

Fruvous Moxy**"Boo Time"**

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Chorus)

It's Boo Time

Boo Time

It's Boo Time

(spoken)

Stop it.

(Mike on Lead)

When every wanker's wound up tight,

frigid, fractious, and forthright,

the plebes plugged up with plebiscite,

Trim the trad, go troglodyte

(All)

It's Boo Time

Boo Time

It's Boo Time

(Mike)

When obligations grow obtuse,

New neckties nab you like a noose,

The clown, the cleric, the recluse

All crank the sluice on their caboose.

(All)

Something that you buried,
way down the estuary,
Sharp and incendiary,
locked in a box of lead I said.

(guitar solo)

(Mike)

Mr. Metro Moon, meek, mundane,
set sail on seas of cellophane
Mapped the mists of mauve membrane
Old friends all sang 'auf wiedersehn'.
It might be howling on all fours,
Or strolling naked out of doors,
Perhaps an herbal remedy,
Reminds the mind what holds the key.

(All)

Something that you buried,
way down the estuary,
Sharp and incendiary,
locked in a box of lead I said.

(Dave)

It's not forbidden to be what you are.
Dip into that great big cookie jar.

(Mike)

where it's always Boo Time

(All)

It's Boo Time

Boo Time

It's Boo Time

Boo Time

It's Boo Time

Boo Time

(Mike scat solo)

It's boo, it's boo, it's boo.

From the Liner:

(Dave-vocals, accordion, saxophone; Jian-vocals,
drums; Mike-lead vocal,

electric guitar; Murray-vocals, shadow guitar,

bass

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