

Karate King

Coyne, Kevin

Yeah, they call him the Karate King
Chopping children down like trees
Bringing cows to their knees
Making their udders bleed

Now they call him the Karate King
Top of the shop in his robe
Nothing there can grow
When he's around

Going chop, chop
Going chop, chop
Going chop, chop
Down in the gymnasium

They call him the Karate King
Like a bird on a wing
Standing posing at the window
At the door in his vest

His white and muscled flexing at all the passing girls
Smashing his way through the window frames
Ripping apart his mother's pearls
They're dying on the dressing table

Chop, chop
Chop, chop
Chop, chop
Chop, chop

So if you see the Karate King
Help him, help him
Maybe you'll tie, tie his shoe laces
Come on, come on, comment on his pomaded hair

Tell him he would have been an excellent
Kamikaze pilot in the Second World War
'Cause that's what he wants to hear
That's what he wants to hear in the gymnasium

Chop, chop
Chop, chop
Chop, chop