

# The Bride Stripped Bare By 'Bachelors'

## Bonzo Dog Band

So, the boys got together and formed a band  
Fate played the straight man  
And since then they've never looked back  
You, lads, welcome to the Club B  
I've seen you on telly  
With your long hair and pimples  
(Pop, pop) We arrived at the gig looking rough  
Not happy, we'd all had enough of eight hours on the road  
Legs Larry said, eh, it's the boozier for me, dear boy  
Yup, yup, yes, indeed  
And the hotel reception was empty and cold  
With horrid red wallpaper forty years old  
It stank like a rhino house, Mr. Slater said  
Pooh, I can smell vindaloo, ohh, really? No, Sir, O'Reilly Hobnob  
And we wave to the people who frown  
At our hair as we ride into town  
And Chalky and Nozz had set up the gear  
At the club where the, 'Dohl Pal Show' would appear  
In person as themselves, in person as themselves  
Then Neil, Fred, and I played darts for awhile  
Before we switched on our theatrical smiles, hey, you remember  
Hot dogs on sale in the foyer, hey  
You can have a drink in your dressing rooms, lads  
But you can't come into club looking like that  
We can't oblige, thank you  
Hey, redneck, we've had em all ere, you know, Tommy Ray.  
Oh, aye? That's a brand new scratch on the piano  
Cost you seventy five quid to put that right  
Whoa, who did that? Aye, remember Frank Fesher  
And and Buddy Greece  
Aye, put off thought really, ere, doesn't it?  
Whoa, what? Will you take your empty glasses back the bar?  
Any artiste mentioning football will be paid off immediately.  
Hoover  
It's not for me self, lads, it's for

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