

Salad, Muscleman

He's a muscleman, Such a muscleman
Muscle up to him, He'll let you rub his tan
He's a muscleman, Such a muscleman
Muscle in with him, He'll let you hold his hand

I'm now an apple. that suits me fine
And I'm out of time, But we'll all be fine
And now I'm knackered and feeling kind
But I'm not even worth a dime
And that suits me fine, And that suits me fine

Chorus

He's a muscleman, Such a muscleman
He's a muscleman, Yeah, he's my muscleman

I'm not an apple in a line, I'm in that way inclined
For God's sake be mine, And please don't go blind
Cos I've got this apple, And it needs a habit
And now I'm out of time, But you're a friend of mine
And we'll both be fine, And not out of line
Again you'll be mine, And that suits me fine
Yeah that suits me fine, He's a muscleman...
He's my muscleman