

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine, Mid Day C

Then I saw his face and I was a believer
It was the automatic rifles
The Nintendos and Segas
And the half a dozen dead disciples
And like many a fruitcake before him
He claimed to be the son of God
But like many a fruitcake before him
Maybe he really was

CHORUS

Hot dogs!
Toss!
Mid day crisis!

And meanwhile a black Maria
Leaves the hallowed halls of justice
Under a hall of phlegm and fire
>From the assembled vigilantes and uncles

CHORUS

Ippa dippa dation no operation
Too many people at the station
Get in line behind the nation
The rest of life's fall-out patients
Who wake up every morning smiling
Stretching, yawning, breakfast-timing
Out in alices, toasted brown
Then the mid day crisis comes around

And no, I'm not a believer
ANd no, I don't want to see your leaflets
I Isot my faith with my taste for sausages and hats
And no you can't come in for tea and biscuits

CHORUS
