All Mixed Up

The Statics

Sitting on the shelf when someone called my number
With a template in one hand, scissors in the other
'What lump of clay is this?' Said the king maker to me
Dull, gray matter, perfect for his alchemy
The future flesh and blood on the bones of the big lie
A no-wit who's face fits and never wonders why
I met my Mephistophelles, the papers sealed in blood
Like I got a transfer deal the lad done good
(Chorus)
Good King Danbert at the helm
His face on every coin of the realm
And every time we sing, it's three cheers for the king
Hey, hey, hey
Sirhan, Sirhan, where have you gone?
All mixed up
We take a fool for a king
All mixed up
Mistake a fool for a king

(Repeat)
The washing powder advert
That everybody hates
But all the research shows that's how brand names are made
Squeaky clean, no skeletons
In other words I've never lived
Makes me highly-qualified
To decide what gives
Rough-shod, riding rail-road
Over all the awkward questions
Queen Victoria of Grantham
To give me her blessing
It's written all over me
I'm touched by the hand
I am the something very rotten
In the state of little England
(Repeat chorus)
All mixed up
(Repeat)

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