

## Oliver Twisted

### The Vaselines

Once I had a friend called Oliver Twisted,  
Who used to think he was a brand and gifted,  
Stupendisly handsome, Beautifully smart,  
He had no heart.

On his own he was all alone,  
He wanted more than he ever got.

Once I had a friend called Oliver Twisted,  
Who took life so slow that he occasionally missed it,  
Permanently senseless, never on his brain, he had no brain.

Once I had a friend called Oliver Twisted,  
Who lived on the edge or so he insisted,  
Inteligently careless, hated rock and roll, he had no soul.