

Half Man Half Biscuit "I Hate Nerys Hughes"

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Saint Francis came to my town
And visited the cemetery.
The dead got up and everything
Became one big cacaphony.
They all went down the social and
They claimed their supplementary.
And all the necrophiliacs
Were walking 'round in misery.
The rattling mass of calcium
Was shopping in the Superstore,
Careering down the aisles
Like one big psychopathic carnivore,
The shelf-stackers work of art,
In ecstasy crashed to the floor,
And meanwhile the saint was
Going crazy at the fire-door.
Ah, The beautiful sparkling healthy spa water of Bath
In Avon.
I Hate Nerys Hughes
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