Apocalypso

The Monochrome Set

Sing ho! for the A-bomb melody
It merrily whistles down on me
I'm wrapped in silver foil
My blood is on the boil
B-52s flutter coyly

All I want is a flat in Berkeley Square
With colour TV set, reclining chair
Big box of Suchard for me to devour
Antique grandfather clock, phone in the shower

Hurrah! For the missiles from heaven's gate
They syncopate gaily in seven eight
I mambo to the sound
Of Martels, air-to-ground
I hear the baying of bloodhounds

All I require is a Rolls Royce Corniche
Cocktail cabinet for the nouveaux riches
Persian carpets and Van Goghs in the boot
Cardin three-piece beneath my Noddy suit

Hip! hip! for machine gun, breve and rest
It beats out a rhythm in my chest
Crotchets in my belly
Turn my legs to jelly
Quavers are F sharp and L, G

All I desire is a Swiss bank account
Given an OBE and made a Count
Country estate with a resident staff
Acute angina and an epitaph

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