

# Super Furry Animals, Death By Melody

Give me sleaze, Welsh cakes and cheese  
Look so divine, tell me they're mine  
And this thing doesn't rhyme

The rights are wrong the left have gone right  
Thought they might taste the Angel Delight  
And swot him in sight

I can make no sense of it  
Living in the thick of it  
Can't make head nor tail of it  
Living in the thick of it (X2)

When I was aged under three  
I went insane on the climbing frame  
I totally lost it

Searching for the land of my dreams  
The Soviet's rave and nuns misbehave  
And nobody rules but

I can make no sense of it  
Living in the thick of it  
Can't make head nor tail of it  
Living in the thick of it (X2)

Do do do do do do do do do  
Do do do do do do do do do  
Do do do do do do do do do  
Do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do do  
Do do do

La la la la la la la  
Zippedy do  
Zippedy don't  
Zippedy I don't know (X2)

I can make no sense of it  
Living in the thick of it  
Can't make head nor tail of it  
Living in the thick of it (X4)  
Living  
Living  
Living  
Living  
Wooooh!