

Jimeoin, Third Drawer Down

In my kitchen, there's a drawer at the top
It's got cutlery, knives, forks, spoons, the lot.
Second drawer down's got a big knife and an egg-whip.
Things that should go in the first drawer,
But they just don't fit
And the third drawer down, from the top,
It's just full of shit.

Ha ha! There's ton's of it!

Elastic bands and tally-ho's that don't stick.
Dried up glue, false teeth,
Something stolen from a hotel
Things that are broken, that you know you'll never fix
But you put them in the third drawer,
Cause you just ain't got the heart to throw them away.
It's the third drawer down, from the top,
And it's full of shit.

Bum bum bum bum, bum bum bum bum.
Bum bum bum bum.

Bluetac and cello-tape, that's been hit by a truck
One chop-stick, an ash-tray from Canada
Paid bills and envelopes
Things that you think'll come in handy,
But they just never do.
It's the third drawer down, from the top,
And it's full of shit.

Bum bum bum bum bum, Oh the third drawer
It's full of shit.

And the fourth drawer down
(That's the one below the third)
It's got plastic bags in it.