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Half Man Half Biscuit "Joy Division Oven Gloves"

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Well the dish is too hot you'll never guess what I've got Joy Division oven gloves If it's her desire I'll put my fingers in the fire 'Cos I've got Joy Division oven gloves I've got Joy Division oven gloves

Ooh ooh tropical diseases Ooh ooh chemical alarm Ooh ooh I'm a little blasé In me Joy Division oven gloves In me Joy Division oven gloves

I've been here and I've been there In me Joy Division oven gloves I''ve been to a post-punk Postcard fair In me Joy Division oven gloves Ooh ooh Nagasaki towpath Ooh ooh tickling the laird Ooh ooh checking out the Quantocks In me Joy Division oven gloves In me Joy Division oven gloves

On a sinking ship a sailor yearns For his Joy Division oven gloves Nero fiddles while Gordon Burns In his Joy Division oven gloves Talk to the hands, talk to the hands In his Joy Division oven gloves Dance dance dance In your Joy Division oven gloves

Ooh ooh piccalilli shinpads Ooh ooh polishing the nave I keep wicket for the Quakers In me Joy Division oven gloves [repeat]

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf So I sold it and opened up a stall Selling Joy Division oven gloves

We got Joy Division oven gloves Get your Joy Division oven gloves Hallelujah

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