

Sultans Of Ping

"Where's Me Jumper?"

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My, brother, knows, Karl Marx, He met him eating mushrooms in the peoples park, He said 'What do you think about my manifesto?' 'I like a manifesto, put it to the test-o.'

Took it straight down to meet the anarchist's party.

I met a groovy guy, he was arty farty,

He said 'I know a little latin man a cus man a kai'

I said 'I don't know what it means' he said 'neither do I'

Eat natural foods, bathe twice daily, Fill your nostrils up with gravy.

Don't drink tea and don't drink coffee.

Cover your chin in yorkshire toffee.

Dancing in the disco, bumper to bumber, Wait a minute, where's me jumper, (x4)

Dancing at the disco, bumper to bumber, Wait a minute, where's me jumper? (x5) Oh no.

Dancing at the disco, go, go, go.
Dancing at the disco, oh no, oh no, oh no.
Dancing at the disco, go, go, go.
Dancing at the disco, oh no, oh no.
It's alright to say things can only get better,
You haven't lost your brand new sweater.
I know I had it on when I had my tea,
And I'm sure I had it on in the lavatory.
Oh no.

Dancing in the disco, go, go, go.
Dancing in the disco, oh no, oh no.
Dancing in the disco, bumper to bumper,
Wait a minute, where's me jumper? (x5)
It's alright to say things can only get better,
You haven't lost your brand new sweater.
Pure new wool, and perfect stitches,
Not the type of jumper that makes you itches
Oh no.

Dancing in the disco, go, go, go. Dancing in the disco, oh no, oh no. And my mother, will be so, so angry.

And my brother, will be so, so angry.

And my girlfriend, will be so, so angry.

And my dog, will be so, so angry.

Cos I was dancing at the disco, bumper to bumper.

Wait a minute, where's me jumper (x5)

Oh no!

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