Suede, Implement Yeah!

The boy Smith's got lard for a tongue
He looks like a bum or a son or a punk
He's a basket case, he's a silent sodder
His face is odd, his voice is odder

Yeah, Implement Yeah! Yeah!

The boy Smith's called Saul a Scotch homo
Bald, insane, Satanical romo
He sings songs that dogs only hear
He's got a gun in his mouth and music in his ear

Yeah, Implement Yeah!
Yeah!

Yeah, Implement Yeah!
Yeah!