

Toy Dolls, The "Pot Belly Bill"

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The Gas supply has been cut off,
The tele's on the blink
Billy stinks, he drinks
& spews up in the kitchen sink
He's sick of his bleedin' life
& he's gonna smack the wife in the jaw

Billy Mrs cleans
And scrubs while Billy's down the boozier
But she's had a belly full
Now Billy's gonna lose her
She's in her dressing gown,
Billy's breaking down the bedroom door

Pot... Pot Belly Bill:
A Big fat dirty lout
A pig & a layabout
Pot... Pot Belly Bill:
A fowl gob that's never shut,
A fat slob with a beer gut.
Pot, Pot, Pot Belly Bill!

He's such a hog at tea time,
He shovels down his grub
He burps & makes rude noises,
Then he nicks off down the pub
Between you & me,
& Billy's Mrs will agree, he's a swine.

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A pig & a layabout
Pot... Pot Belly Bill:
A fowl gob that's never shut,
A fat slob with a beer gut.
Pot, Pot, Pot Belly Bill!

It's closing time at the local
& he stumbles out the bar
The drunken lump forgets
To switch the lights on in his car

But Billy is a darer,
He did not see the Sierra
Round the bend.

1/2 an hour latter Billy's hospitalised,
"Tell the wife to bring some cans in
With the grapes"
He cries.
But she's seen the light,
She said:
"Serve the fat slob right,
I hope he dies"

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