

# Karate King

Kevin Coyne

Yeah, they call him the Karate King  
Chopping children down like trees  
Bringing cows to their knees  
Making their udders bleed Now they call him the Karate King  
Top of the shop in his robe  
Nothing there can grow  
When he's around Going chop, chop  
Going chop, chop  
Going chop, chop  
Down in the gymnasium They call him the Karate King  
Like a bird on a wing  
Standing posing at the window  
At the door in his vest His white and muscled flexing at all the passing girls  
Smashing his way through the window frames  
Ripping apart his mother's pearls  
They're dying on the dressing table Chop, chop  
Chop, chop  
Chop, chop  
Chop, chop So if you see the Karate King  
Help him, help him  
Maybe you'll tie, tie his shoe laces  
Come on, come on, comment on his pomaded hair Tell him he would have been an excellent  
Kamikaze pilot in the Second World War  
'Cause that's what he wants to hear  
That's what he wants to hear in the gymnasium Chop, chop  
Chop, chop  
Chop, chop

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