

# Future Bible Heroes, Mr. Punch

Everybody gets it sometime, sorry  
Virus, fire, gryoscope, lear jet, lorry  
Choking on a chicken bone lurking in lunch  
And you're dead, dead, dead!  
But not Mr. Punch

That Mr. Punch, he's a rum one, ain't he?  
Strapping as his yapping little wife is dainty  
Hit her with a big stick, give her what for  
And she's dead, dead, dead  
On the crimson floor  
(Repeat)

In the real world, all effects are casual  
Amble backstage, see the sticks and swizzle  
Talk to the Professor of the tricks of his trade  
Ask him for his flask, it's only lemonade...

But  
Here comes a Crocodile, here comes Cloutie  
Hear the Beadle wheedle, and the ghost of Judy  
Rattling her ribs in rodomontade  
They're all dead, dead, dead  
In the old arcade  
(Repeat)