

Loser

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

It's so funny when you don't get your way
Think you can fix it with whoever you pay
Ignore the facts, say it's a lie
Gather the morons, together deny

Loser (you're just a sore loser)

Loser (you're just a bad loser)

Loser (your just a sore loser)

Loser

Toys out the pram, don't wanna play
Trample over anyone who gets in your way
The day has come, democracy
Some who were blind, are starting to see

Loser (you're just a sore loser)

Loser (you're just a bad loser)

Loser (your just a sore loser)

Loser

Wah wah wah wah
Go and play golf, try to save face
Ignore your duties, what a disgrace
The more you dig, the deeper you get
You're the past, let's forget

Loser (you're just a sore loser)

Loser (you're just a bad loser)

Loser (you can't handle it)

Loser (so full of sh*t!)

Haphazard

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

We're all under duress
This country is a mess
Bad communication
It fails the nation
Some of us do wrong
While the rest conform
Split right down the middle
Sensible against the fickle

Ohhh

**We must be united, Selflessly
Haphazardly we're guided, foolishly**

How many lives were lost
To reduce the cost
Shambolic, spinless
Leading with blindness
Must stay in indoors
Yet how to you enforce
Relying on the people
Whose wages you ignored

Ohhh

**We must be united, Selflessly
Haphazardly we're guided, foolishly**

For you

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

For you, there's lengths that I would go
Prize off my fingernails
Swim with killer whales
To get close to you

For you, nothing's challenging
I'd kiss a thousand frogs
Wrestle with rabid dogs
I'd do anything

**Thinking of the things that I would do for you
I'd give you my left lung
And a kidney too
If you're running low
Take a pint of my blood
Just a few things to show you my love**

For you, there's lengths that I would go
Put tobacco in my eye
Listen to babies cry
To get close to you

For you, nothings challenging
Dance on a wasp nest
Ink your face on my chest
I'd do anything

**Thinking of the things that I would do for you
I'd give you my left lung
And a kidney too
If you're running low
Take a pint of my blood
Just a few things to show you my love**

Consumed

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

If you play by the rules, play by rules
It would be game over
You cover up the truth, cover up the truth
With abuse of power

*Devious, confident
Pay to influence
Hope that we will cower
We need to prove, need to prove
That their milks gone sour*

Consumed

**By the need to fill the greedy fantasy
Refused
We will stand our ground in solidarity
Oh Wooh**

They were given all the time, given all the time
To screw us over
We had to fall in line, had to fall in line
Time for exposure

*Devious, confident
Pay to influence
Hope that we will cower
We'll never move, never move
We will not bend over*

Consumed

**By the need to fill the greedy fantasy
Refused
We will stand our ground in solidarity
Oh Wooh**

S L Council you're jacked up
Disgust, obstruct, so corrupt

Consumed

**By the need to fill the greedy fantasy
Refused
We will stand our ground in solidarity
Oh Wooh**

Injustice System

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

If things aren't bad enough, it just keeps getting worse
Authority you're meant to trust responds to you with force
Some think they're untouchable
Protected at the top
The time has come, we've had enough
The violence must stop

**The injustice system
Such a f*cked up system**

Still too much prejudice is used and widely cast
It's the 21st century, stop living in the past
What sort of message is ending out to all
Lead by a fascist, racist, liar
Who's the biggest criminal?

**The injustice system
Such a f*cked up system**

A Way of Life

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell & Victoria Smith)

Remember when it was a teenage dream
Back in day, was all out of reach
Week in, week out, kept up all night
Memories carried, out of sight

When time stood still do you remember the thrill?
Feel so alive, had nothing to hide
Flashbacks to the great divide
Ups and downs, inside

**Didn't I, didn't I pay my dues?
But it's the life I choose**

Life's a gamble, nothing planned
Drift through the days that melt into years
It's a rocky drive, shifting gears
Bow down to the pioneers

Times are hard, facing walls
Listen to our desperate calls
Save the life we've only known
Pulled into a black hole

**Didn't I, didn't I pay my dues?
But it's the life I choose
Didn't I, didn't I pay my dues?
But it's the life I choose**

Filth

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

Only a scumbag would do what you do
Uh huh- no respect
You're lazy and you know it's true
Uh huh- no regret
Empty your pockets on the street
Uh huh- dirty leech
What sort of message does this leave?
Uh huh- hear me preach

**You drain society
Only know how to take**

Grubby roach, you just contaminate
Uh huh- parasite
You think it's fine to violate
Uh huh- it's not right
Defile the land that is your home
Uh-huh-filthy rat
Dropping what you want out your window
Uh huh- nasty brat

**You drain society
Only know how to take**

Slimy slug, pond scum
Rotten, fester, poison
Degenerate, don't give a shit
Putrid, sweaty armpit
You're filth!
You're Filth!
You're Filth!
You're Filth!
Magot, worm, wiggle, squirm
Where did you crawl from?
Critter, cretin, waste of space
You're the winner of the dirtbag race!
You're filth!
You're Filth!
You're Filth!
You're Filth!

**You drain society
Only know how to take**

I'd Like To Congratulate Myself

(Lyrics: Victoria Smith)

He was just just a punk in a Rock n Roll band
Kicked outta school, dealt a bad hand
Partied everyday, lost in a haze
Your demons never went away

Woah

**I'd like to congratulate myself and
I'd like to thank myself and
I'd like to congratulate myself and
Give myself a pat on the back**

Take it Dee Dee
1-2-3-4!

Ahhh

He wrote all the hits that we bopped to in the pits
He never made it to the Ritz
And all the freaks like me, needed therapy
You are your own worst enemy

Woah

**I'd like to congratulate myself and
I'd like to thank myself and
I'd like to congratulate myself and
Give myself a pat on the back**

Take it Dee Dee
1-2-3-4!

Woah

**I'd like to congratulate myself and
I'd like to thank myself and
I'd like to congratulate myself and
Give myself a pat on the back**

Ahhh

Last punk in the village

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

He heard the Damned and it changed his life
He cut off his hair with a stanley knife
Dyed it black and white, they called him a skunk
A freak, a weirdo, he was just a punk

**They pointed, they laughed, they didn't understand
Tattooed his arm with his favourite band
Pierced his lip with a safety pin
His girl didn't like it so she dumped him**

Been 40 years, he's still the same
Some moved on, he never changed
Living each day as it's always been
Map of his life etched on his skin

**They pointed, they laughed, they didn't understand
Tattooed his arm with his favourite band
Pierced his lip with a safety pin
His girl didn't like it so she dumped him**

**They pointed, they laughed, they didn't understand
Tattooed his arm with his favourite band
Pierced his lip with a safety pin
His girl didn't like it so she dumped him**

**They pointed, they laughed, they didn't understand
Tattooed his arm with his favourite band
Less Black hair, but more tattoos
Still singing to 'Another kind of blues'**

Imposter

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell & Victoria Smith)

What if everyone's better than me
Am I really worthy?
Is it talent, or fate
Right time, right place

Am I fraud? Self doubt
When will I be found out?
Take off the disguise
Can't run, can't hide

Too much pressure, to deliver (voices in my head)

It is enough?

I.M.P.O.S.T.E.R (the roots they spread)

Too much pressure, to deliver (voices in my head)

It is enough?

I.M.P.O.S.T.E.R

Damned if you, damned if you don't
Under the microscope
Validate, criticise
Everyone's right in their own eyes

Am I fraud? Self doubt
When will I be found out?
Take off the disguise
Can't run, can't hide

Too much pressure, to deliver (voices in my head)

It is enough?

I.M.P.O.S.T.E.R (the roots they spread)

Too much pressure, to deliver (voices in my head)

It is enough?

I.M.P.O.S.T.E.R

Mortal

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

Protests, fighting to provoke
Brainwashed, thinking it's all a hoax
Think you're protecting a human right
While others surrender to their biggest fight
We've all taken damage to our mental health
Some make profit and increase their wealth

**We're not invincible
We're all just mortal
Everyone is vulnerable, no one is untouchable
Listen to their dying call, no one is unstoppable
We're all just mortal**

Stupid if you think that it's all a joke
Selfish, wreckless, killing hope
You're just hanging your own rope
Don't come crying when you're gonna choke
Doesn't matter what your age
Can still succumb, at any stage

**We're not invincible
We're all just mortal
Everyone is vulnerable, no one is untouchable
Listen to their dying call, no one is unstoppable
We're all just mortal**

Insulted

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

I'm only good for carrying things
She needs sit ups to build core strength
You're so small, you must be protected
A girl playing bass, she must be arrested

I'm bad at maths (because you're Scottish)
They live in Brighton (must be posh)
I'm a groupie, I'm not in the band
I sold you a T-shirt on the merch stand

Woohhh

Insulted

Just take a second, and think before you speak
A back handed compliments comes out cheap
"How'd you make that noise when you're only that size?"
"That was good actually"
Why so surprised?!

These are the things that we've been told
Crazy statements we hear on the road
Are they really,, meant to be a joke?
Bet you wouldn't say it, if I was a bloke??

Stop the hunt

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

Can't wrap my head around, I just don't understand
Why killing is fun?
To boost your ego, does it make you feel powerful,
Holding that gun?

**You call it tradition, a family trait
It's cold blooded murder, you must be full of hate
Extract your conscience, do you feel guilt?
For the pointless blood that you spilt**

Life is precious, you crush it in your palm
You cull the innocent to make you feel a man
Another trophy, a pat on the back
So detached from the life that took

Lay down you weapons
Change those thoughts
Lift the traps
Holds you shots

**You call it tradition, a family trait
It's cold blooded murder, you must be full of hate
Extract your conscience, do you feel guilt?
For the pointless blood that you spilt**