

Swing the Heartache

Bauhaus

Out of her mouth it came as no surprise
Lipstick stained on whipcream lies
I feel that if I had been uglier
It would have been easier
There it sat, blinked and spat
In a black feather hat
And said "the rat"
Like a red bouquet slim swinger
It would have fit her better but no red letter
No red letter
But she wants to be a better singer
Swing the Heartache
Just for her sake
But she wants to be a better singer
Swing the Heartache
Just for her sake

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