Wait It isn't so great Since you learned karate chop You're walking machs And I'm just swimming in the slop You wave your wand at me And make me dance flip-flop I want to sing for you And make your head go pop The Inuit man Had not so much a Caesar He had provision Say You're spraying in the windy And I'm just pissing off I'm literally deaf down here From your canned philosoph Softly can you hear me Through the sucking of your quaff `I'm Thalassocracy And you're just Romanov