

# Familus Horribilus

Pop Will Eat Itself

Kick, kick, kick, kick  
Kicking at the gates like I'm an urban guerrilla  
And going for the victory like the Thrilla in Manila  
We're a nation of shoplifters, we're druggies, petty crooks  
It seems to be our style, we haven't horsey looks

It'll be funky, it'll be funky yeah, it'll be funky

Queenie's feeling meanie, we've seen her get her cash taxed  
Can't hear the jeers, they fear she needs her ears waxed  
Chuckie's riding bareback but only playing polo  
It's no go with the missus and now he's going solo

Charlie's lost his marlies, he used to be a pillar  
Before he got busted and lusted for Camilla  
Squidgy getting fidgety at home all alone  
And Gilbey, we know he'll be shortly answering the phone

The family, the family, the family horribilus  
The family, the family....

The suitors are all looters and they're closing in on Fergie  
Their game was fame but now they've got the lurgy  
The family's expanding and everyone's a stand-in  
A palace full of malice as everyone is crammed in

As Lizzie's getting older, over her shoulder there's a rival  
Dizzy Di is busy sowing the seeds of survival  
You wanna sow some seeds, well get on your tractor  
And get Eddie out of bed or he'll never make an actor

It'll be funky, it'll be funky yeah, it'll be funky...

The royals are spreading like boils, it does your head in  
We have no choice, we're invoiced for the weddings  
It's like a soap, a Dallas or a Dynasty  
We live in hope to put them out their misery

Fire the freaky family, we're tired of the cheek  
As you holiday your life away our futures look bleak  
As your castle's burning down you want the people to pay for it  
Ask us to defend you, we've got nothing to say for it

The family, the family, the family horribilus  
The family, the family...

Kicking at the gates like we think we're on the guest list  
We're told to wait - too late, we're getting restless  
The crowd is swelling as they're smelling the thrill  
There's dancing in the rubble and there's trouble at the mill

There's warning of the storming, news of the resistance  
The peasants are revolting, advancing from the distance  
There's panic and there's anarchy and breaking the rules  
They're making fake money and they're taking the jewels

What will it be? Funky! (4x)

All without a fuss, the coup has been victorious  
The banners wave, proclaiming annus gloriosus

What will it be? Funky! (4x)

It'll be funky, it'll be funky yeah.. (2x)