

Regurgitator, I Will Lick Your Arsehole

I'm like Mister Clifford Richard I'm wired for sound
When I get myself a mic you don't wanna be around
I'm off like the note on care in Karen's 'Day Tripper'
I'm faking all my lines like that dolphin called Flipper
Send chills down your spine like the strings in 'Billie Jean'
I'm so far underground that I'm a one person scene
I'm overly thorough, just like David Attenborough
When he's whispering in the jungle like they're working undercover
Evidence irrefutable, I'm squarer than a cubicle
I hug the straight and narrow like a Julie Andrews musical
I derail and flail with abstract verse I fail to curtail
The rhythmical measures and pleasurable endeavours never sail
I'm lacking in ambition, simply no predisposition
And when I hit the stage, I lose all composition
I never like it loud, 'cause crowded places scare me
I dig the rock 'n' roll as much as Peter Paul & Mary

asshole, I will lick your
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[BEEP]

to be continued...