

Salad, The King Of Love

The king of love sits in a field with his head in his hands
Says it's alright, in fact it's the way it was planned
We don't love his face, we don't love his hands
It's his mace, and the things we don't understand

The king of love - Oh no

Drinks white rum, says it's the liquor of kings
Phones his mum, "Where d'you hide my wig ?"
When the fridge opens wide, out jump Mungo and Madge ... Midge
No no, no no, no no, I don't need this bridge

The king of love - Oh no

Steeplechase, it's very popular here
They set it up to knock down the beer
You see them at lunch, all in a bunch year after year
But you never see them when the fat lady sings

The king of love - Oh no
The king of love - Yeah
The king of love - Oh no