

White Noise, Here Comes The Fleas

Here come the fleas, they're on your knees
So move over please, i don't want you around me

Dirt on the floor from six weeks or more,
You say it's a bore to keep this darn hole tidy

Why'd you do (shut up) the things that most (Beatnicking) people frown at?
You hav'nt washed yourself for weeks? (Go back to sleep)

Can't begin to clear that mess in the kitchen
The windows cracked, the basement leaks

"What's going on in there? What do you think you're doing?"

Neighbour: "Here ... would you mind being quiet in there?
A man can't even hear what his own steel band is doing"

Go lie on the stair, you just don't care,
You better beware, or i might take a tumble

Fleas: "Here come the fleas, they're on your knees
So move over please, i don't want you around me"

Go get a job, stop being a slob

Go earn a few bob...

...and i'll give you a kiss...