

Rush rush

Happy Mondays

I was smothering the Charlseworth full of 'Charlie'
From the number one son,
Ease it on trunk Bez, low on your feel good
Charlie, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie 'ead the ball
Next in line , Charlie your number one son
He's on the level, if he's inclined
The son of the Devil, he wants what mine and more
He's high, high climber, not just a cling in line
He may be be brainy, his maks are yours
Guess whose keeping score?
Rush, rush to the yale
Buzz, buzz to the yale
Rush, rush to the yale
Yo, yo give me yale
He's a real sweet demon,
He's one of a kind
Watching, waiting, winking over the joker
He's running out of time
Rush, rush to the yale
Buzz, buzz to the yale
Rush, rush to the yale
Yo, yo give me yale
He's faster, fast, , faster, he's fast
He's running out of time,
Let's go back to plan one
And do that over
Rush, rush to the yale
Buzz, buzz to the yale
Rush, rush to the yale
Cut, cut to the yale
Bosh, bosh to the yale
Yo, yo give me yale
He's a real smooth demon,
He's one of a kind
Watching, waiting, winking over his shoulder
He's running out of time
Watching, waiting, winking over his shoulder
He's running out of time
Bosh, bosh to the yale
Cut, cut to the yale
Buzz, buzz to the yale
Rush, rush in the yale
Rush, rush, rush in the yale
Rush, rush, rush in the yale
Lie low in the yale