The King Of Wingo

They Might Be Giants

Long ago, in a bucket of mud
There was a newborn cell that was hungry for blood
It was conflicted by two contrary hearts
And it divided into constituent parts
Then they conflicted some more
Then the two became four
Then there were eight on the scene
And the little one screamed
I am the king of wingo
The king of wingo

Yes, I'm the king of wingo
The king of wingo
I am the king of wingo
The king of wingo
Yes, I'm the king of wingo
The king of wingo
I run the mud
I get the blood
I have the hearts
I am the parts
I run the mud

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/