

## Total Ringo

Happy Mondays

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.