

Violent Delight, Transmission

On the street late at night,
Short skirt, skin tight
"What you want?", she said
"Ten quid"...money spent,
Trousers down in the dark,
Caught a feel of something hard.
"What's that", I didn't say, I carried on anyway...

Every weekend is the same, over and over again,
On the streets and in the allies
Will I never ever learn? although I'm always getting burned,
Why do I end up with a tranny?

After that, I'm high, having such a good time,
I think I've scored til I find,
A little bulge between the thighs.
Two balls, fake boobs, I've made a wrong move
She says "Goodbye", and I've done another guy...

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Transmission Transmission,
oi oi oi,
Transmission Transmission,
oi oi oi,
Transmission Transmission,
oi oi oi,
Transmission Transmission,
oi oi oi

It's over now, he's gone.
But is it really that wrong?
I guess it's hard to admit,
That I'm quite into dick.
Does it mean that I'm gay?
I don't care either way.
Real girls are hard to find, if he can do it, so can I.

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[repeat to end]