

# Saint Etienne, Message In A Bottle

Transcribed by Nicola

One, two, turtles are blue,  
three, four, ???,  
five, six, ???,  
seven, eight, you got no mates!

??? treacle and ???.  
Break a leg, boy on the moon,  
no more Tyneside's favourite son.

One, two, turtles are blue,  
three, four, ???,  
five, six, ???,  
seven, eight, you got no mates!

Reading books by Nabokov,  
schoolkids told you, &quot;Bugger off!&quot;  
So you sung about dread and fear,  
you're a legal alien, dear.

One, two, turtles are blue,  
three, four, ???,  
five, six, ???,  
seven, eight, you got no mates!

While you were out, saving trees,  
your accountant doubled his fees.  
Five million down the drain;  
poor old teacher's got no brain.

One, two, turtles are blue,  
three, four, ???,  
five, six, ???,  
seven, eight, you got no mates!

So many crimes committed to wax,  
Andy's hanging up his axe,  
??? went on to equalise.  
Sting's a bell boy in disguise.

One, two, turtles are blue,  
three, four, ???,  
five, six, ???,  
seven, eight, you got no mates!

You got no mates!  
You got no mates!  
You got no mates, got no mates!