

Lightyear, Twat Out Of Hell

I need some small flowers to come and crack
These concrete feet
Life jackets, water wings, they cannot save me now
I'm lonely
Everybody's so fucking lonely
Don't you know me?
I was the singer in Creme Brul'e

('The last thing we need is an uneducated wazzock of a president
who thinks human beings and fish can co-exist peacefully')

Kerrang!, you're a comic book
(Kerrang!, you're a comic book)
And Fracture, you're elitist
(And Fracture, you're elitist)
Shit business where bands survive
On three pounds a day
Sorry this was
About the war so anyway

('The last thing we need is an uneducated wazzock of a president
who thinks human beings and fish can co-exist peacefully')

So Where's Wally?
He's in the Whitehouse
He's playing army
He's smoking a fat cigar
So we'll chop his balls off
(Chop his balls off)
And make a pie
(Make a pie)
And over dinner we will ask him
Why innocent people die

Transit vans without MOT or insurance
Promoters with S.A.S. skills in avoidance
Seven thousand seven hundred and eighty one
White lines on the M1
This is not for everyone

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Let's put the talking heads on
Do lots of acid, get Jon to DJ
And we can remake
Scenes from the Magic Roundabout
I'm pleased how my genitals fall out
Accidentally, we shall
Live our lives in such beautiful ways
Everybody in my bomb shelter