

I Hate Nerys Hughes

Half Man Half Biscuit

Saint Vitus came to my town and visited the cemetery.
The dead got up and everything became one big cacophony.
They all went down the social and they claimed their
supplementary,
and all the necrophiliacs were walking round in misery.

The rattling mass of calcium went shopping in the
superstore
careering down the aisles like one big psychopathic
carnivore
The shelf-stacker's work of art in ecstasy crashed to the
floor,
and, meanwhile, the saint was going crazy at the fire
door.

Ah, the beautiful, sparkling healthy spa water of Bath,
in Avon.

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