

Graham Parker, Bubblegum Cancer

Joe Camel was a friend of mine He had a fine line in seduction
But the monkeys pulled Joe off the billboard sign Somewhere near Clapham Junction
Now all the little children had no pied piper There was no one left to follow
So they all lived together in a white bread world What a bitter pill to swallow

It was Bubblegum Cancer so sweet so rotten
Bubblegum Cancer No fruit on the bottom yeah oh yeah

The Luncheon Meat Kid had a real fine life He was fat and sweaty and tricky
Gorgonzola became his wife She was strong and green and sticky
And they lived in a house made of garlic mash On the crest of a styrofoam wave
Every weekend they'd take out the trash Jane Fonda with a tomahawk Rooting for the Braves

like

Bubble gum Cancer so pink so black
Bubblegum Cancer big stink under the shrink wrap. Yeah.

Barney Google was acting cool But his eyes gave him away
He was two dimensional and no ones fool He was flat and made of clay
And he lived in a land made of ink and pulp Between the two world wars
And his eyes puffed out Like ping pong balls. Yeah.

Bubblegum Cancer so faux so real
Bubblegum Cancer so phony you can't feel it

Bubble gum Cancer so pink so black
Bubblegum Cancer big stink under the shrink wrap. Yeah.

Bubble gum Cancer so pink so black
Bubblegum Cancer big stink under the shrink wrap. Yeah.