

Bakelite as black as night it's like a friend  
Maybe you need a mocking bird to kill me in the end  
Story lines is someone tired cold curry breakfast again  
The dealer's to thank for another wank hand you need a friend  
And all you have all you have it worries me  
And what you said what you said it worries me  
That new hat that you had has got me afraid  
You're all mad you're all fat  
It means the world to me the world to me  
It means the world to me  
An over zealous tour guide that has to hide  
Every time I hear that ice-cream van it's pissing down outside  
You're weirder than the after-life you need a friend  
And your fashion sense is no recompense pardon my French  
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