

The Abs, Englebert Humperdinck's Racing Pigeon

Please release me, let me go
As Englebert Humperdinck's racing pigeon cries
Who do you think you're talking to?
Said the schizophrenic ventriloquist
Think I'd better change my mind ...
For a bigger size

I set the clock the other night
'cos it was starting to go a bit runny
I put my feet up 'cos they had nowhere to stay
I suffer with a disease
That makes me forget the ends of verses
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

From the spark of the enthusiastic
To the inferno of creation
The path materialises at the feet of the convinced
One eye on the heavens
And a tonsil on medication
Convention stinks like
A draining board full of gibs before they're rinsed.

D'you like Rudyard Kipling?
I've never seen him kipple
Wisdom permeated his every breath
Tell me then, why do you toil fruitlessly and labour?
I'm just waiting for something better to come along
... you konw, like death!