

Intensive Care

Peter and the Test Tube Babies

I've just been beaten-up by a ted, because of our song " Elvis is dead ".

He rearranged my teeth though he weren't a dentist, I would have run away but I was a bit pissed. Intensive, intensive care, I'm in intensive care. He pushed me up against a brick wall, then he kicked me around like I was a football.

He kicked me in the face then he trod on my head, and then he ran away 'cos he thought I was dead. I tried to get up though I was bleeding and bruised, I shouldn't have bothered 'cos I met bad news.

Around the corner were another three, and they all kicked the shit out of me.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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