Oliver Twisted

The Vaselines

Once I had a friend called Oliver Twisted
Who used to think he was a brand and gifted
Stupendously handsome, beautifully smart
He had no heart

On his own, he was all alone
He wanted more than he ever got

Once I had a friend called Oliver Twisted
Who took life so slow that he occasionally missed it
Permanently senseless, never on his brain
He had no brain

On his own, he was all alone
He wanted more than he ever got

Once I had a friend called Oliver Twisted
Who lived on the edge or so he insisted
Intelligently careless, hated Rock and Roll
He had no soul

On his own, he was all alone
He wanted more than he ever got

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