

# 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

Ooh ooh piccalilli shinpads  
Ooh ooh polishing the nave  
I keep wicket for the Quakers  
In me Joy Division oven gloves  
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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