

Joy Division Oven Gloves

Half Man Half Biscuit

Well, they say she's too hot
Yeah but guess what?
I've got Joy Division oven gloves
If it's her desire
I'll put my fingers in the fire
'Cos I've got Joy Division oven gloves
I've got Joy Division oven gloves

Ooh ooh tropical diseases
Ooh ooh chemical alarm
Ooh ooh I'm a little blase
In me Joy Division oven gloves
In me Joy Division oven gloves

I've been here and I've been there
In me Joy Division oven gloves
I've been to a post-punk postcard fair
In me Joy Division oven gloves
Ooh ooh Nagasaki towpath
Ooh ooh tickling the laird
Ooh ooh checking out the Quantocks
In me Joy Division oven gloves
In me Joy Division oven gloves

On a sinking ship a sailor yearns
For his Joy Division oven gloves
Nero fiddles while Gordon Burns
In his Joy Division oven gloves
Talk to the hands, talk to the hands
In his Joy Division oven gloves
Dance dance dance dance
In your Joy Division oven gloves

[illegible]

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf
So I sold it and opened up a stall
Selling Joy Division oven gloves
We got Joy Division oven gloves
Get your Joy Division oven gloves
Hallelujah