

# Silver Sun, Bad Haircut

All the little children, can you see them?

Yes, they are all sleeping

Professor Yaffle spoils your fun

Sunday's always boring, boring

Sitting on the toilet, waiting to come

(chorus)

I got a cut below that rest

Depends on the cover when it's hot, i'm not

Rain creeps into the drains

And tell her the fact that she's so matter of fact

Bye, bye, bye-bye, bye, bye-bye

A bad haircut your gut feels like

You've eaten much too much

Clear up the dishes and start to fly, fly

"The two of you, out together, out walking

I'm back to my old tricks, stalking, stalking, stalking"

(repeat chorus two times)