Die Laughing

Snapcase

He's the wasp in the jam, he's the dad at the party
The trash in the beauty spot
He's the cloud in the sky, he's the fly in the ointment
The nail in the parking lot

Let's give the man a hug then put him out to grass
Feel sorry for the bug, the one that's up his ass
We're pulling out the plug, we're turning on the gas
We're turning on the gas

And he don't like sunshine and he don't like icecream
And he don't like Sundays and he don't like dancing
Yeah he don't like dancing

He's the frog in the throat, he's the spot on the forehead
The crack in the window pane
He's the leak in the boat, he's the weed in the rosebed
The truck in the outside lane

So get the kids along and fill him up with love
Then sing a happy song yeah, really piss him off
Cos everything is wrong and nothing's good enough
It won't be good enough

And he don't like sunshine and he don't like icecream
And he don't like Sundays and he don't like dancing
And he don't like your face and he won't die laughing

So chuck it and run, he'll only make you mad
Just go and have some fun, the best you've ever had
And say "Shoot me with a gun if I ever get like that
Please don't let me get like that"

And he don't like sunshine and he don't like icecream
And he don't like Sundays and he don't like dancing
And he don't like your face and he won't die laughing.

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