

Mr Right

Hunters & Collectors

I says hey old mother-fixed balding boy
Here's one good goon that we can't blame
Hey they all cry
Here's one for the fruit-bin
Look at him, look at him, look, look, look
La la la
Twas a shrivelled fruit on a wrinkled
Sack sack sack
Thinks my god, did I marry
That that that?
She canned that marriage
Out of sight
When she found a testicle
In the mouth of Mr Right
Look at him, look at him, look, look, look
La la la
I says hey old mother-fixed balding boy
Here's one good goon that we can't blame
Hey they all cry
Here's one for the fruit-bin
Look at him, look at him, look, look, look
La la la
Twas a shrivelled fruit on a wrinkled
Sack sack sack
Thinks my god, did I marry
That that that?
Look at him, look at him, look, look, look
Look at him, look at him
Shake shake shake