

Hatfield & The North, Fitter Stoke Has A Bath

You don't suspect my life's a mess
You prob'ly think it's groovy
Meeting people every day
See some place abroad
But I admit that when the time is right
It can be quite a laugh
But you know, that's not often
Eventually, I think that you will agree
I'm only putting lines out
And shifting gears, missing years disappear

As for you I couldn't bear to think of it
They said you were Swedish
You asked me for a chocolate bar
Then you went and spoiled it all by eating it
What a pain, what a nause!
You can imagine my delight
Was like some R. Crumb magazine come to life
Thank you ladies you had us all
I hope you both enjoyed it

But just the same
I'm happy just to sit around at home
With Pamela looking elegant and writing prose
If anyone's in need of me
I'm drowning in the bathroom

Bing billy bong silly song going wrong
Ping pong ping, clong cling dong
Ping pong ping, my head's gone

Bing billy bang, Desperate Dan, frying pan
Cling clong cling, bong bing bang
Michael Miles, bogeyman