

**Little Bitch**  
**The Specials**

...LITTLE BITCH... by The Specials  
-----.....

\*from The Specials (1979)\*

Intro:

**C5 Eb5, F5 Ab5 Bb5, C5 (n.C)**

(Spoken):

(n.C)  
One, two.

Verse 1:

<b>C</b>		<b>F</b>	
If	you	ever	hear a noise in the night;
	<b>C</b>		<b>F</b>
Your	body	starts to sweat,	it shakes and shivers in fright.
	<b>C</b>		<b>F</b>
You	go and	sleep with your mother;	she hates your guts,
	<b>C</b>		<b>F</b>
She	knows	that you love her,	so she holds you tight,
	<b>C</b>		<b>F</b>
All	through	the night,	until the broad day-light.
	<b>C</b>		<b>F</b>
And	when	she doesn't	come home, you have to sleep a-lone,
	<b>C</b>		<b>F</b>
Then	you	wet your bed	and I think that's sad;
	<b>C</b>		<b>F</b> (C5)
For	a	girl of nine-teen,	it's more than sad; it's ob-scene.

Chorus 1:

**C5 Eb5, F5 Ab5 Bb5, C5 (n.C)**

(Spoken):

(n.C)  
One, two.

Verse 2:

<b>C</b>		<b>F</b>	
And	your	girlfriend	sweet; little seventeen,

**C** **F**  
 She s got her layered hair and her flared jeans.  
**C** **F**  
 You know what that means? She s just a little queen,  
**C** **F**  
 She shares your London flat;  
**C** **F**  
 She thinks that London s where it s at; although it stinks!  
**C** **F**  
 And when it rains, you wear your hat,  
**C** **F**  
 And your plum coloured PVC, wet look maxi-mac.  
**C** **F**  
 You tie your ginger hair back in a bun;  
**C** **F** (C5)  
 You re the ugliest creature, under the sun.

Chorus 2:

**C5 Eb5, F5 Ab5 Bb5, C5** (n.C)

(Spoken):

(n.C)

One, two.

Solo:

**C F** (x8)

Chorus 3:

**C5 Eb5, F5 Ab5 Bb5, C5** (n.C)

(Spoken):

(n.C)

One, two.

Verse 3:

**C** **F**  
 And you think it s about time that you died,  
**C** **F**  
 And I a-gree; so you decide on suicide.  
**C** **F**  
 You tried, but you never quite carried it off;  
**C** **F**  
 You only wanted to die in order to show off.  
**C** **F**  
 And if you think you re gonna bleed all over me;  
**C** **F**  
 You re even wronger than you d normally be.

**C**
**F**  
 And the only things you want to see are kitsch,  
**C**
**F**  
 The only thing you want to be is rich.  
**C**
**F**  
 Your little pink, up-pointed nose be-gins to twitch;  
**C**
**F**
(**C5**)  
 I know, you know; you re just a little bitch.

Chorus 4:

**C5 Eb5, F5 Ab5 Bb5, C5 (n.C)**

(Spoken):

(n.**C**)

One, two.

# CHORD DIAGRAMS:

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<b>C5</b>	<b>Eb5</b>	<b>F5</b>	<b>Ab5</b>	<b>Bb5</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>F</b>
EADGBE	EADGBE	EADGBE	EADGBE	EADGBE	EADGBE	EADGBE
x355xx	x688xx	133xxx	466xxx	688xxx	x35553	133211

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