

Regurgitator, The Man: Part 1

There he goes just walking down the street
he's a big piece of man with a big piece of meat
he's brash in a flash he's got a fist full of cash
he's keeping his cool while he's making his dash
he's got a smile that says trouble and a fist that says love
he'll burst your bubble like death from above
he's a man with a mission a fire in the hole
he's hormones raging out of control
he's the man
he's the man

Let's go

There she goes just walking down the street
she's a plastic wrapped candy bar with pumps on her feet
she's got a glamorous stink you smell from miles around
and when she barks on by she drags her sex on the ground
she's got chemical hair she'll flick it into your face
she keeps a silicon spare and a bottle of mace
she doesn't know what she wants but she'll get it for free
cos she's got more curves than the monte grand prix
she's the man
she's the man
she's the man
that's right she's the man

oi oi oi (repeat)

He's on the go hard pills and he's looking for you
cocked and loaded in a world turned blue
she's a sweet wee lass who's good for a laugh
looking for a gentleman to blow it up her arse
he's a stiff mesiah hot off the cross
she's a burning pyre made of candy floss
d.j. moses uniting the drugged
jesus and mary man it must be love
your the man
your the man
your the man
that's right your the man.