

King Bing

Babybird

Oh you ugly beautiful thing

Oh you, oh you, oh you.

You ugly beautiful thing i'm in between your head and your sting
Unfolding out your wings one by one 'til you sing like king bing, you.

Oh you beautiful thing i'm in-between the ball beat ball of the king,
Holding out no cheques, drinking castrol not becks
Plugging in tv flex into my kecks

I dare you to change the fucking channel now. puts!

Ugly beautiful thing i'm between your head and your sting

Whirling out your wings one by one 'til you sing like king king bing

Ugly beautiful thing how i sing with your plastic wing on the tips of my broken wing.

Oh i'm so shy when you ride up so high and i cry because i can see the possibility that you might one day die.

Oh baby cool you know that thing, that thing you do that i love,

You keep doing it, doing it, doing it, and i can't get over that thing.

That thing that you keep, keep doing, doing it, doing it, doing it drives me mad,

I love it, do it, do it, do it, do it, ah!

Calm down, son. sing the fucker like a baby.

Yeah mom, i'm bad.

You ain't a bad son, son, you're a fucking king.

You're the son of god, you're mine, i'm mary, i made you,

I forgive you baby. come to mummy!

Butt-a-bing butt-a-bang butt-a-bing butt-a-boom boom boom.

Butt-a-bing butt-a-bang butt-a-bing butt-a-boom boom boom.

Butt-a-bing butt-a-bang butt-a-bing butt-a-boom boom boom.

Butt-a-bing butt-a-bang butt-a-bing butt-a-boom boom bang.

King, the word king.

Son, i call you a king, you ain't poor paul king (?), you're the king.

Ugly beautiful thing i'm between your head and your sting whirling out your wings one by one

Until you sing like a king bing.

Ugly beautiful thing butt-a-bing, butt-a-boom.

You ain't butter, you ain't harry, you ain't even the artist formerly known as prince,

Ah, ah, ah, you're a king, you're a king, you're a king, you're a king.

Ugly beautiful thing. ugly beautiful thing.

See what all that means is that blue is really yellow, you grow old, you mellow, orange turns you on.

It's rust, it's things rotting.

It's mike and the mechanics doing celine dion doing sting.

Fony give away a hundred thousand cds to virgin, our price and all hmvs.

Wish i'd thought of it, it's so cool,

It's music for thick people, lowest common denomination,

All hidden under the steeple, roof tiles and a hatch with weeds,

Big tits and tight behinds,

A guy on the hatch improvise and men who stack singles for £1.99.

Get the fucker in the chart, charge £3.99.

Take a cut off the supplier, off the artist, off the public, off the quick to buy and slow to think.

Hey that's why. you know i know.

When will people realise that if you put shit on the dance set and spin it at 45 rpm, 120 bpm you'll still hear it stink?

I'm out of here, whatever, amen.

Ba da da, ba da da, ba da da,

Yeah yeah, yeah, yeah.

You ugly beautiful thing. you ugly beautiful thing. you ugly beautiful thing

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You ugly beautiful thing. you ugly beautiful thing. you ugly beautiful thing

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You ugly beautiful thing. you ugly beautiful, beautiful, ugly, ugly, beautiful, ugly, ugly, beautiful, beautiful, ugly, beautiful, ugly, ugly, beautiful, ugly, beautiful, ugly, beautiful thing.

Oh. i'm getting into jamiraquoi territory now man.

Fucking stop it dead now.

Shut the drummer up. shove it up the arse!.

Saxophone - fuck off!

Yeah be bop be lula be bop boo, yeah,

Wiggy wiggy whack whack,

Wiggy wiggy whack whack,

Wiggy wiggy wiggy wiggy wiggy wiggy whack.

Whack whack wiggy wiggy,

Whack whack wiggy wiggy,

Wig wig wig wig wig wig whack.

Bad jazz for white folks' assholes.