

Larrikin Love, Little Boy Lost

Yours was the tragedy of the common man,
With his simple plan
And his two hour hair regime
And the idea of keeping clean, was staying mean

Which is funny
Cause the rough boy
And the pretty boy
Well, they really don't make a pretty rough man
That's all I can
My advice to you

And you are just a boy
With a scareless defeat (?)
Oh please don't take on the world
Oh don't do it for me

Well 'catastrophe' should be your first name
And 'brylcream' should be your middle name
And so sick is your love for her
You might as well just dip her into a coma

And if I piece together all the leather you wear,
It would stretch from here to the camel that's not there
And that's so wrong
It's so wrong but you don't care

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