

Fatboy Slim "Ten Long Years"

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My baby, she insylts all my friends,
This lady, with islands to defend.
My baby, she rules our house with force,
She plagues me, I wish I could divorce.

Playing football with my feelings,
Making mince-meat of my friends.
Divorce is far too good for you,
It's death that us must part, Honey,
Oh for these ten long years to end.

My baby, I never tried to wed,
Someone held a shotgun to my head.
And lately I've little cause to smile,
Ever since she goose-stepped down the aisle.

My baby, she walked out in the end,
Basically she'd shafted all her friends.
But major peace without her won't be found,
Till my sweetheart's rotting underground

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