

There are some terrible gossips in this town
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With jaws like vices
And eyes like drains

There are some little weasels in this town
Scampering around loose
With yellow teeth
And the beady eyes

We should set a standard amount of words
That I am to say to these
We should set a standard type of look
That you are to give to me
When you want to leave

There are some terrible gossips in this town
With jaws like vices
And eyes like drains

I won't tell what they say about you
I won't flourish the shit
You are my dearest friend
And I will protect you
Until the end

With a will like vices
Complete as a drain