

Julian H. Cope

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Some people lead their life of a trusting to luck,
some people base their life on a questionable fuck,
the money's on a winner, yeah, the single most,
cataclysmic intrution of the holy ghost.

When will I get what I get to keep.
Keep sweeping sister, go back to sleep.
sleep in the doorway of daddio's house,
shivering, shivering,
quiet as a mouse (x 2)

[chorus]

She walks up to me, makes the sign of the cross,
says, Julian H. Cope, you're a real dead lose!

Slave to a slaver, a howling dog,
woke-up in the fireplace, slept like a log
Sleep sweeping sister 'til the brush comes apart,
but just remember, women aren't supposed to fart!

Who's wearing badges, yeah, who's making love,
who is receiving from up above?
Talking in whisper, yeah speaking in tongues,
speaking of the devil, yeah here he comes.

Badges, badges, we don't need to stinking badges
sissy-fied, you're civilised, I want to be a savage.

I want to be the righteous son of man, yeah know I want to be the pappy of the whole darn thang!

[chorus]

Walks up to me, makes the sign of the cross,
says Julian H. Cope, you're a real dead lose!

you're a real dead lose (x 3)

Lyrics submitted by Leon.