

Soily

Wings

People gathered here tonight,
I want you to listen to me!
To your left and to you right
You've got some pretty soily company.

Reader, writer, farmer, priest
Breed controller, born deceased.
Indian, lawyer, doctor, dog
And a plumber with a fattened hog.

Soily, soily
The cat in satin trousers said it's oily
Soily, soily
The cat in satin trousers said it's oily
You know he's right.

Romans, Italians, country men,
I want you to listen to me!
I've said it twice and I'll say it again,
We've got some pretty soily company.

Liar, cheater, jungle chief,
Saint, believer on relief.
Action painter, Hitler's son,
And a commie with a tommy gun.

Soily, soily,
The cat in satin trousers said it's oily.
Soily, soily,
The cat in satin trousers said it's oily,
You know he's right.