

Alice Donut, World Profit

Alice Donut

Donut Comes Alive

World Profit

Mormon Tabernacle screaming round the bend:

Your ship is coming in,

your ship is coming in.

And all the economic forecast predict:

My ship is coming in,

my ship is coming in.

(Tongues)

Insects and bugs, arachnids and slugs:

Crawling down my leg,

crawling down my leg.

All the disregarded blood sausage saints:

Pawing out for change,

pawing out for change.

(Tongues)

Leather briefcase, corporate waves:

They're packing in the train.

But I can part the waves,

right down my spine.

They're ozing down my spine.

It's like a tongue of fire,

I've got a tongue of fire.

(Tongues)

I make the soup - a thick gravey soup.

Come and get your spoons,

I'm a world prophet.

Look at my shoes.

(I've got size 12 shoes)

I've only got half a foot.

(Prophets don't fear the bottle)

Walking over puddles,

I'm a world prophet.

I make the soup - a thick gravey soup.

Come and get your spoons,

I'm a world prophet.

Put on your suits,

your dark navy suits.

Get back into the streets,

and make a profit - a false profit.