I knew all along

That I was right at the start

About the seeds of the weeds

That grew in your heart

Self satisfaction for the factions

Who formed to tear us apart

Oh I gave you the midas touch

As you turned round to scratch out my heart

Oh what did you expect?

Oh tell me what did you expect?

To lay it on my head?

So is it all upon my head?

Bang bang you're dead!

Oh I'm so easily lead

Bang, bang, you're de-e-ead!

Put all those rumours to bed

Bang, bang you're dead

