

That's sickly clean
This mild and meek I could launch it with a poker
No danger for a weekend It opens its mouth
There's no words, just a squeak I could launch it with a poker
No joker for a weekday
Bing bong the weekday
Bing bong no danger
Here goes a sweet freak
How many fools do you get in school
In an English county classroom
All the things going on inside your billbong
There's no room its just pure art room
You try very hard to get that right
To imitate some kind of life form
A matter of fact without and tact
You can go on back you
Shouldn't have been burn
Diggers mothers switch on the cooker
Get the hillbillies down
Set out to bugger
Sweet freak pen and ink

How do you make a bulldog think
Happy Christmas I said
Not to speak then
Happy Christmas whens its next week then
And you swear you naughty meat head
What sleeps in your bed Is got to be a Greek ted
How many fools do you get in a school
In an english county
All the things going on inside your built bomb
There's no room
Its just pure art room
Its dangerous to let the freaky dink in Chopper up, cooker,
Give me some more smother
I cant stand the thought of the dwarf bein a mother
Is this love, man, its pure hate
If you put it on the table
It'll be to late
Is this love, man
No, its pure hate
It cant be more simple
Its there on a plate Is this love man
No it ain't.