

Babybird "King Bing"

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Oh you ugly beautiful thing
Oh you, oh you, oh you.
You ugly beautiful thing I'm in between your head and
your sting
Unfolding out your wings one by one 'til you sing like
king bing, you.
Oh you beautiful thing I'm in-between the ball beat ball
of the king,
Holding out no cheques, drinking castrol not becks
Plugging in tv flex into my kecks
I dare you to change the fucking channel now. puts!
Ugly beautiful thing I'm between your head and your
sting
Whirling out your wings one by one 'til you sing like
king king bing
Ugly beautiful thing how I sing with your plastic wing on
the tips of my
Broken wing.
Oh I'm so shy when you ride up so high and I cry
because I can see the
Possibility that you might one day die.
Oh baby cool you know that thing, that thing you do that
I love,
You keep doing it, doing it, doing it, and I can't get
over that thing.
That thing that you keep, keep doing, doing it, doing it,
doing it drives
Me mad,
I love it, do it, do it, do it, do it, ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah
ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah!
Calm down, son. sing the fucker like a baby.
Yeah mom, I'm bad.
You ain't a bad son, son, you're a fucking king.
You're the son of god, you're mine, I'm mary, I made
you,
I forgive you baby. come to mummy!
Butt-a-bing butt-a-bang butt-a-bing butt-a-boom boom
boom.
Butt-a-bing butt-a-bang butt-a-bing butt-a-boom boom
boom.
Butt-a-bing butt-a-bang butt-a-bing butt-a-boom boom

boom.
Butt-a-bing butt-a-bang butt-a-bing butt-a-boom boom
bang.
King, the word king.
Son, I call you a king, you ain't poor paul king (?),
you're the king.
Ugly beautiful thing I'm between your head and your
sting whirling out your
Wings one by one
Until you sing like a king bing.
Ugly beautiful thing butt-a-bing, butt-a-boom.
You ain't butter, you ain't harry, you ain't even the artist
formerly known
As prince,

Ah, ah, ah, you're a king, you're a king, you're a king,
you're a king.
Ugly beautiful thing. ugly beautiful thing.
See what all that means is that blue is really yellow, you
grow old, you
Mellow, orange turns you on.
It's rust, it's things rotting.
It's mike and the mechanics doing celine dion doing
sting.
Fony give away a hundred thousand cds to virgin, our
price and all hmvs.
Wish I'd thought of it, it's so cool,
It's music for thick people, lowest common
denomination,
All hidden under the steeple, roof tiles and a hatch with
weeds,
Big tits and tight behinds,
A guy on the hatch improvise and men who stack
singles for Â£1.99.
Get the fucker in the chart, charge Â£3.99.
Take a cut off the supplier, off the artist, off the public,
off the quick
To buy and slow to think.
Hey that's why. you know I know.
When will people realise that if you put shit on the
dance set and spin it
At 45 rpm, 120 bpm you'll still hear it stink?
I'm out of here, whatever, amen.
Ba da da, ba da da, ba da da,
Yeah yeah, yeah, yeah.
You ugly beautiful thing. you ugly beautiful thing. you
ugly beautiful
Thing.
You ugly beautiful thing. you ugly beautiful thing. you
ugly beautiful
Thing.

You ugly beautiful thing. you ugly beautiful, beautiful,
ugly, ugly,
Beautiful, ugly, ugly, beautiful, beautiful, ugly,
beautiful, ugly, ugly,
Beautiful, ugly, beautiful, ugly, beautiful thing.
Oh. I'm getting into jamiraquoi territory now man.
Fucking stop it dead now.
Shut the drummer up. shove it up the arse!.
Saxophone - fuck off!
Yeah be bop be lula be bop boo, yeah,
Wiggy wiggy whack whack,
Wiggy wiggy whack whack,
Wiggy wiggy wiggy wiggy wiggy whack.
Whack whack wiggy wiggy,
Whack whack wiggy wiggy,
Wig wig wig wig wig wig whack.
Bad jazz for white folks' assholes.

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