

411**"Mr. Punch"**Visit "[Mr. Punch](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Everybody gets it sometime, sorry.
Virus, fire, gryoscope, lear jet, lorry.
Choking on a chicken bone lurking in lunch;
And you're dead, dead, dead!
But not Mr. Punch

That Mr. Punch, he's a rum one, ain't he?
Strapping as his yapping little wife is dainty
Hit her with a big stick, give her what for
And she's dead, dead, dead
On the crimson floor

(Repeat)

In the real world, all effects are causal
Amble backstage, see the sticks and swizzle
Talk to the Professor of the tricks of his trade
Ask him for his flask, it's only lemonade...

But,
Here comes a Crocodile, here comes Clotie
Hear the Beadle wheedle, and the ghost of Judy
Rattling her ribs in rodomontade
They're all dead, dead, dead
In the old arcade

(Repeat)

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