

# Die Laughing

## WAYD

He's the wasp in the jam, he's the dad at the party  
The trash in the beauty spot  
He's the cloud in the sky, he's the fly in the ointment  
The nail in the parking lot

Let's give the man a hug then put him out to grass  
Feel sorry for the bug, the one that's up his ass  
We're pulling out the plug, we're turning on the gas  
We're turning on the gas

And he don't like sunshine and he don't like icecream  
And he don't like Sundays and he don't like dancing  
Yeah he don't like dancing

He's the frog in the throat, he's the spot on the forehead  
The crack in the window pane  
He's the leak in the boat, he's the weed in the rosebed  
The truck in the outside lane

So get the kids along and fill him up with love  
Then sing a happy song yeah, really piss him off  
Cos everything is wrong and nothing's good enough  
It won't be good enough

And he don't like sunshine and he don't like icecream  
And he don't like Sundays and he don't like dancing  
And he don't like your face and he won't die laughing

So chuck it and run, he'll only make you mad  
Just go and have some fun, the best you've ever had  
And say "Shoot me with a gun if I ever get like that  
Please don't let me get like that"

And he don't like sunshine and he don't like icecream  
And he don't like Sundays and he don't like dancing  
And he don't like your face and he won't die laughing.

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