

Machine Gun Fellatio, Leopards

I-I-I-I've been thinking 'bout floodbank levies
We've been talking 'bout floodmark risin'
Next time you go screechin' 'bout float-feed
I'll take steps to make you think again
Six past seven and I'm in sunshine
Smilin' at pigeons, scratchin' my chest
Some days nobody goes to work
They all come laughin' - picnic in my head
And when you look for me, I'll have taken your leopard skin
Sell it to some nightclub king who thinks he's St. Francis
Birds hangin' off his head
You've been sayin' that I don't make sense
Tellin' me you can't cope with my birdsong
You've been dishing out so much doublespeak
Spittin' out nonsense for months too long
And when you look for me, I'll have taken your leopard skin
Sell it to some nightclub king who thinks he's St. Francis
Birds hangin' off his head
Don't you feel that in some time future
Next week, last week - Over Number 88
Just when we can talk to each other
Delay the new ball and make this leopard spin
Make this leopard spin
Make this leopard