

All pissed up, about to go on
And then a stranger strolls into the bar
Oh no, he's turned up again
And he's dressed up like we was a mars bar
No one knows him, no one likes him
What are we gonna do?
One of the lads takes exception
And decides that it's him he's gonna do

He's a nutter!
He's a nutjob - has he got any brains? (3x)
Will we ever see him again?

I bet you all remember about that time
When Carrot met Nutter on the bus
Back in '85, the nutter came alive
He found us on a ferry to Holland
Picked on the hippies and they ran away
But we all stayed and stood
The nutter with his bullworker build
With his creeps he thought he looked good

Next time we saw him we didn't recognize him
But we came across him due to thirst
A few beers, back to the gig
Appearing out of the blue
Telling us his name was monster
Swinging rice flails, he thought he was big
But in his mind he was just a big kid