

# Hello John

Kevin Bloody Wilson

Hello John, hello Lawsie, oh John, is that you?  
Mate you've no idea how hard it was tryin' to get through,  
Am I on the air? Fuckin' hell. Whoop, sorry I didn't know,  
So I'll try not to say fuck again alright, hello? Hello? Hello John?  
(Hello John) hello John?

Hello John, hello Lawsie, g'day John is that you?  
Mate I'm callin' from a pay phone and look I didn't mean to rude  
before  
And I'm sorry I said fuck, alright, made a prick'a meself I know,  
So I rang to say fuckin' sorry mate, hello? Hello? Hello John?  
(Hello John) hello John?

(Hello John)  
Hello John, Lawsie, fuckin' hell, what they doin'?  
Fuckin' phone keeps cuttin' out and I'm tryin' talk to you  
And I'm runnin' out of fuckin' change, and I just wanna say hello,  
And some cunt keeps on cuttin' me off, oh fuck! Hello! Hello John?!  
(Hello John) hello?!

Hello John, fuckin' hell mate, cunts cut me off again,  
And I just wanna have a fuckin' chat and put my two bobs worth in,  
And them cunts keep fuckin' cuttin' me off while I'm talkin' on the  
phone,  
Useless fuckin' poofters bastards, oh fuck! Hello! Hello John?!  
(Hello John) hello John?!

(Hello John)  
Hello Lawsie, Lawsie fuck ya, oh fuck I give up,  
And stick your fuckin' rodeo show and...and who gives a fuck ya  
pompous prick!  
Fuck your rodeo show! Oh fuck, I'll give another call, hello? Hello?  
Lawsie! Mate.

Lawsie, John. (Hello John)

John, Lawsie, pick up the fuckin' phone. (Hello John)

Lawsie, get one'a them hand maidens to pick up the fuckin' phone!  
(Hello John)

For Christ's sake then give us fuckin' Darren Hinchy's number. (Hello John)

Darren, I wanna talk to fuckin' Darren Hinch, I got right off you ya cunt.  
(Hello John)

Give us fuckin' Hinchy's number, you don't wanna fuckin' talk to me.  
(Hello John)

Fuckin' Hinchy needs a maid at the moment. (Hello John)

Lawsie ya cunt!