The Ballad Of Tom Jones (with Cerys Matthews)

Space

The Ballad Of Tom Jones
What did I do wrong?
Oh, you nearly drove me cuckoo
I am really all that bad?
You're worse than Hannibal Lecter,
Charlie Manson, Freddy Krueger
Why are we still together?
Oh, I can't leave you
till you're dead
You mean
till death do us part
I mean like cyanide,
strangulation or an axe through your head
It was lucky for us
I turned the radio on
They say that music soothes
the savage beast
There was something in that voice
that stopped us seeing red
The two of us would've surely
have ended up dead
You stopped us from killing each other
(Tom Jones, Tom Jones)
You'll never know but you saved our lives
(Tom Jones, Tom Jones)
I've never thrown my knickers at you
And I don't come from walesStill haven't solved our problems
You mean we hate each other's guts
Still want to poison your pizza
And I still want to cut off your hands
I've phoned the marriage guidance
I've tied the phone-line
round your neck
I'm sick of all this hatred
Oh, that'll be the arsenic
making you sick
You were about to drive me
over the edge of a cliff
As I tried to jump out

I knocked the stereo on
You changed your mind
and then slammed on the brakes
It was lucky for us
we bought his greatest hitsAnd now our war is over
I've lost the urge to break your neck
I owe my life to
What's New Pussycat
Delilah stopped me hating you
and wishing you're dead
Oh, I used to call Satan
I called you Cruella de Ville
But now you call me your Delilah
And now I'm not your Lucifer
And I am just a pussycat
But just a word of warning now
Just in case
we ever get tired of his voice
I know the Mafia, Godzilla,
King Kong
And I know an atom bomb
that's going for a song

Songwriters
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