

The Ballad Of Tom Jones

Catatonia

What did I do wrong?
Oh you nearly drove me cuckoo
Am I really all that bad?
You're worse than Hannibal Lecter, Charlie Manson, Freddie Krueger
Why are we still together?
Oh I can't leave you til you're dead
You mean 'til death do us part?
I mean like cyanide, strangulation or an axe to your head
It was lucky for us I turned the radio on
They say that music soothes the savage beast
There was something in that voice that stopped us seeing red
The two of us would surely have ended up dead

You stopped us from killing each other
Tom Jones, Tom Jones
You'll never know but you saved our lives
Tom Jones, Tom Jones
I've never thrown my knickers at you
And I don't come from Wales

Still haven't solved our problems
You mean we hate each others guts
I still wanna poison your pizza
And I still wanna cut off your nuts
I phoned the marriage guidance
I tied the phone line round your neck
I'm sick of all this hatred
Well that will be the arsenic making you sick
You were about to drive me over the edge of a cliff
As I tried to jump out I knocked the stereo on
You changed your mind and then slammed on the brakes
It was lucky for us we bought his greatest hits

And now the war is over
I've lost the urge to break your neck
I owe my life to What's New Pussycat
Delilah stopped me hating you and wishing you dead
Oh I used to call you satan
And you were Cruella De'Ville
But now you call me your Delilah
And I am not your lucifer
And I am just your pussycat
But just a word of warning now
Just in case we ever get tired of his voice
I know the Mafia, Godzilla, King Kong
And I know an atom bomb that's going for a song