

And funny things happen to Ida
When little boys look her way
She's not afraid to say hello
It's just one of her funny days
Give her the key and she's ready to fire
Burn like garbage in the can
She's not colonial or European
Ida-Ho is just an Englishman
And a mocking monkey isn't talking anymore
Ida lurks behind every door
Give her the key and she's ready to fire
She's a native and she understands
Americana the son of Sam
Cakes and wine and a little sunshine
She has no heart but a lot of soul
Oh the mocking monkey doesn't talk anymore
Ida lurks behind every door
No wise tonight to show them fright
Everything in heaven's so fine
The meatmen are incredibly kind
A public revenge will always get you in the end
That's the mess that scalpels make
She stalks through the streets cheek by jowl
Cheek by jowl, and an awful scowl
That's a nice new dress
Yes, mama chose best
And funny things happen to Ida-Ho
When the big boys say hello
No, no, don't mess with the girl
With a name like Ida-Ho
Everything in heaven's so fine
The meatmen are incredibly kind
A public revenge will always get you in the end
That's the mess that scalpels make
What is wrong with those people out there
Do those anxious swordsmen go mad en masse
No, Ida-Ho is saying Mass Pay your respects to another cigarette
Everything in heaven's so fine
The meatmen are incredibly kind
A public revenge will always get you in the end
That's the mess that scalpels make
She walks through the streets
And she's ready to fire
Ida laughs with an awful howl
No jockstrap flags, and no more rules
No kick-ass laughs from the golden mule
Look what a mess, yes, mama knows best
Everything in heaven's so fine
The meatmen are incredibly kind
A public revenge will always get you in the end
Just like the mess that scalpels make