

# Who Don't Like Kids

## Sparks

Who don't like kids, who don't like kids  
Who don't like kids, who don't like kids  
Who don't like kids, who don't like kids You got a cigar, here's a couple more  
Because the offspring are springing through swinging doors  
Into a world of "ain't he cute,  
He looks a lot like his father" And Here comes another  
Of that proof that I'm not just a vegetable,  
The little Proof that I'm more than a mineral,  
The little Proof that I'm just like the next guy,  
Whoever he may be Who don't like kids, who don't like kids  
Crawl, walk, running around  
Living proof that I'm really sound  
They'll ensure I'm always around And your bit and my bit'll do their dance  
To body rumblings And tumbings and rote romance  
And all the while I'm thinking,  
Deeply thinking, hey what's it gonna be Sod or celebrity (Boy or girl)  
(Boy or girl)  
Oh well its off to work  
And so long baby, kiss him goodbye for me Who don't like kids, who don't like kids  
Crawl, walk, running around  
Living proof that I'm really sound  
They'll ensure I'm always around  
Who don't like kids, who don't like kids  
Who don't like kids, who don't like kids  
Who don't like kids, who don't like kids There's more in the wings shall we bring them on or  
Shall we just sit and talk 'til the early morn and  
Recite sweet nothings (sweet, nothings)  
In everybodys ear Who don't like kids  
Who don't like kids  
Who don't like kids  
Who don't like kids Crawl, walk, running around  
Living proof that I'm really sound  
They'll ensure I'm always around Who don't like kids  
Who don't like kids  
Who don't like kids  
Who don't like kids Living proof that I'm really sound  
They'll ensure I'm always around

Songwriters

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