

Strange Transformations

Sonic Boom Six

I see them linin up to howl at the moon
singin Wonderwall out of tune
wasn't an unusual sight
it's any town on any given Saturday night
you'll see 'em prowlin in a pack for a fight
and his hairy hand's enough to give a brother a fright
turned to me and asked me what my problem was
then jumped around and smacked me bang across my head because
I wasn't wearin a white shirt that looked like his
didn't go to the disco to swing my fists
or I don't know maybe it wasn't the clothes
I haven't got a monobrow or an Elastoplast across my nose
I wasn't doin all the things he do
I was mindin my own business with a drink or two
still he's gotta come and misbehave
after seven drinks the creature's risen from the grave

strange transformations
happen after midnight across the nation
yeah we all enjoy a drink or two
but why they gotta do the things they do?
and if you don't believe in Jekyll and Hyde
you gotta go the horrorshow they're shootin outside
bottom of the bottle to the black lagoon
I see them linin up to howl at the moon

spit with every word that they say
shoulder barge you out of the way
titties fallin out of their tops
there's a curse on the country ask the cops
why they be beatin them inside of the van
I see one climbin up a statue like the bogieman
grab your hat and vanish in a cloud of dust
you need a silver bullet just to get the bus
I never been on a ghost train that went like this
I only sat on the top deck and ate my chips
I see the bride of frankenstein, it stumbles by me
married to the monster and she sits beside me
face like a freakshow, caked in make-up
now her hand's on my knee and I'm tryin to wake up
suddenly her fella stands and growls
with his teeth in my neck I can hear him howl

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fallin off the chair at the park
nearly gettin hit by a car
runnin with her shoes in her hands
cryin on the steps on the phone to mam
tryin to put his hand down my bra

in the road playin air guitar
pukin up inside a cab
finishin the whole of a doner kebab

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