

Gbh

"Tipuki Thunder"

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He lives his life down on the beach,
his girlfriend's got the skin of a peach.
He likes a good time and he knows how to get it,
rolls his own, you've gotta give him credit.

As the waves come crashing to the shore,
Tipuki Thunder give me more, more, more.
Don't need booze or no whore,
Tipuki Thunder give me more, more, more.
Tipuki Thunder, maui waiu lightning.

His pockets bulge with wonders from all over the world,
and he's a real big bro' to all the boys and girls.
Holds his own but does tend to drawl,
he's got a photo of us going over the Niagra Falls.

He's a nice guy but don't mess with him,
he's a nice guy but don't mess with him.

He call us the 'jeebers' and takes us to gigs,
'cus back in the States you know, we're pretty big.
But I had to be down, I could not compete,
with air in my head and lead in my feet.

When he came to London the saw,
a midnight flit to find another bed.
But back home on the beach he can do no harm,
with his video collection and Charlie farm.
He's a nice guy but don't mess with him,
or you'll end up with a pair of concrete boots.

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