

National Treasure

Robbie Williams

The car's always there at nine
Though he's never out on time
Night after night
Line after line
He'll be fine
I suppose
The famous Mr. Jones

He really should relax
He's due a heart attack
Though there's no heart to attack
Is it an act?
No one knows
The naughty Mr. Jones

In a world full of weird, you're the oddest ever
Heard you brought everyone here so much pleasure, clever
We all know that you know you're a national treasure
Mrs. Jones you made the best boy ever, ever
E-V-E-R

He's careful with his weight
Pushes food around the plate
He can never pass as straight
Ask his mates
How it goes
The careful Mr. Jones

Even his mother thinks he's odd
He hasn't got a proper job
But he says neither did God
And he's the Lord
As it goes
The mighty Mr. Jones

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The moral of this tale
Is when everything's for sale
Good men seldom prevail
They all fail
As he knows
The gifted Mr. Jones