

Half Man Half Biscuit "When The Evening Sun Goes Down"

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I shout all my obscenities from steeples,
But please don't label me a madman,
I'm off to see the Bootleg Beatles,
As the bootleg Mark Chapman,
Cafe bars, idiots and pigeons,
There's far too many in this town,
So me and the ombudsman,
Are gonna do what we can,
When the evening sun goes down.
Yes, some of my pull-overs are roll-necked,
It kind of breaks up the ennui,
But your experimental side project,
Must have put 10 years on me,
Opposite the Bannister and Shamrock,
Which used to be the Rose and Crown,
I like to play Pat Boone,
On the county bassone,
When the evening sun goes down,
When the evening sun goes down,
When the evening sun,
When the evening sun,
When the evening sun goes down,
When the evening sun,
When the evening sun,
When the evening sun goes down,
There are questions in corners of my mind that lurk,
(When the evening sun goes down)
Like How do the road gritters get to work?
(When the evening sun goes down)
Answer me that, and you could win a cruise,
(When the evening sun goes down)
And heres Judy Tsuke to take us up to the news,
(When the evening sun goes down)
Are these my ultimate Pajamas,
Is this my final dressing gown,
I'm sending on this rhyme,
Deep in injury time,
When the evening sun goes down,
When the evening sun goes down,
When the evening sun goes down,
When the evening sun goes....

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