

There's Nobody Like You

The Soft Boys

Well if your name's Mucky you can count yourself lucky that you
're still
walking round on four feet
Cause I tell you right now though I don't how there's still per
verse out
there on the street
And it's rare that a pig makes it back from a gig without comin
g at you
with physical harm
He must be saying, "Oh, I didn't know," and they wind up on tha
t bacon farm
I don't mind dressing in black if I thought it would get your t
emperature
back
And if your name's Queek you're quite unique and it's taken you
over the
top
Mr. Rodgers and I don't know the messiah ever since you walked
into the
shop
And if your names Kent it's known that you're bent it's an actu
al
undeniable fact
Cause a law round here they've got cloth ears so you never get
caught in
the act
But I don't mind dressing in blue if I thought it would make an
y difference
to you
There's nobody
There's nobody
There's nobody like you
There's nobody
There's nobody
There's nobody like you
If your name's Him then suddenly a whim but you seem to be nowh
ere at all
If your name's Her than you're coverd with fur and you're waiti
ng for Him
in the hall
The stuff that you sell and the way that you smell is to say th
e least way
out of place
If I had a choice between the fist and the voice you know I'd p
ush you
right out of your face
But I don't mind dressing in green if I thought that you'd unde
rstand what

I mean
There's nobody
There's nobody
There's nobody like you