

# There's Nobody Like You

The Soft Boys

Well if your name's Mucky you can count yourself lucky that you  
're still  
walking round on four feet  
Cause I tell you right now though I don't how there's still per  
verse out  
there on the street  
And it's rare that a pig makes it back from a gig without comin  
g at you  
with physical harm  
He must be saying, "Oh, I didn't know," and they wind up on tha  
t bacon farm  
I don't mind dressing in black if I thought it would get your t  
emperature  
back  
And if your name's Queek you're quite unique and it's taken you  
over the  
top  
Mr. Rodgers and I don't know the messiah ever since you walked  
into the  
shop  
And if your names Kent it's known that you're bent it's an actu  
al  
undeniable fact  
Cause a law round here they've got cloth ears so you never get  
caught in  
the act  
But I don't mind dressing in blue if I thought it would make an  
y difference  
to you  
There's nobody  
There's nobody  
There's nobody like you  
There's nobody  
There's nobody  
There's nobody like you  
If your name's Him then suddenly a whim but you seem to be nowh  
ere at all  
If your name's Her than you're coverd with fur and you're waiti  
ng for Him  
in the hall  
The stuff that you sell and the way that you smell is to say th  
e least way  
out of place  
If I had a choice between the fist and the voice you know I'd p  
ush you  
right out of your face  
But I don't mind dressing in green if I thought that you'd unde  
rstand what

I mean  
There's nobody  
There's nobody  
There's nobody like you