

Slapp Happy, Tutankhamun

Ribs wrapped in ribbons
And his eyes full of clay
Tutankhamun's comin' for his summer holiday
Walkin' down the road in his chevrolet
Better never git in his way
Common folk are hummin'
Cause Tutankhamun's comin'
Ribbons wrap his ribs
He remembers what he gives
Tutankhamun lives
Cause the gibbon never gibbs
And it's his word
That you just heard, oh yes

He looks so great, but what is the matter with his eyes?