

Soft Boys, There's Nobody Like You

Well if your name's Mucky you can count yourself lucky that you're still walking round on four feet

Cause I tell you right now though I don't how there's still perverse out there on the street

And it's rare that a pig makes it back from a gig without coming at you with physical harm

He must be saying, "Oh, I didn't know," and they wind up on that bacon farm I don't mind dressing in black if I thought it would get your temperature back

And if your name's Queek you're quite unique and it's taken you over the top

Mr. Rodgers and I don't know the messiah ever since you walked into the shop

And if your names Kent it's known that you're bent it's an actual undeniable fact

Cause a law round here they've got cloth ears so you never get caught in the act

But I don't mind dressing in blue if I thought it would make any difference to you

There's nobody

There's nobody

There's nobody like you

There's nobody

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If your name's Him then suddenly a whim but you seem to be nowhere at all

If your name's Her than you're covered with fur and you're waiting for Him in the hall

The stuff that you sell and the way that you smell is to say the least way out of place

If I had a choice between the fist and the voice you know I'd push you right out of your face

But I don't mind dressing in green if I thought that you'd understand what I mean

There's nobody

There's nobody

There's nobody like you