

January Git

Gilbert O'Sullivan

I still believe in Sunday
As being a day of rest
And maybe it's because I'm an Irishman
That I like Dublin best Still who so are you to tell me I'm alright Fred
But don't let that worry your son
For when he grows up and gets blown out of here
Have yourself Atomic bomb Now introducing Maisie
Maisie and on my right will be
Both of whom are here now represented by
Our good friend U.V.I.P. Whose mundane conjectural I'd recommend
Only if you like rocking jazz
Intermingled with an ounce of U double K
Full of eastern Razzmatazz Close your eyes and the door
Don't forget
If you do I take it you
Know what to expect Still who so are you to tell me I'm alright, Fred
But don't let that worry your son
For when he grows up and gets blown out of here
Have yourself a really tour-de-force yearly
Non-de-plume Atomic bomb Feeling tired one degree under, oh
What you need is picking up so off you go
(Get picked up you know) Whose mundane conjectural I'd recommend
Only if you like rocking jazz
Intermingled with an ounce of U double K
Full of eastern promised without a doubting Thomas
Polynesian Razzmatazz

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