

King Ink strolls the town, he sniffs around
King Ink kicks off his stink boot
Sand and soot and dust and dirt and
He's much bigger than you think
A King Ink, a King Ink, a King Ink
A wake up, a King Ink, a get up, a King Ink
A wake up, a King Ink
A get up, a get up, a get up, up, up, up
A bug crawls up the wall
King Ink feels like a bug
And he hates his rotten shell
He says, cha cha cha
King Ink, a wake up, a King Ink, a get up
A King Ink, a wake up, a King Ink
A get up, a get up, a get up, a get up, a get up
A what's in that room? A what's in that house?
A what's in that room? A what's in that house?
Say something, express thyself
Say something, express yourself
Express, say something loudly, aah
A what's in that room? A what's in that house?
Sand and soot and dust and dirt
And sand and soot and d-d-dust and dirt and di di di
King Ink feels like a bug
Swimming in a soup-bowl
He says, oh! Yer! Oh! Yer! Oh, what a wonderful life
Oh! Yer! Oh! Yer! Oh, what a wonderful life
Oh! Yer! Oh! Yer! Oh, what a wonderful life
Oh! Yer! Oh! Yer! Oh, what a wonderful life
Oh! Yer! Oh! Yer! Oh, Fats Domino on the radio
Oh! Yer! Oh! Yer! Oh, what a wonderful life
Oh! Yer! Oh! Yer! Oh, what a wonderful life
Oh! Yer! Oh! Yer! Oh, fats domino on the radio
Oh! Yer! Oh! Yer!