

Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Intensive Care

I've just been beaten-up by a ted, because of our song " Elvis is dead ".
He rearranged my teeth though he weren't a dentist, I would have run away but I was a bit pissed.

Intensive, intensive care, I'm in intensive care

He pushed me up against a brick wall, then he kicked me around like I was a football.
He kicked me in the face then he trod on my head, and then he ran away 'cos he thought I was dead.

I tried to get up though I was bleeding and bruised, I shouldn't have bothered 'cos I met bad news.
Around the corner were another three, and they all kicked the shit out of me.