The Rival

Richard Thompson

I can lick you fairly, squarely
Give your head a mighty crack
Make your nose bleed down your shirt front
With one hand behind my backToorah loorah, torah loorah,
Toorah loorah, torah loorahI set my heart on Jeannie Wilson
She's the one I'm going to see
If you're of the same persuasion
There's no room for you and me
Toorah loorah, torah loorah,
Toorah loorah, torah loorahI love to see those stuffy airs and graces
The more pumped up the more they tend to fall
Right down on their facesYou might have a few pounds on me
You might have the edge in height
But I can do a trick or two
To rattle your teeth and dim your lightsToorah loorah, torah loorah,
Toorah loorah, torah loorahI love to see those stuffy airs and graces
The more pumped up the more they tend to fall
Right down on their faces
You come from a different planet
Sexy motor, groovy tan
I fought my way up from under
I don't have no back-up planToorah loorah, torah loorah,
Toorah loorah, torah loorah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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