

Oliver Twisted

The Vaselines

Once I had a friend called Oliver Twisted,
Who used to think he was a brand and gifted,
Stupendisly handsome, Beautifully smart,
He had no heart.

On his own he was all alone,
He wanted more than he ever got.

Once I had a friend called Oliver Twisted,
Who took life so slow that he occasionally missed it,
Permanently senseless, never on his brain, he had no brain.

Once I had a friend called Oliver Twisted,
Who lived on the edge or so he insisted,
Inteligently careless, hated rock and roll, he had no soul.