I'm like Mr. Clifford Richard, I'm wired for sound
And when I get myself a mic you won't want to be around
I'm off like a note on "care" in Karen's "Day Tripper"
I'm faking all my lines like that dolphin called flipper

Send chills down your spine like the strings in "Billy Jean"
I'm so far underground that I'm a one person scene
I'm overly thorough just like David Attenborough
When he's Whisperin' in the jungle
Like they're working undercover

Evidence irrefutable

Evidence irrefutable
I'm squarer than a cubicle
I hug the straight and narrow
Like a Julie Arrows musical
I derail and fail with abstract verse I fail to curtail
The rhythmical measures and pleasurable endeavours never sail

I'm lacking in ambition
Simply no predisposition
And when I hit the stage I lose all composition
I never liked it loud coz crowded places scare me
I dig the rock roll as much as Peter Paul and Mary

..Arsehole
I will lick your
Arsehole
I will lick your
Arsehole
I will lick your...

I'm the host with the most uber Guy Smiley I got the special effects like the BBC man I got the flow like malmsteen got chops It seems that I'm so bad They'll get L.L. to call the cops

Beats him so hard
They be bustin up your spleen
And I got more rhymes than Dern's hair got sheen
I put flash in the dance just like Irene cara
And I got more toys than Teruhisa Kitahara

I'm the Asisiatic Australasiatic
Instamatic rhythm box static addict
I got the juice and all else got pith
And I'm tough under pressure just like Sarah Jane Smith

..Arsehole
I will lick your
Arsehole
I will lick your
Arsehole
I will lick your...
..Arsehole
I will lick your

I will lick your Arsehole
I will lick your...