

# 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 careHe 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.

Lyrics provided by  
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