

Waters Roger

"Waiting For The Worms"

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Eins! Tzwei! Drei! Hammer!
Ahhhhhhhhh. Ooooooooooh. You cannot reach me now.
Ooooooooooh, Now matter how you try.
Goodbye cruel world, it's over, walk on by.
Sitting in a bunker, here behind my Wall.
Waiting for the worms to come (worms to come).
In perfect isolation, here behind my Wall.
Waiting for the worms to come.

(Megaphone: Will the audience convene at one fifteen
outside Brixton Town Hall where we will be...)
Waiting (to cut out the deadwood).
Waiting (to clean up the city).
Waiting (to follow the worms).
Waiting (to put on a black shirt).
Waiting (to weed out the weaklings).
Waiting (to smash in their windows and kick in their
doors)
Waiting (for the final solution to strengthen the strain).
Waiting (for the worms).
Waiting (to turn on the showers and fire the ovens).
Waiting (for the queens and the coons and the Reds
and the Jews).
Waiting (to follow the worms).
Would you like to see
Britannia rule again, my friend?
All you have to do is follow the worms.
Would you like to send
Our colored cousins home again, my friend?
All you need to do is follow the worms.

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