

Gilbert O'sullivan "January Git"

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I still believe in Sunday as being a day of rest
And maybe it's because I'm an Irishman
That I like Dublin best
Still whose who are you to tell me I'm alright Fred
But don't let that worry your son
For when he grows up and gets blown out of here
Have yourself A-tomic bomb
Now introducing Maisie (Maisie) and on my right
Will be
Both of whom are here now represented by
Our good friend U.V.I.P.
Whose mundane conjectoral I'd recommend
Only if you like rocking jazz
Intermingled with an ounce of U double K
full of eastern Raj Matazz
Close your eyes and the door don't forge-t
If you do I take it you know what to expect
Still whose who are you to tell me I'm alright

Fred but don't let that worry your son
For when he grows up and gets blown out of here
Have yourself a (really)
Tour-de-force-a (yearly)
non-de-plume A-tomic bomb
Feeling tired one degree under Oh-
What you need is picking up so off you go
(Get picked up you know)
Whose mundane conjectoral I'd recommend
Only if you like rocking jazz
Intermingled with an ounce of U double K
Full of Eastern (promised)
Without a doubting (Thomas)
Polynesian Raj Matazz
Nothing older than time nothing sweeter than wine
Nothing physically, recklessly, hopelessly blind
Nothing I couldn't say
Nothing why 'cos today
Nothing rhymed

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