Sparks, Who Don't Like Kids

(Ron Mael)

Who don't like kids, who don't like kids
Who don't like kids, who don't like kids
Who don't like kids, who don't like kids
You got a cigar, heres a couple more
because the offspring are springing through swinging doors
into a world of "Aint he cute, he looks a lot like his father" and Here comes another
Of that proof that Im not just a vegetable,
the little Proof that Im more than a mineral,
the little Proof that Im just like the next guy,
whoever he may be

Who don't like kids, who don't like kids
Crawl, walk, running around
Living proof that I'm really sound
They'll ensure Im always around

And your bit and my bit'll do their dance
to body rumblings And tumblings and rote romance
and all the while I'm thinking,
deeply thinking, hey whats it gonna be Sod or celebrity

(Boy or girl)
(Boy or girl)
Oh well its off to work
And so long baby, kiss him goodbye for me

Who don't like kids, who don't like kids
Crawl, walk, running around
Living proof that I'm really sound
They'll ensure Im always around
Who don't like kids, who don't like kids
Who don't like kids, who don't like kids
Who don't like kids, who don't like kids

There's more in the wings shall we bring them on or
Shall we just sit and talk 'til the early morn and
Recite sweet nothings (sweet, nothings)
In everybodys ear

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