

Boo Time

Moxy Fruvous

It's boo time
Boo time
It's boo time
Stop it When every wanker's wound up tight
Frigid, fractious, and forthright
The plebes plugged up with plebiscite
Trim the trad, go troglodyte It's boo time
Boo time
It's boo time When obligations grow obtuse
New neckties nab you like a noose
The clown, the cleric, the recluse
All crank the sluice on their caboose Something that you buried
Way down the estuary
Sharp and incendiary
Locked in a box of lead I said Mr. 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 key Something that you buried
Way down the estuary
Sharp and incendiary
Locked in a box of lead I said It's not forbidden to be what you are
Dip into that great big cookie jar
Where it's always boo time Boo time
It's boo time
Boo time
It's boo time Boo time
Boo time
It's boo, it's boo, it's boo

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