

Sing ho! for the A-bomb melody  
It merrily whistles down on me  
I'm wrapped in silver foil  
My blood is on the boil  
B-52s flutter coyly

All I want is a flat in Berkeley Square  
With colour TV set, reclining chair  
Big box of Suchard for me to devour  
Antique grandfather clock, phone in the shower

Hurrah! For the missiles from heaven's gate  
They syncopate gaily in seven eight  
I mambo to the sound  
Of Martels, air-to-ground  
I hear the baying of bloodhounds

All I require is a Rolls Royce Corniche  
Cocktail cabinet for the nouveaux riches  
Persian carpets and Van Goghs in the boot  
Cardin three-piece beneath my Noddy suit

Hip! hip! for machine gun, breve and rest  
It beats out a rhythm in my chest  
Crotchets in my belly  
Turn my legs to jelly  
Quavers are F sharp and L, G

All I desire is a Swiss bank account  
Given an OBE and made a Count  
Country estate with a resident staff  
Acute angina and an epitaph