

Bonzo Dog Band, The Bride Stripped Bare By 'Bachelors'

So the boys got together and formed a band, uh, f-fate played the straight man and since then they

Hey you lads, welcome to club. I've seen you on the telly with your long hair and pimples!
(pop-pop)

We arrived at the gig looking rough
Not happy, we'd all had enough
Of eight hours on the road
(blast)

Legs Larry said he, "It's the boozier for me, dear boy."
"Yip, yip, yessiry."

And the hotel reception was empty and cold
With 'orrid red wallpaper forty years old
It stank like a rhino house!

Mr. Slater said, "Oh, I can smell Vindaloo!"
"Oh, really?"
"No sir, O'Reilly!"

Hobnob.

And we wave to the people who frown
At our hair as we ride into town

And Chalky and Nozz had set up the gear
In the club where the Dohl Pal Show would appear
In person as themselves
(arf, arf)
In person as themselves

Then Neil, Fred and I played darts for a while
Before we switched on our theatrical smile
Hey, you remember!

Hot dogs on sale in foyer!
Eyy...

"You can have a drink in your dressing room, lads, but you can't come into club looking like that!"
"Hey, Redneck!"
"We've had 'em all 'ere, you know... Tommy Raye..."
"Aye..."
"That's a brand new scratch on the piano, cost you seventy-five quid to put that right."
"Whoah, 'o did that?"
"I remember one time--"
"And Buddy <??>!"
"Aye."
"Put off all thought though, in here, dunnit?"
"Woah, what?"
"Will you take your empty glasses back to the bar!"
"Any 'artistes' messing in football will be paid off, immediately."
"Hoover!"
"It's not for meself, lads, it's for me daughter."
"Five pints of lager and one Coke!"
"You got me, lads, it's the manager that makes the rules."