Karate King

Kevin Coyne

Yeah, they call him the Karate King
Chopping children down like trees
Bringing cows to their knees
Making their udders bleedNow they call him the Karate King
Top of the shop in his robe
Nothing there can grow
When he's aroundGoing chop, chop
Going chop, chop
Going chop, chop
Down in the gymnasiumThey call him the Karate King
Like a bird on a wing
Standing posing at the window
At the door in his vestHis 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 tableChop, chop
Chop, chop
Chop, chop
Chop, chopSo 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 hairTell 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 gymnasiumChop, chop
Chop, chop
Chop, chop

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/