

Birgit

"Hamlet"

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H! a! m! !! e! t! yeah...

Hamlet's fishing in the grave
A-fishing in the grave
Thru the custard bones and stuff
He ain't got no friend in there
No he ain't got no friend in there
I believe our man's in love
Hamlet got a gun-now
He wears a crucifix
He wears a crucifix
Pow pow pow pow/pow pow pow pow
Hamlet move so beautiful
Moves so beautiful
Walking thru the flowers
Waving to the people
All those beautiful people
Lying in the shadows
He's movin' down the street-now
He likes the look of that cadillac
And now he wants that cadillac
Pow pow pow pow/pow pow pow pow
Is this love some kinda love
Is this love some kinda love
Now he's comin' down my street
Crawling up my stairs
He's coming to my room
He's knocking on my door
Where for art thou baby-face
Where... for... art... thou...
Pow pow pow pow/pow pow pow pow
Is this love
Is this love
Pow!
He shoot it inside
He shoot it inside
Pow!
Some kinda love...
Don't let 'em steal your heart away
He went and stole my heart pow!
Hey hey hey pow!!

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