

Breathe Through My Ears

Kevin Bloody Wilson

Now I don't own a mansion, just an old caravan,
That's been 'round Australia, four times,
And I'm not all that handsome, and I burn, I don't tan,
And I'd rather drink beer, than drink wine,
I don't play much sport, except for snooker, and darts,
And I worry, 'bout losin' me hair,
But I've got a tongue, that's ten inches long,
And I've learned to breathe, through me ears.

I'm not all that tall, I've got no class at all,
But I can make, almost any girl swoon,
I can't fight for shit, in fact I cry, if I'm hit,
But I can lick, any cunt, in the room,
I buy all me gear, from St. Vincent to Paul,
I'm not trendy, but I don't really care,
'Cause I've got a tongue, that's ten inches long,
And I've learned to breathe, through me ears.

I was born with fuck all, and I'll die just as poor,
Still the sheilas, keep hangin', around,
They giggle, and the riggle, and they sigh and they moan,
As I just sit there, just lickin' me brow,
I don't need much bread, but I'm always well fed,
Though I haven't worked now, in years,
'Cause I've got a tongue, that's ten inches long,
And I've learned to breathe, through me ears.

Yes I've got a tongue, hehehehe, that's ten inches long,
And I've learned to breathe, through me ears.