

Boo Time

Moxy Fruvous

It's boo time
Boo time
It's boo time
Stop itWhen every wanker's wound up tight
Frigid, fractious, and forthright
The plebes plugged up with plebiscite
Trim the trad, go troglodyteIt's boo time
Boo time
It's boo timeWhen obligations grow obtuse
New neckties nab you like a noose
The clown, the cleric, the recluse
All crank the sluice on their cabooseSomething that you buried
Way down the estuary
Sharp and incendiary
Locked in a box of lead I saidMr. Metro Moon, meek, mundane
Set sail on seas of cellophane
Mapped the mists of mauve membrane
Old friends all sang 'Auf Wiedersehn'It might be howling on all fours
Or strolling naked out of doors
Perhaps an herbal remedy
Reminds the mind what holds the keySomething that you buried
Way down the estuary
Sharp and incendiary
Locked in a box of lead I saidIt's not forbidden to be what you are
Dip into that great big cookie jar
Where it's always boo timeBoo time
It's boo time
Boo time
It's boo timeBoo time
Boo time
It's boo, it's boo, it's boo

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