

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 boozer 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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