A serious man
In need of a definitive job
He had drunk too much
Mandrake anthrax
Pro-rae, pro-rae
Oloron

Tormented tots
With Burton weeping
His idiot contacts
Pro-rae, pro-rae

Put your claim into Tempo House Go round there to Tempo House Go round and have a grouse Put your claim into Tempo House

Roll the chubby round jowls
Roll the chubby round jowls
And Burton's weeping
His chairs are weeping
God damn the pedantic Welsh
Pro-rae, pro-rae

Put your claim into Tempo House Go round there to Tempo House Go there and have a grouse Put your claim into Tempo House

I'd sing "Solitaire" for the B.E.F.
But who wants to be with them, anyway?
Snow on Easter Sunday
Jesus Christ in reverse
I tell ya, the Dutch are weeping
In four languages at least
Oloron
Pro-rae

And Burton is weeping

Put your claim into Tempo House Put your claim into Tempo House Go round and have a grouse Put your claim into Tempo House

Illness, pollution, should be encouraged and let loose
Then maybe some would have a genuine grouse
Spring right out of the fetters
Right away from 63 Market Place
Tempo House address
Pro-rae, pro-rae
Oloron

Winston Churchill had a speech imp-p-p-pediment And look what he did He razed half of London And the Dutch are weeping Lusted after French paintings Pro-rae, pro-rae

Put your claim into Tempo House Go round there and have a grouse Go round, have a grouse Put your claim into Tempo House

Pro-rae