

# Custard, Ringo (I Feel Like...)

I feel like Ringo  
And it's rippin' my eyes out  
And I feel like Ringo  
Shimmy to the left  
Shimmy to the right

I've made up a list,  
That lives in my mind,  
Of everyone helpful and everyone kind  
These Fender guitars they tune up so nice,  
And Greg says that "Amps are not a problem";

He lives in a disco,  
But goes home to the suburbs  
Where it's simply WORK, GIRLS, DRUGS and BOYS  
Shimmy to the left  
And shimmy to the right

I refer to this list,  
This list in my mind,  
Of everyone naughty, fucked up and unkind  
Forget about rock stars,  
Forget about mic's,  
No W-bins, no W-bins, no W-bins

Now listen kids  
I know as well as anyone  
That sometimes things can get weird  
Things can get bad  
But there's one thing  
Just one thing we all can do  
Sing it to me kids  
R.I.N.G.O.  
That's right  
R.I.N.G.O.  
Uh huh, uh huh uh huh uh huh

Here it is, here it is  
And go  
Ooowwwwww, uh  
Oh yeah