

# The Ballad Of Tom Jones

Catatonia

What did I do wrong?  
Oh you nearly drove me cuckoo  
Am I really all that bad?  
You're worse than Hannibal Lecter, Charlie Manson, Freddie Krueger  
Why are we still together?  
Oh I can't leave you til you're dead  
You mean 'til death do us part?  
I mean like cyanide, strangulation or an axe to your head  
It was lucky for us I turned the radio on  
They say that music soothes the savage beast  
There was something in that voice that stopped us seeing red  
The two of us would surely have ended up dead

You stopped us from killing each other  
Tom Jones, Tom Jones  
You'll never know but you saved our lives  
Tom Jones, Tom Jones  
I've never thrown my knickers at you  
And I don't come from Wales

Still haven't solved our problems  
You mean we hate each others guts  
I still wanna poison your pizza  
And I still wanna cut off your nuts  
I phoned the marriage guidance  
I tied the phone line round your neck  
I'm sick of all this hatred  
Well that will be the arsenic making you sick  
You were about to drive me over the edge of a cliff  
As I tried to jump out I knocked the stereo on  
You changed your mind and then slammed on the brakes  
It was lucky for us we bought his greatest hits

And now the war is over  
I've lost the urge to break your neck  
I owe my life to What's New Pussycat  
Delilah stopped me hating you and wishing you dead  
Oh I used to call you satan  
And you were Cruella De'Ville  
But now you call me your Delilah  
And I am not your lucifer  
And I am just your pussycat  
But just a word of warning now  
Just in case we ever get tired of his voice  
I know the Mafia, Godzilla, King Kong  
And I know an atom bomb that's going for a song