

# The Ballad Of Tom Jones

Space

What did I do wrong?  
Oh, you nearly drove me cuckoo  
I am really all that bad?  
You're worse than Hannibal Lecter,  
Charlie Manson, Freddy Krueger  
Why are we still together?  
Oh, I can't leave you  
till you're dead  
You mean  
till death do us part  
I mean like cyanide,  
strangulation or an axe through your head  
It was lucky for us  
I turned the radio on  
They say that music soothes  
the savage beast  
There was something in that voice  
that stopped us seeing red  
The two of us would've surely  
have ended up dead

You stopped us from killing each other  
(Tom Jones, Tom Jones)  
You'll never know but you saved our lives  
(Tom Jones, Tom Jones)  
I've never thrown my knickers at you  
And I don't come from wales

Still haven't solved our problems  
You mean we hate each other's guts  
Still want to poison your pizza  
And I still want to cut off your hands  
I've phoned the marriage guidance  
I've tied the phone-line  
round your neck  
I'm sick of all this hatred  
Oh, that'll be the arsenic  
making you sick  
You were about to drive me  
over the edge of a cliff  
As I tried to jump out  
I knocked the stereo on  
You changed your mind  
and then slammed on the brakes  
It was lucky for us  
we bought his greatest hits

And now our war is over  
I've lost the urge to break your neck  
I owe my life to  
What's New Pussycat  
Delilah stopped me hating you  
and wishing you're dead  
Oh, I used to call Satan  
I called you Cruella de Ville  
But now you call me your Delilah  
And now I'm not your Lucifer

And I am just a pussycat  
But just a word of warning now  
Just in case  
we ever get tired of his voice  
I know the Mafia, Godzilla,  
King Kong  
And I know an atom bomb  
that's going for a song