

Advert

Blur

{Food processors are great} It's six o'clock on the dot and I'm half way home
I feel foul mouthed as I stand an' wait for the underground
And a nervous disposition doesn't agree with this
I need something to remind me that there's something else You need a holiday somewhere in the sun
With all the people who are waiting
There never seems to be one
Say something, say something else
Say something, say something else Advertisements are here for rapid persuasion
If you stare too long you lose your appetite
A nervous disposition doesn't agree with this
You need fast relief from aches and stomach pains I need a holiday somewhere in the sun
With all the people who are waiting
There never seems to be one
Say something, say something else
Say something, say something else One, two, three, four
Five, six, seven, eight
Nine, ten, eleven, twelve
Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen You can have our holidays
Yes, ladies and gentlemen
For one week only
A special offer You need a holiday somewhere in the sun
With all the people who are waiting
There never seems to be one
Say something, say something else
Go on, say something, say something else
Say something, say something else
Say something, say something else

Songwriters

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