

Lightyear, Data's Double Chin

Sunshine stings my eyes
And I'm missing you
And it cuts like
It cuts like knives
This is not getting any easier
Irrelevant stuff
I should but I don't think I will change the world

(My name is Master Samwise Gangee and that's fine honestly)
On a more in-depth inspection Jon from Captain Everything! is hairier than me
Chas this is sober
Turn this toss over
Or at least skip to the bit where Dr Spock tries
Talking to the whales in his Y-fronts

And you call me geek
You fucking Trekkie fan
And wannabe Gandalf
I'm just a nerd
Obsessed with Ernie Ball
At least it's bloomin' real

Your mum's got big hands and shops at Aldi
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Well
Ready steady look at this shit lyrical action
I'm dropping these babies like (Michael Jackson)
I didn't know what to say
When I saw his face melt on mushrooms that day
Cheese and wine or cider and chips
Boneless variations or
Three sixty flips
We specialise and cater
Whatever your persuasion
Seven naked men for every
Occasion

I'm Captain
Of Everything
Inside my head
With Five Knuckles clenched my friend
You're better off dead
I'm stronger in this weakness
Much stronger than before
It's our genetics, our blood
Our understanding
Of an unspoken ethic
And an unspoken law

(Data's)
Leonard Nimoy
(Double)
Dianna Troi
(Chin)
Leonard Nimoy
Seven of Nine

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Tweaked ankles
And a tweaked music industry
Rec. exec. steps up
(And I'll glass him with a cup of tea)
In that Lightyear hooded top
You look particularly dapper
We've Bombed Ibiza
Now we'll bomb Ayia Napa
We'll bomb George Bush
While he's sitting on the crapper
Resident President Evil
There's zombies in the Whitehouse
Playing with their Scalextric
And their clockwork Evel Knievel

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