

Give me sleaze, Welsh cakes and cheese
Look so damn fine, tell me they're mine
And this thing doesn't rhyme
The rights are wrong, the left have gone right
Thought they might taste the Angel Delight
And swot him in sight
I can make no sense of it living in the thick of it
Can't make head nor tail of it living in the thick of it
I can make no sense of it living in the thick of it
Can't make head nor tail of it living in the thick of it
When I was aged under three
I went insane on the climbing frame
I totally lost it
Searching for the land of my dreams
Where Soviets rave and nuns misbehave
And nobody rules but
I can make no sense of it living in the thick of it
Can't make head nor tail of it living in the thick of it
I can make no sense of it living in the thick of it
Can't make head nor tail of it living in the thick of it
Do, do do, do, do, do do, do
Do, do do, do, do, do do, do
Do, do do, do, do, do do, do
Do, do do, do, do, do do do
Do, do do do, do, do do do, do
Do do do
La la la, la la la la la
Zippedy, do, zippedy, don't
Zippedy, I don't know
La la la, la la la la la
Zippedy, do, zippedy, don't
Zippedy, I don't know
I can make no sense of it living in the thick of it
Can't make head nor tail of it living in the thick of it
I can make no sense of it living in the thick of it
Can't make head nor tail of it living in the thick of it
I can make no sense of it living in the thick of it
Can't make head nor tail of it living in the thick of it
I can make no sense of it living in the thick of it
Can't make head nor tail of it living in the thick of it
Living, living, living, living, woo!