

Soft Boys, The Yodelling Hoover

Everything goes down, oh yeah
The jewels in the crown, oh yeah
She don't know why she does it, oh no
Maybe just because it tickles, yeah
You're very French
But your hearts a target for the East
There she goes again
Singing like a drain
Sucking on a brain
Crawling through a train
Oozing with a snake
Hope it doesn't break
Squash it on your cake
Deeply in a lake
I'm very dry
But my lips are tainted by your heart
Here come the yodelling hoover
She's gonna yodel over you
She's gonna yodel over you, yeah
Baby/Tell me what's the use
Of being an excuse
Your dust encrusted rust
Your dessicated lust
Of other people stuff
You never get enough
And everything you see
It goes into your mouth
She's very fat
But he hearts encrusted by those fans
Here come the yodelling hoover
She's gonna yodel over you
She's gonna yodel over you
Here come the yodelling hoover
She's gonna yodel over you
She's gonna yodel over you
She's gonna yodel over you
She's gonna yodel over you