

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!