

The Music That Nobody Likes

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine

Fee fi fo fum
I smell the blood of Nazi scum
I want my dad and I want my mum
A Sherman tank and a load of gunsIf love is the answer
What was the question?
And can it cure
My indigestion, baby?Out of the frying pan
Into the frying pan
Back to the drawing board
And I'll draw you a diagramWe'll put on the kettle
For some tea and some sympathy
Infamy, infamy
They've all got it in for meIf love is the answer
What was the question?
And can it solve
The traffic congestion, baby?Carry on, carry on
You've got nothing to lose
You've dirtied your pants
And you can't afford shoesTo stand up and fight
Stand up for your rights
And dance to the music
That nobody likesIt goes ba, ba, ba, baOut of the mouths
Of babes bearing arms
Come the terrified sounds
Of a baby's alarmAt the kidnap and rape
Of his family and friends
Who've been taken away
To be ethnically cleansedAnd the banners and badges
And your anarchist friends
Say "Apocalypse now, man
And "Never again" And I know the following smut
Should he censored okay
But this shit is fucked
As they say in the U. S .AAnd they say it in Mexico, London and Jericho
Berlin and Birmingham, Belfast and Tokyo
Amsterdam, Vietnam, Iran, Afghanistan
Disneyland, Narnia, former YugoslaviaYes sire boy, there's nothing worth living for
But it really ain't worth dying for
So just say three hail Jesus and Mary chains

And say goodnight Jim Bob, goodnight Jim Bob

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