

## Carter Hulsey

### "The Music That Nobody Likes"

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Fee fi fo fum  
I smell the blood of Nazi scum  
I want my dad and I want my mum  
A Sherman tank and a load of guns  
If love is the answer  
What was the question?  
And can it cure  
My indigestion, baby?  
Out of the frying pan  
Into the frying pan  
Back to the drawing board  
And I'll draw you a diagram  
We'll put on the kettle  
For some tea and some sympathy  
Infamy, infamy  
They've all got it in for me  
If love is the answer  
What was the question?  
And can it solve  
The traffic congestion, baby?  
Carry on, carry on  
You've got nothing to lose  
You've dirtied your pants  
And you can't afford shoes  
To stand up and fight  
Stand up for your rights  
And dance to the music  
That nobody likes  
It goes ba, ba, ba, ba  
Out of the mouths  
Of babes bearing arms  
Come the terrified sounds  
Of a baby's alarm  
At the kidnap and rape  
Of his family and friends  
Who've been taken away  
To be ethnically cleansed  
And the banners and badges  
And your anarchist friends  
And I know the following smut  
Should he censored okay

But this shit is fucked  
As they say in the U. S.A  
And they say it in Mexico, London and Jericho  
Berlin and Birmingham, Belfast and Tokyo  
Amsterdam, Vietnam, Iran, Afghanistan  
Disneyland, Narnia, former Yugoslavia  
Yes sire boy, there's nothing worth living for  
But it really ain't worth dying for  
So just say three hail Jesus and Mary chains  
And say goodnight Jim Bob, goodnight Jim Bob

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