

Intensive Care

Peter and the Test Tube Babies

I've just been beaten-
up by a ted, because of our song Elvis is dead.
He rearranged my teeth though he weren't a dentist, I would have
run away but I was a bit pissed.

Intensive, intensive care, I'm in intensive care

He pushed me up against a brick wall, then he kicked me around
like I was a football.
He kicked me in the face then he trod on my head, and then he ran
away 'cos he thought I was dead.

I tried to get up though I was bleeding and bruised, I shouldn't
have bothered 'cos I met bad news.
Around the corner were another three, and they all kicked the shit
out of me.