Oliver Twisted

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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