

Glove, Mr Alphabet Says

Here comes the book
The book of rules
If you play this game
You won't stay the same
You could win your golden teeth
Be a spinning top
Use a riding crop

Mr Alphabet says
"Smile like a weasel
As I cover you...
Cover you in treacle";

We all know impatience is a sin
So do as you're told to do
It's so rewarding to
And you could win the tin man's heart
Be a chiming clock
Lie on the chopping block

Mr Alphabet says
"Give me all your money
Just to cover you
Cover you in honey";

Don't be afraid
There's no marmalade
Don't be afraid
I wouldn't even dream of it!