

Pac-a-mac

Madness

I wear my cap with pride
When swaying side to side
Indoors where it be crude
Too late to find me shrewd I never lay in doubt
When walking from about
At home where it be warm
You're sound asleep I'm born I'm a small chap walk tall chap
When it rains cats and dogs
From my pocket I pick a pac-a-mac Inside a rubber wall yelling
Screams echo off the ceiling
My love could penetrate
So I'll leave you now prostrate My fag smolders out and out
And odors waft about
So I give my head a kip
My caps worn to a split I'm a small chap walk tall chap
When it rains cats and dogs
From my pocket I pick a pac-a-mac I wear my cap with pride
When swaying side to side
Indoors where I feel nude
Too late to find me shrewd I never lay in doubt
When walking from about
At home where it be warm
You're sound asleep I'm born I'm a small chap walk tall chap
When it rains cats and dogs
From my pocket I pick a pac
When it rains cats and dogs
From my pocket I pick a pac
When it rains cats and dogs
From my pocket I pick a pac-a-mac

Songwriters

MCPHERSON, GRAHAM/BARSON, MICHAEL/BEDFORD, MARK Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>