and then New York for a day spent the budget of Malawi on some shoes I'll throw away I have everything I wish for except the Apple phone they only gave that to Madonna (they'll always give the dog the bone) you want to be me you want to be me you want to be me but you don't know what to say when you see me when you see me when you see me cos I'm a celebrity now celebrate me now you have a table at the Ivy reserved every single day you hire blonde girls by the hour to prove that you're not gay you are drowning in your ego as you enter Mahiki I can't wait to watch your downfall in a documentary you want to be me you want to be me you want to be me but you don't know what to say when you see me when you see me when you see me cos I'm a celebrity now celebrate me now now I'm lying on a cross with a bleeding crown of thorns you all rush to mop by brow I can't absolve you of your sins I am only paper thin but still I know somehow you'll want to be me you'll want to be me you'll want to be me and you'll hang your head and pray when you see me when you see me when you see me cos I'm a celebrity now celebrate me now

Dull People

He died sedately watching TV on a Thursday night they found his corpse
a month later in front of The Price is Right he never intended to give up
completely and live voyeuristically but people are more fun on game shows
than they are in reality dull people claimed his life today dull people washed
all his colour away don't let dull people claim your life today dull people in
dull shades of grey she flicks a Malteaser from left to right across her desk
she opens her emails which she reads through Outlook Express she's telling
herself it is only a temporary measure won't go on forever but as time goes
by she begins to realise dull people could claim her life today dull people
could wash her colour away don't let dull people claim your life today dull
people in dull shades of grey tick tock bleep bleep Sky Plus Radio Times tick
tock bleep bleep jpeg pdf don't want to hide in this strip light office I'm dying
in this air conditioned abyss your stationary orders mean fuck all to me I'll
shit on the fax machine and the PC cos I'm sick of it I know there's got to be
more to life than just tick tock bleep bleep jpeg pdf tick tock bleep bleep
Sky Plus Radio Times dull people could claim your life today dull people
could wash your colour away

If You Don't Know What To Do With Your Life

Get in the car and drive away get on the train and ride away get in the plane and fly away and then die get in the car and drive away get on the train and ride away get in the plane and fly away and then die cos if you don't know what to do with your life if you don't know what to do with your life if you don't know what to do with your life just die you're less than a spec in this big wide world less than the reunion of the Spice Girls you're less than an EasyJet flight to Spain you're less than Obama and John McCain you're worth less than the t-shirts in UniQlo less than someone I don't even know you're less than the cover of a magazine less than the stars on the cinema screen so go and be a teacher work in the arts volunteer for charity and move to France sell your body to pay for crack the end is coming so don't look back cos I died before when I was young and now I'm back I'm gonna have fun so I know what I'll do with my life I'll die cos if you don't know what to do with your life if you don't know what to do with your life if you don't know what to do with your life just die take me to the end oh you're not going anywhere you are not important you are not important your gap year was entirely yours no one else needs to know about it your bronchial tract infection is between you and your doctor nobody else cares whether you choose to live in Paris Berlin Singapore the south of France the north of England the outer Hebrides or Kuwait is of no consequence whatsoever you are not important get in the car and drive away get on the train and ride away get in the plane and fly away and then die

Forget You

Black scenes in my dreams I'm swimming under ice I try to keep the picture clean try to keep the paper white so long now since I heard you that I don't recall the verse but the melody still sings through the song do do do do do do now the power's been cut off the lights have all gone out the needles back to rest but you're still spinning round and I wish I could forget you but you keep playing in my head I wish I could forget you but you keep playing in my head black scenes in my dreams I wish away the time I try to keep you as a sketch and rub away the lines so long now since I saw you that I don't recall your face but that melody still sings through the song do do do do do do now the power's been cut off the lights have all gone out the needles back to rest but you're still spinning round and I wish I could forget you but you keep playing in my head I wish I could forget you but you keep playing in my head your bass and your drum your song keeps playing on your melody's in my top twenty don't know if you were number one but I wish I could forget you but you keep playing in my head I wish I could forget you but you keep playing in my head