

Kinky Afro (Remastered Version)

Happy Mondays

You go spooky in a band
Son, I'm 30
I only went with your mother 'cause she's dirty
And I don't have a decent bone in me
What you get is just what you see, yeah
I should so, I take it free, yeah
And all the bad preserves be things that feed me
I never help or give to the needy
Come on and see me
Yippee, ippee, ey, ey, ay, yey, yey
I had to crucify some brother today
And I don't dig what you gotta say
So, come on and say it
Come on and tell me twice
I said, Dad, you're a shabby
You run around and groove like a baggy
You're only here just out of habit
All that's mine you might as well have it
You take 10p back and then stab it
Spray it on and tag it
So, sack on me, I can't stand the needy
Get around here if you're asking
You're feeling
Yippee, ippee, ey, ey, ay, yey, yey
I had to crucify somebody today
And I don't dig what you gotta say
So, come on and say it
And come on and tell me twice
So, sack all the needy
I can't stand to leave it
You come around here and you put both your feet in
Yippee, ippee, ey, ey, ay, yey, yey
I had to crucify somebody today
And I don't hear what you gotta say
So, go on and say it
Yippee, ippee, ey, ey, ay, yey, yey
I had to crucify some brother today
And I don't hear what you gotta say
So, come on and say it
And come on and tell me twice

Songwriters

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