

(Sometimes) I Have to Concentrate

Mclusky

This is the theme from m*a*s*h*.

This is a call.

Realisation that your appreciation.

Meant nothing at all. This is eternal.

This is your life.

Vodka and tonics with the stereophonics on a saturday night. This is illegal.

At least if you do it right.

A new operation for your eloquent spaceships.

Rockfield style. But that was revolting.

And this is well done.

Congratulations you're the king of the kop.

And I'm a teacher's son. This is the final time.

I teach you to shave.

Was never supposed to be a stain on your church.

Or a big day. Go gadget armpits.

And cover me down.

My final suggestion in the form of a question.

Are we made of stone?

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