

## **Crimson King**

### **"Indoor Games"**

Visit "[Indoor Games](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Indoor fireworks amuse your kitchen staff

Dusting plastic garlic plants

They snigger in the draught

When you ride through the parlour

Wearing nothing but your armour-

Playing Indoor Games.

One string puppet shows amuse

Your sycophantic friends

Who cheer your rancid recipes

In fear they might offend,

Whilst you loaf on your sofa

Sporting falsies and a toga-

Playing Indoor Games, Indoor Games.

Your mean teetotum spins arouse your seventh wife

Who pats her sixty little skins

And reinsures your life,

Whilst you sulk in your sauna

'Cos you lost your jigsaw corner-

Playing Indoor Games, Indoor Games.

Each afternoon you train baboons to sing

Or swim in purple perspex water wings.

Come Saturday jump hopper, chelsea brigade,  
High bender-trender it's all Indoor Games.  
No ball bagatelle incites  
Your children to conspire,  
They slide across your frying pan  
And fertilize your fire;  
Still you and Jones go madder  
Broken bones-broken ladder-  
Hey Ho .

Visit [Crimson King](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.