

George Harrison "His Name Is Legs"

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(I'm not cheating)

Ooh, ooh
Everything is dinky doo
Everything you do
You, the king of la-di-da
Pretty very out far
Never oversits, he understands
Like the back of the hand
He should sing in a band, oh yeah

Ooh, ooh
People think he's loopey loo
And when they look at his shoes
He's a rocking sausage roll
He gets it in the goal
Healthy little 'brown affair'
And when he washes his hair
He'll get a round or a square
Get them singing

Ooh, ooh
Everyone from oxford town
Way down to the rio grande

Knows his harbour quays
His skin tight hands, without seggs

His name is legs

[talking]

Ooh, ooh
Coolies sweating in hong kong
Run along to the mardi grass

Risking asian flu to meet the man
Who lays the eggs
His name is legs

He's a cure for whooping cough
And if the going gets rough

Get lined up, come sikh, come czar
No matter who you are
We could get along and slide a rule
And if you don't play fools
While larry plays pool
You'll hear him singing

Ooh, ooh
[talking]
Ooh, ooh

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