

He'll be your taxloss lover from Liverpool  
Taxloss lover if the truth be told  
Taxloss lover still lives in the war  
Taxloss lover touching 74

Ah, come back to me  
We want your money, taxloss  
Come back to me  
We want your money, taxloss

We think you are stupid  
We give you money 'cause our assets are fluid, yeah  
We'll sell you down the river  
Just remember that we said we'd deliver you

Sign on the line and we'll give you the money  
And then you'll be mine and we'll fly somewhere sunny  
And you'll quibble that our drivell seems unsatisfactory  
We're a taxloss, come back to me  
We want your money, taxloss

He'll be your taxloss lover and his name is Bert  
Your taxloss lover and he's always a flirt  
Your taxloss lover's into kinky sex  
Your taxloss lover wears a cracking dress

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Taxloss, mod rock  
Junk pop, chart hop  
Mop top, swap shop  
who'd you nick your cliché off?