

## The Yodelling Hoover

The Soft Boys

Everything goes down, oh yeah  
The jewels in the crown, oh yeah  
She don't know why she does it, oh no  
Maybe just because it tickles, yeah  
You're very French  
But your hearts a target for the East  
There she goes again  
Singing like a drain  
Sucking on a brain  
Crawling through a train  
Oozing with a snake  
Hope it doesn't break  
Squash it on your cake  
Deeply in a lake  
I'm very dry  
But my lips are tainted by your heart  
Here come the yodelling hoover  
She's gonna yodel over you  
She's gonna yodel over you, yeah  
Baby/Tell me what's the use  
Of being an excuse  
Your dust encrusted rust  
Your desiccated lust  
Of other people stuff  
You never get enough  
And everything you see  
It goes into your mouth  
She's very fat  
But he hearts encrusted by those fans  
Here come the yodelling hoover  
She's gonna yodel over you  
She's gonna yodel over you  
Here come the yodelling hoover  
She's gonna yodel over you  
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