

Sponge, Ode To Slimy Bassless

You've got your Volvo and yor little mortgage.
All your things of value all wrapped up in storage.
You've got 2.4 children named Dick and Jane.
They look like Ken and Barby and you dress them both the same.
You've got a dog named Rover, a cat named Moggy,
You're wife wont let you in the car if it gets a little foggy.
I dont wanna be the one to say that you got boring,
But you walk you dog at 6:30am every morning.

This is an ode to slimy bassless, a guy who for now who should remain nameless.
But you could have been with us, could have been on the trip, yeah.
But you traded in your ticket for a pair of carpet slippers.

Your in the same job till the day that you retire,
You happy just to sit home, your feet up by the fire.
It's OK to spend all of your fridays down the pub,
But you should have drawn the line at joining the caravan club,
You'd Rather stay home and watch T.V. than come out and socialise with li'l ol' me.
I dont wanna be the one to say that you got boring,
But when you start talking people start yawning.

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You wash and clean your car out every single sunday mornign.
You still enjoy surprises, you just need alot of warning.
You concentrate on golf now to improve your handicap,
You sit down for a harty meal then lie down for a nap.
You think you're wifes at bingo but she's here with me instead,
You wouldnt misunderstnad her if you just listened to what she said.
I dont wanna be the one to say that you got boring,
But you've lived and work and you probably die in the same town you were born in.

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